



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





In memory of

Joseph Jein

from a gift by

Mr. & Mrs. Pardee & Anita Lowe

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES



To

Mr. A. Batsman

from Mr. Edward Rogers' pants

London 1871

---

THE QUEEN'S VISIT  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

COME, read the sweet memorials and the praise  
Of what our country was in bygone days !  
Now see her great and free, her former self outgrown !  
Hold high her rights :—maintain, defend, revere the throne.

THE  
QUEEN'S VISIT,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

WITH COPIOUS HISTORICAL NOTES.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL FERGUSSON,  
MINISTER OF FORTINGALL.

Edinburgh:  
JOHN MENZIES & CO., HANOVER STREET.  
PERTH: DAVID WOOD.

1869.

ANN 2448



---

*Perth : Printed at C. G. Sidey's Steam-Power Press.*

## P R E F A C E.

IN submitting the following Poems and Notes to the intelligent perusal and kindly attention of the reading public, the author respectfully craves for himself and for his work—from the true friend, a kind word—from the critic, forbearance—from the earnest student, a careful perusal—from the good and wise, a loving regard—and from all, that considerate indulgence and kindly sympathy which go far to ease the smart of a wounded spirit, and which greatly help to support and strengthen the fainting heart under the trials and vicissitudes of life.

The principal poem has been composed with a due regard to historical accuracy, and, as it refers to events comparatively recent, the main facts and incidents must even yet hold a place in public remembrance, and claim no small share of interest from

those who are, or who have been, dwellers and sojourners in the localities passed under review ; but the author feels that he has come far short of that dignified loyalty and lofty patriotism which would have done justice to the claims of his country, and to the exalted virtues of his illustrious Sovereign. The notes have been compiled with care, and neither diligent toil nor patient research have been spared to make them attractive, interesting, and accurate.

The minor poems will, it is hoped, interest the thoughtful and earnest-minded, and commend themselves to the intelligent perusal of all who strive to be good and to do good.

The author humbly and respectfully leaves his work to be judged of on its own merits—hopefully leaves it to foster loyalty—to promote love of country—and to advance the much-to-be-desired increase of that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

*Kingswood House, Birnam,*

*August, 1869.*

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

## I.—THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

	Page
CANTO I.     ...     ...     ...     ...     ...	2

THE ROYAL PROGRESS FROM GRANTON TO DALKEITH, SCONE,  
AND DUNKELD.

HISTORICAL NOTES TO CANTO I.     ...     ...	20
--	----

Granton Pier.—The Duke of Buccleuch.—Dun-Edin.—  
Notes of the Royal Progress from Woolwich.—The  
Landing at Granton.—Progress through the City of  
Edinburgh.—Edinburgh Castle; its history.—The  
Regalia of Scotland.—Dalkeith Palace.—Lochleven  
Castle.—Dupplin Castle.—Perth: Presentation of  
Loyal Addresses and of the City Keys.—Ancient  
Scone; its history.—The Stone of Destiny.—Abbey of  
Scone.—The Earl of Mansfield.—Kenneth III.—Walls  
of Perth.—Fratricidal Act of Edward III.—The North  
Inch.—The Ancient Caledonians.—The Sacking of  
Rome, 410.—Ancient Perth.—Battle of Methven  
Wood, King Robert Bruce.—Battle of Luncarty, Hay,  
Inchtuthel.—Lynedoch Braes.—Ballad of Bessie Bell  
and Mary Gray.—Lord Lynedoch, Biographical Notice  
of.—Loyal Demonstration by the Inhabitants of  
Stanley.—The Thistle-brig, and the adoption of the  
Thistle as the Badge of Scotland.—Second Battle of  
Luncarty.—MacBeth—his last battle—his death.—

	Page
Kinclaven Castle, Sir William Wallace, Battle of Shortwood Shaw, Inchstrivie.—Cargill, Stobhall, Linn of Campsie; the Drummond Family.—Simon de Montfort.—Strathord, Countess Marjorie and Treaty with King John of England; Earls of Fife; Walter, Earl of Atholl.—Beltanefires, Cairntowie.—Tullibelton.—Auchtergaven, Robert Laird of Struan.—Birnham Wood.—King Duncan.—Rohallion, the Castle of Caledon.—Murthly Castle, the Stewarts of Grandtully.—The Stormont.—Cluny Castle.—Strathmore.	
CANTO II. ....	49
ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION AT DUNKELD.—THE ROYAL PROGRESS UP STRATHTAY TO TAYMOUTH CASTLE.	
HISTORICAL NOTES TO CANTO II. ....	70
Reception at Dunkeld.—Dunkeld—its ancient history—Culdees' Cathedral.—Stanley Hill.—Dunkeld Bridge.—Lord Glenlyon—the late Duke of Atholl—his lamented death.—The Battle of Dunkeld.—Crinan, Culdee Abbot of Dunkeld—Table showing that Her Majesty is the twenty-seventh in lineal descent from Crinan.—Departure for Taymouth.—Neil Gow.—Ossian's Hall.—Tullymet.—Strathardle.—Howe of Moulin.—Pitlochry. Pass of Killiecrankie, Battle of.—Dalguise.—Glen Albert.—Logierait and the Atholl Regality Court.—List of the Earls of Atholl from 1106.—Ballechin—Sir James the Rose.—Grandtully Castle.—Grandtully Church.—Derculich.—Caoilt.—Tullich.—Aberfeldy, Birks of.—Ballad.—Weem Rock.—Village of Weem.—Castle Menzies.—The Menzies Family.—Tay Bridge.—The Royal 42d Highlanders (Black Watch).—Drummond Hill.—Schiehallion.—Vale of Appin.—Abthane of Dull.—Village of Dull—Seat of a Culdee Institution, of a Bailiery; Prior of St. Andrews holds his Court here 1244.—Garth Castle.—The Wolf of Badenoch.—Comrie Castle.—Old Fort on Drummond Hill.—Druid Circle.	
CANTO III. ....	94
SPLENDID RECEPTION AT TAYMOUTH.—AN AFTER EPISODE.	

	Page
HISTORICAL NOTES TO CANTO III. ... ..	100
Reception at Taymouth.—Lord Breadalbane.—The Menzies.—Illuminations, fireworks, and bonfires.— H. R. H. Albert, the Prince Consort.—His lamented Death.—Extract from the Queen's Book.	
CANTO IV. ... ..	105
THE ROYAL GUESTS AT TAYMOUTH CASTLE.—WALKS AND DRIVES.	
HISTORICAL NOTES TO CANTO IV. ... ..	122
At Taymouth.—Grand Hunt.—The Queen at the Dairy. —Kenmore.—Inchaidan.—Aidan, the Apostle of Northumberland.—Bealach Castle, property of Mac- Gregors till 1490.—Taymouth Castle.—The Bread- albane Family, List of.—John Wilson.—Drive round by the Fort, Kenmore, and up north side of Loch Tay. —Fearnan.—River Lyon.—Glen Lyon, Pass of.—Vale of Fortingall.—Roman Camp.—The alleged Birthplace of Pilate.—Glenlyon House.—Fortingall—its Yew Tree, Churchyard, &c.—White Fort.—Duneaves.— Garth House.—Smoky Huts, and Mr. Millais the Artist. Drumcharry.—Lyon Ford, Battle of.—John Stewart of Ladywell and the Earl of Argyll.—Stewart executed. The Marquis of Montrose crosses Ford of Lyon—his subjecting the lands from there to Lismore to military execution.—Grand Ball at Taymouth Castle.	
CANTO V. ... ..	134
DEPARTURE FROM TAYMOUTH AND PROGRESS TO DRUM- MOND CASTLE.	
HISTORICAL NOTES TO CANTO V. ... ..	155
Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert plant trees at Taymouth.—Depart for Drummond Castle.—Embark in State Barge, and proceed by Loch Tay to Auchmore. —The Royal Anthem—Farewell Salute—The Island in Loch Tay, its ancient history—Chronicle of Fortingall quoted—Extract from "Fair Maid of Perth"—Black book of Taymouth quoted—Acharn—Lawers—Ardeo- naig—Brooch of Lorn; was it ever that of Bruce?—	

	Page
Battle of Dalree—The Braes of Balquhiddel, ballad— Bruce's Stone and Cave—Auchmore—Finlarig Castle, Chapel of, Organs in,—Duncan Ladassach M'Gregor— Killin—Lawless 'state of the Highlands in 15th and 16th centuries—Kinnel—Parting Compliment to the Marchioness of Breadalbane—The Pass of Glen-Ogle, similarity to Kyber Pass—Legend of St. Fillan— Strathfillan Abbey founded by Bruce—Edinample Castle—Locheearnhead Inn—The Clan Gregor: the acts against them, and the relentless persecutions to which they were exposed—The last of the Beagles— Landless no more—The Macgregor's Gathering, ballad of—The Chief of the Clan Gregor—Rob Roy—Robert Murray MacGregor, of Glen-Cairnaig—Battle of Pres- ton; Death of Colonel Gardiner; Humane conduct of one of the MacGregor officers—The vow of Clan Alpine; Duncan Ladasach MacGregor; Murder of Drummond- ernoch by MacDonalds; the MacGregors make common cause with the MacDonalds—Extract from Sir Alex- ander Boswell's poem—The Kirk of Balquhiddel—The Caledonians at Locheearnhead, on their way to <i>Mons- Grampius</i> —The Clans of Balquhiddel—Ardvorlich— The Duke of Strathearn—Incident illustrative of en- durance under a sense of duty—Ardveich and the Clan Laurin—The Neishes and MacNabs—St. Fillans—Dun- fillan, a Caledonian stronghold—Sir David Dundas— <i>Mons Grampius</i> , its true site, battle of—Aberuchil— Lord Melville's Monument—Comrie—Comrie House —Waterfall—Lawers—Sir David Baird's Monument, Ancient Castle—Strowan, Drummond-Ernock—Sir William Murray of Octertyre—The Ochertyre Family —Battle of Moighvard; Death of Kenneth IV.—The Ancient Church; the Burning of the Murrays— Toshach Castle—Crieff,	

CANTO VI., ... .. 190

HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT AT DRUMMOND CASTLE  
—DRIVE TO ABERCAIRNEY—DEPARTURE FOR DALKEITH  
PALACE—FAREWELL.

	Page
HISTORICAL NOTES TO CANTO VI., ... ..	202

Drummond Castle and its Owners—The first Lord Drummond— Reception of Her Majesty and Prince Albert at Drummond Castle—Deer Stalking— Drive to Fern tower &c.... Cultoquhey— Inchbrakie— A bercairney— Inchaf-ray Abbey— Castle of the Earls of Strathearn— Fowla— Roman Camp at Ardoch— Sheriffmuir— Dunblane— Stirling Bridge, Battle of.— Bannockburn.— Stirling— its Castle.— Dalkeith.— Granton Pier.— Woolwich.— Home.

## II.—SACRED POEMS.

Hymn to the Trinity, ... ..	218
To God—A Song of Praise, ... ..	219
A Song of Praise, ... ..	220
Hymn to Jesus, ... ..	221
Prayer to Jesus, ... ..	222
New Year's Hymn, ... ..	224
New Year's Prayer, ... ..	226
Lord Jesus—we love Thee, ... ..	227
Children's Hymn for New-Year's Morning, ... ..	228
Our Home, sweet Home, ... ..	229
What must I do to be Saved ? ... ..	231
Sad Heart, ... ..	232
Flee from the Wrath to Come, ... ..	233
Let the Dead Bury their Dead, ... ..	236
Why sit repining sad and lone ? ... ..	240
The Publican's Prayer, ... ..	241
The Finding of Moses, ... ..	245
The Fate of Eli, ... ..	250
But they made light of it, ... ..	254
Thus saith the Lord, ... ..	262
Jesus at the Feast of Tabernacles, ... ..	266
The Fate of Nadab and Abihu, ... ..	285
Aaron's Inexpressible Grief, ... ..	292
Now Sad in Soul, ... ..	298
Our Friends are Going, ... ..	302
A Pilgrim Song, ... ..	304
The Abuse of Life, ... ..	310
My Pilgrim Days are Waning Fast, ... ..	311
Mamma, I Love to Hear thy Voice, ... ..	313
Golgotha, ... ..	314



	Page
Sing yet again that Eden-Song, ... ..	318
The Parable of the Prodigal Son, ... ..	320
Hope for the Hopeless, ... ..	327

### III.—POEMS IN MEMORIAM.

Lines in Memory of Principal Haldane of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, ... ..	332
Our Child that Died, ... ..	334
She hath Gone to her Rest, ... ..	336
Thou hast left us to Mourn, ... ..	338
To an Orphan Boy, ... ..	340
Sirs, we are Dying, ... ..	344
Lines in Memory of W. T., ... ..	346
Lines in Memory of the Rev. John Campbell of Killin,	348
Lines in Memory of Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico,	350
Lines in Memory of Miss M'Intyre, Gartnafuaran, Balquhidder, ... ..	352

### IV.—MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Malaveen, ... ..	360
Elegy on the Loss of the Steam-Ship London, with 220 on Board, ... ..	362
Notes to do., ... ..	373
A Song of Evening, ... ..	379
Youth, ... ..	380
Winter, ... ..	382
The Mountain Child, ... ..	385
That Heart is Hard and Feelingless, ... ..	387
Reminiscences in Upper Strathearn, ... ..	389
Dunsleish, ... ..	391
The White Rose, ... ..	395
You ask Me Love to think of Thee, ... ..	397
Louis Napoleon, ... ..	399
The Joys of the Spheres, ... ..	404
Lines Written in a Lady's Album, ... ..	407
Canst thou Forgive? ... ..	408
Lines suggested at Rob Roy's Grave, ... ..	411
Song—the Queen at Invercarnie, ... ..	413
Lines for the Glen-Isla Sabbath School Pic-Nic, ... ..	415
Lines written on visiting the Church of St. Columba, Argyleshire, ... ..	418
Lines written on being recommended to publish anony- mously, ... ..	420

J.

# THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

A POEM.

She lives in every heart and home,  
A glorious, honoured Queen ;  
Her faithful people guard the throne,  
And pray—"God save the Queen."

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT.—CANTO I.

---


The Progress of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal  
Highness Prince Albert, in 1842, from Granton to Dalkeith  
—from Dalkeith to Scone—and from Scone to Dunkeld,

---

OLD Scotland, south, north, east and west,  
Was mov'd to hear the tale,  
That Scotland's Queen, with Consort dear,  
Approach'd with fav'ring gale.

That soon her ancient halls of state  
Would Royal presence own;  
That Scottish subjects leal and true  
Might cluster round the throne.

'Twas thus it came about, the Queen  
Her Royal visit paid,  
Which loyal hearts have chronicled,  
With all she did and said.



---

Our humble efforts try to trace  
Her people's grateful love,  
With willing heart we chronicle  
What earnest minds approve.

With prosp'ring gale the squadron sped,  
And near'd the Scottish shore,  
While thousands held their breath to hear  
The cannon's welcome roar.

And so it was, with gallant bands  
Of loyal loving men,  
And ladies fair, all love and grace,  
The strand all lining then,

In Autumn, eighteen forty-two,  
At Granton pier was seen,  
That noble chief—the bold Buccleuch,  
Give welcome to our Queen.

And up along the crowded quay,  
He gaily led the way:  
And Scotland felt through all its bounds,  
O'erjoy'd and proud that day.

Dun-Edin's tow'rs gave back again,  
The welcome loud and long—  
Which loyal hearts repeated oft,  
A gay and joyous throng.

As up Dun-Edin's crowded streets  
The Royal progress sped,  
The deaf'ning cheers were voic'd again,  
The castle guns o'er-head.

The bold Buccleuch hath ta'en his way  
All past the castle gate,  
And soon with quicken'd pace they reach  
His halls in royal state.

Dalkeith's proud tow'rs a welcome fling  
Upon the autumn wind,  
And here the Queen and Consort Prince  
Each Scottish comfort find.

But short their stay, though full of joy—  
Each Scottish heart was gay:  
The Royal progress starts again,  
Upon its northward way.

Dun-Edin—Fifan towns are pass'd—  
On by Kinross they speed;  
Loch-Leven's hoary pile looks grim,  
Regretting still that deed,

When Mary's Royal hand was forc'd,  
By caitiff, graceless men,  
To abdicate her crown—with heart  
Reluctant as her pen.

---

Still on the Royal progress speeds,  
By hill and dale they wind,  
Till needed rest and welcome cheer,  
'Neath Dupplin's tow'rs they find.

Still on they press till Perth is reach'd,  
That ancient city fair,  
Where loyal lips in thousands join  
To cheer the Royal pair.

The good old town revives again,  
Beneath the royal tread;  
Its ancient glories start to view,  
And courtly life, long dead.

This grand triumphal arch fits well  
For ancient barrier gate:  
The magistrates and council here,  
In loyal homage wait.

Lord Provost Sidey, kneeling, hands  
The ancient city keys;  
The Queen this homage duly owns,  
With cordial, graceful ease.

And ent'ring Perth, her eyes behold  
A grand and grateful scene,  
While joyous thousands welcome her,  
Proud Scotland's noble Queen!

Her onward city progress claims  
One more memorial still:  
The bridge is gain'd—the sunset plays  
On river, vale, and hill.


The woods, and fields, and hills afar,  
Are gay and joyful too—  
And she and Albert there admire  
The wide, far-reaching view.

To Scone, proud Scotland's honour'd Queen,  
With joyous heart proceeds:  
To Scone—historic Scone—grown old  
In brave and kingly deeds.

Its Palace boasts historic fame;  
Its site is sacred ground:  
For there, for ages, all our kings  
In solemn state were crown'd.

The royal chair, as aged bards  
Have dared to dream and sing,  
Is sacred still to Kenneth's line—  
That ancient Scottish king.

Though now its marble seat adorns  
Westminster's holy fane,  
'Tis still the coronation chair  
For Britain's wide domain:



---

And as the legend quaintly says—  
There still the Scots are found,  
And we, rejoicing, bless the day  
Our darling Queen was crown'd.

At ancient Scone, the Royal guests  
With Mansfield's lord abode  
One passing eve—then hast'ning on,  
They took the Highland road.

Lord Mansfield rode the Queen beside,  
Imparting old historic lore;  
And pointing out with patriot pride,  
Those spots renown'd of yore.

As on they come, across the Tay,  
And enter Perth again;  
To right and left, historic scenes  
A passing glance obtain.

The city walls, not needed now,  
Are gone, to rise no more;  
And gone, each gloomy, hoary pile  
That awed the town of yore.

The bell of old St. John's gives out  
Its merry welcome peal:  
It speaks not now of Edward's ire—  
Of Edward's cruel steel.



It calls each burgher true to line  
With welcome, street and lane :—  
And hast'ning crowds, all eager, throng  
To greet the Queen again.

The grand North Inch is pass'd, where knights  
In tourney oft have played :—  
There stood the lists—and here apart,  
The King the scene survey'd.

There too, at times, the battle notes  
Rang out with clarion tone :  
And stalwart men rush'd down on death,  
In those dark ages gone.

Ah ! here two clans have fought till death.  
As if 't were sport to die ;  
The King look'd on—nor dared, the while,  
Rebuke the battle cry.

Far other scenes rise now to view,  
And peace and joy are ours ;  
Our lovely Queen hath smiled beneath  
Our gay triumphal bowers.

Her heart may well beat high, to view  
Those Grampian hills afar,  
Whose warrior sons for ages stemm'd  
The tide of Roman war.

Who, hurling back each coming wave,  
Took courage and prevail'd,  
Till Rome, beneath their vengeful tread,  
In smoking ruins quail'd.

What matters now though Perth has been  
An ancient Roman town?  
The Almond and the Tay have swept  
Its frail defences down:

And Bertha, now deserted, stands  
Beside the Roman way,  
Though from its towers for ages sped  
The hest of kingly sway.

The Roman, Dane, and Saxon, there,  
Have tried to leave their name;  
The river floods have swept the town—  
Oblivion's palm their fame.

To left, in Methven wood, THE BRUCE  
Was sore beset, surprised:—  
For there, Lord Pembroke proved how low  
His knightly word he prized.

Sore spoil'd—with loss of many friends—  
THE BRUCE was forc'd to flee—  
His foes sprang up on every side:—  
He fought and lost Dalree:—

But fighting on he kept the field—  
And kept his kingly crown,  
Till Bannockburn, at length bore all  
His fierce opposers down.

And here, to left and right, we trace  
An ancient battlefield,  
Where Kenneth Third, with warriors true,  
Beat down the Danish shield.

But rising to his knee, the Dane  
Hath turn'd again the tide:—  
The Scottish hosts give way—and gain,  
In flight, the far hill-side.

Till gallant Hay—renowned in song,  
Led back the hosts again,  
And with resistless might bore down,  
The fast pursuing Dane.

He saved Dunkeld from plund'ring hordes;  
Sav'd too, the Scottish name:—  
And for his gallant deeds he lives  
In rolls of deathless fame.

Near Caputh ford that battlefield  
Its gory page unrolls;  
Though Luncarty began the fray—  
And pride its fame extols.

---

If great the strife—the carnage great,  
As heaps of slain make known :—  
The Danish might was shatter'd there,—  
The Danish pow'r o'rthrown.

The Royal progress, speeding on,  
Is view'd by joyous eyes;  
At every turn on every side,  
The shouts of welcome rise.

Here Lynedoch-braes, of doleful fame,  
Their joyous tribute pay;  
Their fair ones bonnie still, as when  
They nurtur'd Mary Gray.

From Como's lake Lord Lynedoch sends  
A noble patriot cheer,  
That splendid arch bespeaks his love  
For Queen and Consort dear.

His aged, war-worn limbs could ill  
A forced return endure,  
But well we know his patriot heart  
Is loyal still and pure.

From ev'ry crowd—from ev'ry throng,  
The grateful notes arise:  
The outburst pure of loyal hearts,  
Nor gold, nor honour buys.

Where Stanley road hath join'd Strathord,  
Five miles from Perth or so,  
The sloping brae, 'mid furze and broom,  
Its loyal thousands shew.

That tasteful arch—those banners gay—  
The loud repeated cheer—  
All tell how Stanley town hath come,  
The Queen to welcome here.

And further on, in bend of Tay,  
The Thistle-brig demands  
A passing glance—where erst the Dane  
Alarm'd the Scottish bands.

For they, unwatchful, fail'd to note  
The stealthy tread of foes,  
Till sudden, on the midnight wind,  
That cry of pain arose.

A Dane, with naked foot, had trod  
The thistle's bearded crest;  
And from that hour to this, 'tis held  
Our Scottish emblem blest.

At Luncarty the Dane had cause  
To mourn its touchy sting;  
And Scotland's foes have always felt  
The smart 'tis sure to bring.

---

See eastward rise the Sidlaw range,  
And fam'd Dunsinane's crest,  
Where long ago MacBeth had rear'd  
His castle walls unblest.

And here, beside the road, the field  
He fought and lost,—the last;  
Drumbeth, the bloody story tells,  
That height we now have pass'd.

Along those heights the moving wood  
Of royal Birnam came,  
And soon Macbeth, in sad defeat,  
Had left nor life nor name.

MacDuff and all his vengeful foes,  
In keen pursuit were near;  
And to his castle heights, sore press'd,  
He sped on wings of fear.

His castle walls were batter'd down,  
His fainting friends o'erthrown;  
And like a guilty thing he fled,  
Without nor sword nor crown.

Afraid to live, his corse he flung  
Far down upon the rock :—  
Thus perish'd he, who brav'd unscath'd  
The fiercest battle-shock.

He rush'd on death—pursued, undone,  
Ambition's guilty slave ;  
Unwept he died—his dust was laid  
Within the LANG MAN'S GRAVE.

Along those nearer heights, where stand  
Kinclaven's ruin'd towers,  
Proud Scotland's hero, "WALLACE WIGHT,"  
Upheld his right and ours.

The English odds were great, but he  
With lion-heart fought on,  
Till there, within the Shortwood Shaw,  
The fight was nobly won.

At eve, he shelter sought and rest,  
In wood of Old Cargill ;—  
Kinclaven's spoils—he hid them there :  
They there lie buried still.

Cargill ! the strength within the wood,  
How we its name revere !  
Stobhall ! the Drummond's home and pride,  
To royal loves so dear !

There oft the lovely Annabell  
A father's blessing sought,  
When John of Athole, Robert Third,  
His queen and children brought.

---

When on thy banks, dear Tay, they heard  
The roar of Campsie Linn ;  
And felt secure from treason's tread,  
Remov'd from faction's din.

See there ! beyond that shelt'ring wood,  
Brave Montfort's mortal wound  
In Tay's soft-flowing, kindly flood,  
A swift avenger found.

See here ! to left—where once secure  
A feudal stronghold stood—  
Those mounds their silent witness bear  
Of bloody times and rude.

The lordly towers of Old Strathord—  
Where now their boasted pride ?  
Those fields now smile with golden grain  
Where foemen, fighting, died.

There, westward, near those rising hills,  
The Baal-adorer pray'd,  
When Druid priests the Beltane fires  
With solemn rites had made.

And Tullibelton still informs  
The thoughtful, searching mind,  
Of sacred fire, preserv'd and shar'd,  
From out that hill behind.



The Royal Progress now hath reach'd  
New Inn and Auchterga'en,  
And onward still they fondly press  
Those higher heights to gain.

The village throng, with loud acclaim,  
With shout and cheer are there ;  
And frequent crowds, on slope and brae,  
With welcome rend the air.

These thousands gay unite as one  
In loyal hearty cheer :  
With smiling joy, they seem to say,  
"There's peace and plenty here."

On ev'ry side the mighty waves  
Of beauty rise and fall—  
East, West, and South, at hand, afar,  
Those lands are fertile all.

But higher priz'd than fertile lands,  
Than beauty's charms more blest,  
A happy people's loyal love  
In active deeds express'd.

From prattling babe to aged sire  
The thrill of joy extends :  
The rich and poor, a loyal throng,  
One noble feeling blends.

---

The Queen they love, admire, revere,  
With joyous heart hath come  
To smile her love on rich and poor,  
To gladden ev'ry home.

'Tis hers to reign o'er many lands  
And islands of the sea ;  
But Scotland's hills are dearer far  
Than other lands can be.

From age to age their hardy sons  
Have battled for the right,  
And still they hold the foremost place  
In Freedom's glorious light.

In peace or war, they yield to none—  
In loyal love excel—  
And patriot deeds advance their fame  
Far more than tongue can tell.

To honour true where duty leads,  
And faithful to the throne,  
Their kindly acts in myriad ways  
For cold reserve atone.

And when the Queen their loyal deeds  
Approves, with kindling eye,  
Her faintest smile calls forth more love  
Than mines of gold can buy.

What bliss, to feel the people's love !  
The people's joy to share !  
In city, town, and lonely glen,  
The people's crown to wear !

And here each hamlet, hearth, and home ;  
Its loyal tribute pays ;  
And willing hands to grace the scene  
Triumphal arches raise.

With loyal shouts they voice their love,  
And cheer her on her way ;  
The Grampian hills now quite at hand,  
How proud they look to-day !

And Birnam wood rejoicing moves  
To welcome Duncan's line ;  
Though 'neath Rohallion's grateful shade  
His halls in ruin pine.

See here, in joy, on right hand side,  
Stands Murthly's hoary pile—  
The lovely Tay flows proudly by,  
With sun-lit, haughty smile.

Beyond, the Stormont hills and dales,  
With fertile haughs between.  
With rich and wide, world-fam'd Strathmore,  
Adorn the varied scene.

---

As far as eye can reach—still on  
To yonder verge afar,  
The hand of toil with golden grain  
Piles plenty's groaning car.

And peace and gladness ev'rywhere,  
On labour's nod attends;  
The brawny arm of honest toil  
The humble poor befriends.

The Royal progress nears Dunkeld,  
'Mid varied scenes sublime;  
With feelings new, all, hast'ning on,  
The mountain passes climb.

Here let us pause, while pause we may,  
And raise a hearty cheer,  
God save and bless our noble Queen—  
God bless her Consort dear.

With all of life, and joy, and love,  
God bless their darlings twain;  
And may our lovely Queen adorn  
A long and glorious reign.

Be hers to know how full and deep  
Affection's current flows;  
And may that eye which never sleeps  
Preside where'er she goes.

## NOTES TO CANTO I.

## NOTE I. Page 3, line 15. GRANTON PIER.

The enormous works which have made Granton Pier the best harbour in the Frith of Forth were constructed at the charge of the Duke of Buccleuch, who is proprietor of the neighbouring estate of Caroline Park. The central pier, built between 1835 and 1845, is about 1700 feet long, varying from 80 to 160 feet in breadth. Granton is now the principal ferry for Fife and the northern counties.

## NOTE II. Page 3, line 16. THE BOLD BUCCLEUCH.

Walter Francis Montagu-Douglas Scott, 5th Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, justly celebrated for eminent talent, distinguished patriotism, enlightened liberality, and superior scientific attainments. A highly honoured Scot, of whom all true Scotchmen are proud.

## NOTE III. Page 3, line 22. DUN-EDIN, Edinburgh.

The stronghold of Edwin, a Northumbrian prince, who flourished in 620 A.D. The more ancient Celtic name was DUN-MONADH, the stronghold on the hill.

On the 29th of August 1842, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and suite, embarked at Woolwich for Scotland. The Royal George, Her Majesty's yacht, was accompanied on the voyage by the following vessels:—Shearwater, Salamander, Lightning, Black Eagle, Rhadamanthus, Fearless, Pique, Daphne, and Wolverine, most of which were powerful steamers. It was anticipated that the Royal squadron would make its appearance in the Frith of Forth early on the 31st of August, so as to enable Her Majesty to reach Dalkeith Palace that night. It was the evening of that day, however, before the squadron arrived in the Frith; and a quarter to one next morning before the anchor was let down below Inchkeith. Great was the disappointment to the hundreds of thousands assembled in Edinburgh, who were anxiously waiting to give Her Majesty a right hearty loyal welcome to the

capital of her ancient kingdom of Scotland. On the morning of Thursday, the 1st of September, her Majesty landed at Granton Pier before 9 o'clock, and was very cordially welcomed by His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Robert Peel, and others. Through some oversight, or mismanagement, or perhaps both, the agreed-on signals as to her Majesty's movements were not given from the Calton hill ; and the note of preparation for and warning of her near approach was sounded too late to admit of any civic ceremonial, as was so loyally intended, though for the time rendered impracticable ; and the Lord Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh earned for themselves unevitable notoriety for the manner in which they acquitted themselves on the occasion. For similar reasons the Queen's body-guard, the Royal Archers, instead of being in loyal attendance at the landing-place, did not join the Royal cortege till it had reached Howard Place.

The Royal Progress through the city was not so orderly, nor so gratifying, as it would undoubtedly have been had the note of warning been sounded in time ; but the throng of people was very great, though much fewer than would have been the case had timeous notice been given of the Royal movements, and of the time at which the landing was taking place. As it was the Royal party were soon out of the city ; proceeding onwards to Dalkeith Palace. All along the route through the city the people were very enthusiastic, the cheering was immense, and the reception given to Her Majesty very flattering, most hearty and loyal.

The Lord Provost and other civic dignitaries did their best to make amends for the awkward unpreparedness in which they were overtaken, and upon a proper explanation having been given, with every suitable apology, Her Majesty and Prince Albert were graciously pleased to alter their arrangements so as to enable them to pay a formal visit to the City of Edinburgh, on Saturday the 3rd of September.

NOTE IV. Page 4, line 5. THE CASTLE.

The Castle of Edinburgh, towering high above the City, is perched upon a huge mass of basaltic greenstone, at an elevation of more than 400 feet above the level of the sea. From its

strength and importance, its history, exciting and turbulent in a high degree, cannot fail to interest the thoughtful and patriotic reader. Its earlier history has almost all passed away into that oblivion which has removed the history of the period. In 1093, while the sainted Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, lay a corpse within its walls, the Castle was besieged by Donald Bane, the brother of her late husband, and the usurper of the throne, with the view of seizing his brother's son, the heir to the Crown. In 1174 William the Lion surrendered it to Henry II. of England, and did not regain it till his marriage in 1186 with Ermengarde, the English princess, who brought it as a dower. Alexander III. resided in the Castle and made it the depository of the regalia, and the archives of Scotland. In 1291 the Castle was surrendered to Edward I. of England, as the acknowledged Lord Superior of Scotland, but withdrawn from him about 1294. It was re-taken by Edward in 1296, when he carried away the archives and everything that was calculated to prove Scotland's ancient independence. In 1313 the Castle was re-captured by the Scots under Sir Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, and afterwards stripped of its fortifications by King Robert Bruce. In 1334, the usurper and vassal prince, Edward Baliol, agreed to surrender to Edward III., the Castle, town, and county of Edinburgh. In 1337, Edward III. rebuilt the Castle, and left it in charge of a strong garrison. It was captured by surprise, by the Scots under Sir William Douglas, the Black Knight of Liddesdale, in 1341. In 1385, Richard II. of England, making an incursion into Scotland, gave St. Giles's Cathedral, the Abbey of Holyrood, and the whole town to the flames; and after looking on for five days in vengeful triumph, left the whole town in ashes except the Castle. In 1400, Henry IV. repeatedly assaulted the Castle, but without success. In 1416, the Castle was taken by Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, then in rebellion, but restored in 1418. In 1444, Crichton, the Chancellor, provisioned the Castle and defied rival faction; until in 1446, he was enabled to capitulate on honourable terms, when he was reconciled to the King and restored to his office of Chancellor, of which he had been deprived. In 1543, Henry VIII., to enforce his ambitious projects in regard to the infant Queen, Mary, sent the Earl of Hertford to invade Scotland. He arrived in

the Forth with a numerous fleet and army, wasted the country, set fire to Edinburgh, burnt the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood, and made an unsuccessful attempt on the Castle. In that invasion, Sir Richard Lee, captain of Pioneers, "in the tumult of the conflagration," carried away the brazen font of the Abbey of Holyrood, which had been provided by Robert Bellenden, the abbot thereof, about 1480. Lee presented it to the Church of St. Alban, having caused an inscription of the following tenor to be engraven on it in Latin—"When Leith, an important town in Scotland, and Edinburgh, the Capital City of the Scots, were in flames, Sir Richard Lee, knight, rescued me from the flames, and brought me to England. In gratitude to him for his kindness, I, who hitherto served only at the baptism of the children of Kings, do now most willingly offer the same service even to the meanest of the English Nation: *Lee, the Conqueror, hath so commanded.* Farewell. A.D. 1543, and 36th of the reign of Henry VIII." About a hundred years after this the Roundheads possessed themselves of the font, *and sold it for old metal.* Verily Time has its revenges.

James VI. of Scotland and I. of Great Britain was born in the Castle, on the 19th June, 1566. In 1573, the Castle, which was held in the interest of Queen Mary, was forced to capitulate. In 1640, the Castle, besieged by the Covenanters under General Leslie, surrendered after a blockade of some months. It was yielded on honourable terms to Oliver Cromwell, after a siege of three months, in 1650. The Duke of Gordon held it from 1689 to 1690, in the interest of James VII., but on the death of Viscount Dundee, and the dispersion of the Jacobite forces surrendered it to the officers of King William III. In 1715, and again in 1745, the Castle successfully held out against the Jacobite forces.

The Castle of Edinburgh is capable of accommodating 2000, but the garrison seldom exceeds a single regiment. The oldest part of the modern buildings, bearing dates of 1566 and 1615, was the PALACE OF THE CASTLE, where James VI. of Scotland was born, and in which the REGALIA of Scotland are preserved. These consist (1) of the CROWN, of which the under part, composed of two circles of Gold set with precious stones, is supposed to have been made in the reign of King Robert Bruce, and to have been



worn by his son King David II.; and the upper composed of two imperial arches crossing each other, and surmounted by a Cross of Gold, is known to have been added by James V. (2) **THE SCEPTRE** (which the last named prince ordered to be made) a six-sided rod of silver, 39 inches long, with an embossed capital supporting three figures of saints, and surmounted by a large crystal globe (or orb), which is itself surmounted by a smaller globe, topped by an oriental pearl; and (3), **THE SWORD OF STATE** (presented to King James IV. by Pope Julius II., in 1507), a blade about three feet nine inches in length, with a handle including the pommel 15 inches long, and a scabbard of crimson velvet covered with filagree work.

NOTE V. Page 4, line 10. **DALKEITH'S PROUD TOWERS.**

Dalkeith Palace is a large and commodious but plain edifice, built at different times. The front which is in the same style of Scottish *renaissance* as Holyrood, was erected about 1700, by Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, commemorated in the "Lay of the last Minstrel:"

"In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,  
She wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."

The old Castle, on the site of which the present edifice has been erected, was the seat of the Grahams, from whom it passed by marriage, in the fourteenth century to Sir William Douglas, ancestor of the Earls of Morton. In the middle of the sixteenth century it was the principal residence of the Regent Morton, and known as the **LION'S DEN**, in allusion to his unscrupulous and violent temper, which too frequently manifested itself in deeds of cruelty and revenge. In 1633, Charles I. spent a night in the Castle and was sumptuously entertained by William 7th Earl of Morton, Lord Treasurer of Scotland, who in 1642 sold the Castle and Barony to the trustees of Francis, Second Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess Anne. In 1822 King George IV. was entertained in Dalkeith Palace, and Queen Victoria, with her illustrious Consort, in 1842.

NOTE VI. Page 4, line 18, **FIFAN TOWNS.**  
Towns of Fifeshire.

## NOTE VII. Page 4, line 20, LOCHLEVEN'S HOARY PILE.

The island of St. Serf, in Lochleven, was for a considerable period the site of a Culdee Institution, which with its Library and pertinents were most unjustly given away to the Romish Church in the twelfth century, by Robert, bishop of St. Andrews, and the grant was confirmed by a Special Charter to the canons regular of St. Augustine by King David I.

Alexander III. is said to have resided in the western island of Lochleven for some time, on his return from an interview with his father-in-law, King Henry III. of England, at Werk Castle. In 1298, a house in this island was occupied by a garrison of the English, for there was no castle then—the waters of the Loch being deemed sufficient protection. Sir William Wallace, at that time Guardian of Scotland, took the English by surprise. With his trusty sword tied to his neck he swam by night to the island, secured the boat of the English garrison, and returned for eighteen chosen followers whom he had selected for the enterprise. They rowed to the island and put the unwatchful garrison to the sword. Wallace brought his little army to the island next day, where they lodged comfortably and happily for eight days.

It is uncertain when Lochleven Castle was founded. King Robert Bruce, in 1315, captured John MacDougall, son of Alexander, Lord of Lorn, and consigned him to the Castle of Lochleven.

During the minority of David II., the Castle was held by the Scottish patriots, under Allen de Vipont, against the troops of Edward III. David resided there in 1354. Robert II. gave it to his Queen Eupham, and to her son David Earl Palatine of Strathearn. In the reign of Robert III., a branch of the powerful family of Douglas obtained a grant of lands on the shore of the lake. John Douglas, fourth son of William, 7th Lord Douglas, who was slain at Kinross in 1346, was captain of Lochleven; the Castle being then, and long after, a royal fortress. In 1430, Archibald, 5th Earl of Douglas, was confined there.

Mary Stewart, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned in Lochleven Castle, by order of the confederate Lords, on 16th June, 1567. On the 24th July, Lord Ruthven, Lord Lindsay of the Byres,

and Sir Robert Melville, in name of the confederate Lords, forced the Queen to sign an instrument resigning the crown to her infant son, who was, on the 26th July, inaugurated and crowned at Stirling, under the style and title of King James VI. On the 2nd May, 1568, Queen Mary effected her escape from Lochleven Castle, through the connivance and good offices of George Douglas, youngest son of her jailer, Sir Robert Douglas, of Lochleven. The battle of Langside, between the Queen's partizans, and the troops of King James VI., was fought on the 13th May, and finally crushed the Queen's hopes. She took refuge in England, where, at the instance of her cousin Queen Elizabeth, she was imprisoned for eighteen years, and at length most unrighteously beheaded at Fotheringay Castle on the 8th February, 1587. So ended the unhappy life of the unfortunate Queen Mary, the victim of deep-rooted jealousy and cruel vindictiveness. In Lochleven Castle the Earl of Northumberland, who headed the great northern rebellion against Queen Elizabeth in 1569, was detained a prisoner till 1592, when the Regent Morton surrendered him to the English.

When Queen Victoria, with her royal cortege, passed Lochleven on the 6th September 1842, a standard was hoisted on the battlements of the now ruined Castle, and Her Majesty's particular attention was directed to the spot on the Loch side, called "Mary's Knowe," on which Queen Mary landed on the night of her escape with the brave and chivalrous George Douglas.

NOTE VIII. Page 5, line 5. DUPPLIN'S TOWERS.

Dupplin for more than three centuries preceding 1620, was the property of Oliphant of Aberdalgie, till it passed from Lord Oliphant to Lord Morton. It was purchased by the Kinnoull family from the Earl of Morton in 1625, and is now their principal seat. Dupplin Castle was burnt in 1827, but rebuilt in a state of great magnificence by Thomas Robert Drummond Hay, 10th Earl of Kinnoull, Lord-Lyon-King at arms, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Perth, etc., etc. There he had the great honour of entertaining Her Most Gracious Majesty in 1842, in a princely style. At Dupplin Castle Her Majesty and the Prince Consort were graciously pleased to receive loyal and dutiful addresses from the Noblemen, Justices of the Peace, and Commis-

sioners of Supply of the County of Perth, and from the Magistrates and Council of the City of Perth. The County and City of Perth enjoyed on this occasion a very high and unexampled distinction, in that the deputations were honoured to present the addresses to Her Majesty in person, and to receive a most gracious reply directly from the Sovereign—a privilege said to have previously belonged exclusively to the corporations of London and Dublin, and to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

NOTE IX. Page 5, line 6. PERTH.

Oh! yes, "Fair City," thou art fair—  
A lovely gem, and richly set;  
I've wander'd far, but wander'd where  
My spirit willed, I never met  
A fairer, sweeter vision yet."

Perth is frequently stiled the "Fair City." As to the exact site of ancient Perth antiquarians are not agreed. The site of the present city was occupied during the Roman period as a Roman town, and, as some maintain, was called Victoria.

Perth was the capital of Scotland from about the middle of the ninth century to the year 1482; and during that long period was a frequent residence of the Scottish Kings, and the usual seat of Parliament, or Meeting of Estates. It continued to be a royal residence long after that date, but shorn of much of its former importance. It was visited in 1617 by James VI. of Scotland, as James I. of Great Britain; and by Charles I. in 1632. It was the seat of the Provincial Councils of the Scottish Clergy till 1465.

When first visited by Queen Victoria in 1842, great preparations were made, and the reception given to Her Majesty was most magnificent and enthusiastic. The cavalcade in approaching Perth, advanced along the South Inch Avenue at a round pace, but on nearing the magnificent triumphal arch erected at the southern extremity of Princes Street, the horses were reined in, and the royal carriage came slowly on to the front of the barrier. Here the shouts of the assembled multitude rent the air, and their joyous acclamations were loudly reiterated and prolonged. On the left hand side of the barrier an appropriate platform was occupied by the Clergy of the Presbytery of Perth,

in their gowns and bands; while on the right hand side a similar platform, covered with crimson velvet, was occupied by the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the City.

When the royal carriage drew up at the barrier, Charles Graham Sidey, Esquire, Lord Provost of Perth, kneeling, respectfully presented the Keys of the city to his august Sovereign, whom he addressed as follows:—

“May it please Your Majesty,

“We, Your Majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of the City of Perth, most respectfully congratulate Your Majesty upon your safe arrival at the ancient Capital of Your Majesty’s hereditary kingdom of Scotland, and bid you welcome to the favourite City of your Majesty’s illustrious ancestor, King James the VI., who conferred upon it many valuable privileges.

“Permit me, Most Gracious Sovereign, in the name of, and as representing, this community, to place at your disposal the Keys of this your City of Perth, and with them to offer the renewed assurances of our unalterable fidelity and attachment to Your Majesty’s most sacred person and government, and of our warmest aspirations for Your Majesty’s health, happiness, and comfort.”

To this Her Majesty promptly replied, having taken the Keys, and replacing them on the cushion on which they had been presented:—

“My Lord Provost,

“I have great pleasure in returning to you these Keys. I am quite satisfied that they cannot possibly be in better hands.”

At the same time His Royal Highness Prince Albert was presented with the freedom of the City, which he graciously acknowledged. So soon as these pleasing ceremonies were ended the Royal carriage passed within the barrier, and Her Majesty made her triumphal entry into the city, in which she received an enthusiastic reception, and proceeded to Scone Palace, where she arrived in due time, greatly pleased with the unparalleled loyalty and hearty kindness with which she had been received along the whole route; and with the right hearty, *loyal welcome* which the Right Honourable the Earl of Mans-

field had so enthusiastically prepared for, and which he now accorded to, his beloved Sovereign.

NOTE X. Page 6, line 10. SCONE—HISTORIC SCONE.

The Scone of history, of which but few traces now remain, situated about two miles from Perth, was a place of great note in ancient times, and appears to have been for a short period the capital of the Pictish kingdom. It became the seat of a Culdee institution about the close of the sixth century, and continued so till the reign of Alexander I. Scone was called "ane Royal city," as early as A.D. 906. In that year the first national council of the Scottish Church was convened at Scone, in the sixth year of Constantine, the son of Eth, in which that monarch and Kellach, the head of the Culdee institutions, with the Scots, solemnly vowed to observe the laws and discipline of faith, the rights of the churches and of the gospel, on a little hill, near to the royal city of Scone.

Meetings of the Parliament of Scotland were held at Scone in 1283-4, 1320, 1323, 1325, 1326, 1331, 1357, and in 1401.

At Scone the Scottish Kings were crowned from 843 to 1651: Charles II. was crowned here in 1651. The Palace and Abbey of Scone were burnt by the "rascal multitude" on the 28th June, 1559.

Kenneth II., commonly known as Kenneth Mac-Alpine, succeeded to the Scottish throne in 833 or 835, and claimed the Pictish Crown as his rightful inheritance (the male line of the Pictish royal family having become extinct), he being grandson of Fergusiana, sister to Hungus King of the Picts. For a time his claim appears to have been resisted, until, according to the "book of Paisley," he engaged and defeated the Picts at Scone, from which he proceeded to Abernethy, and reduced it, in revenge for the slaughter of his father Alpine. Having succeeded in establishing his claim to the Pictish throne, he, in 843, brought the *Lia Fail*—*Clach na Cineamhuinn*—the Stone of Destiny—from Dunstaffnage to Scone, from which it was carried to Westminster Abbey by Edward I. in 1296. The inscription on this world-renowned stone is—

"Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum  
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

Which has been put in English thus :—

“ Except old saws do feign,  
And wizard wits be blind,  
The Scots in place must reign  
Where they this stone shall find.”

The use to which Edward I. put this stone was to serve as a chair for the celebrating priests at Westminster. In the wardrobe account of Edward for March 1299, there is an entry of a payment to “Walter the painter, for a step to the foot of the NEW CHAIR, in which the stone of Scotland was placed, near the altar, before the shrine of St. Edward in Westminster Abbey, and to the carpenters and painters painting the said step; and the gold and colours to paint it with, and making a case to cover the said chair, £1, 19s. 7d.”

In the treaty of peace between King Robert Bruce and Edward III., dated 13th June, 1328, there is a particular stipulation for the restoration of this greatly prized Stone. But the Londoners, having taken a fancy to it, excited a commotion to prevent its removal; and Robert Bruce persuaded his people to waive the performance of this part of the treaty. The belief in the augury attached to this stone has been so deep-rooted that many looked upon the accession of James VI. to the British throne as the fulfilment of the prediction. This remarkable stone is alleged to have been Jacob's pillow at Bethel—to have been carried from the East to Spain, from thence to Ireland, from that to Iona, and from Iona to Dunstaffnage, from which it was taken to Scone, and thence to Westminster Abbey.

Alexander I. founded an Abbey at Scone for the canons regular of St. Augustine, in 1114. It was burnt about 1163, rebuilt, destroyed by the English army after the battle of Falkirk, 17th August, 1298. Again rebuilt, and finally burnt, 28th June, 1559. At the Reformation, Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie was Commendator of the Abbey, and upon the Suppression of the Monasteries and the forfeiture of the Gowrie family it was converted into a temporal Lordship and conferred by James VI., in 1604 upon Sir David Murray, which was confirmed by the last Parliament held in Perth, that of 1606, known as the “Red Parliament.”

William David Murray, Baron Scone, fourth Earl of Mans-

field, hereditary keeper of the Palace of Scone, entertained his Sovereign at Scone Palace in 1842, in a very tasteful and magnificent manner, sparing neither pains nor cost in providing suitable cheer for his royal and illustrious guests. At Her Majesty's departure from Scone, on the 7th September, Lord Mansfield rode close beside the Royal Carriage from Scone Palace by Perth to Dunkeld, pointing out to Her Majesty the places of interest on the route.

NOTE XI. Page 6, Lines 18, 20. THE ROYAL CHAIR.

SACRED STILL TO KENNETH'S LINE.

Kenneth II. in A.D., 843, became Monarch of the United Kingdom of the Scots and Picts, as in his person the representative of the three monarchies of Ulster, Dalriada, and Pictland; an inheritance handed down to our own times, and enjoyed to our continued happiness, prosperity and benefit by his lineal descendant, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

NOTE XII. Page 7, line 18. THE CITY WALLS.

The walls of Perth have been razed long ago, and all the ancient buildings which at one time adorned the City, such as its Parliament House, Castle, etc., have been sacrificed to a short-sighted, time-serving, utilitarian policy. The Church of the holy Cross of St. John the Baptist is the only very ancient edifice now remaining. It is commonly known as St. John's Church, and accommodates within its walls the congregations of the East, West, and Middle Parishes of Perth. Here John Knox preached his celebrated sermon against Idolatry on the 11th May, 1559, and after service went out to Scone to save the Abbey from all violence at the hands of what Baillie, in his History in vindication of the Church of Scotland, calls the "rascal multitude." In St. John's Church, on the 9th July, 1633, Charles I. "heard ane reverand sermone." From this Church Perth is frequently called St. Johnston. As illustrative of the state of matters in Perth in 1746, we quote the following, which was read from the pulpit of St. John's in that year, immediately after the battle of Culloden: "By order of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. Any person within this Parish who shall conceal any rebel, or arms, or ammunition, or anything belonging to the



rebels, and shall not immediately bring in the said rebel, stores, or goods, to Provost James Crie of Perth, shall, upon proof of disobedience of this order, be hanged."

NOTE XIII. Page 7, line 25. EDWARD'S CRUEL STEEL.

In the Church of St John, in Autumn 1336, while standing before the High Altar, Edward III. by a stroke of his dagger mortally wounded his brother, John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, in the heat of an altercation between the brothers in reference to some highly aggravated cruelties perpetrated by the Earl, on his way to Perth through the western counties: burning churches and people in them—especially that of Lesmahagow.

NOTE XIV. Page 8, line 6, THE GRAND NORTH INCH.

The fine parks called the North Inch and the South Inch respectively, are public parks for the recreation and benefit of the inhabitants of the "Fair City." The North Inch, stretching along the Tay, northward from the bridge, is used as a race-course, for athletic games, reviews, etc.

In ancient times tournaments and weapon-schawings were held there; and it became occasionally the scene of fierce contests for the possession of the city, by foreign foes, or rival factions. It witnessed the prowess of the immortal Wallace, and the daring deeds of the gallant Bruce; and the blood of the brave in successive ages has watered its sod. Its memories embody a vast entablature of good and ill—of joy and grief—of the pomp and circumstance of cruel war, and of the hallowed associations of heaven-born peace.

On the North Inch, in 1396, in the reign of Robert III., the contest took place, between 30 of the Clan Chattan and 30 of the Clan Shaw (in pursuance of some inextinguishable feud), which Sir Walter Scott so graphically describes in the "*Fair Maid of Perth*." From a richly decorated summer-house, near Charlotte Place, called the "Giltan Arbour," the King witnessed the conflict. The Rev. Mr Shaw, Forfar, in "Appendix to Memorials of the Clan Shaw," acknowledges having received from Thomas Dickson, Esq., of the Register House, Edinburgh, the following entry, hitherto unpublished, in the accounts of the Lord Chamberlain:—"In the *Computum Custumariorum burgi de Perth*,

26th April to 1st June, 1897, the Customars of Perth take credit for a payment of £14, 2s. 11d., for the erection of the lists within which the combat—the famous Clan battle before the King and Court on the Inch at Perth—took place. ‘Et pro meremīs, ferro et factura clausure sexaginta personarum pugnantium in Insula de Perth.’ How does this matter-of-fact entry enable us to realise what to many has only the appearance of a historical romance!”

NOTE XV. Page 8, lines 22–5—THOSE GRAMPIAN HILLS AFAR,  
WHOSE WARRIOR SONS FOR AGES STEMM'D  
THE TIDE OF ROMAN WAR.

The Caledonians, whose territories included the great Grampian barrier, were never conquered by the Romans. For four hundred years they opposed the Roman power with the most determined energy and undaunted perseverance; fiercely assailed the invading legions with varied success, and compelled each successive Roman General to give back by little and little, till at last the enfeebled Romans abandoned Britain in A.D. 446.

NOTE XVI. Page 9, lines 4, 5.  
TILL ROME BENEATH THEIR VENGEFUL TREAD,  
IN SMOKING RUINS QUAIL'D.

Fergus II., King of Scots, with a Scottish contingent, assisted Alaric the Goth at the sacking of Rome in 410, or according to some, 407.

NOTE XVII. Page 9, lines 6, 7.—PERTH HAS BEEN  
AN ANCIENT ROMAN TOWN.

Perth was occupied for some time as a Roman colonial town. Four *iters*, or roads of Roman origin, concentrated on Perth. The Almond at that period appears to have joined the Tay at the northern extremity of the North Inch, and at the junction was erected a Roman station on the ruins of Rath-Ammon, a fortified town of the Picts, or more properly, Caledonians. Rath-Ammon was burnt by Egfrid, King of Northumbria, in 686. In the Annals of Ulster it is called Tullach-Alman. Perth and Bertha—different forms of the same name—apply to

the town on the site on which Perth now stands: Perth being from the Gaelic, and descriptive of its being between two green fields or inches—and implying that Rath-Ammon, or Bertha, and Perth may be held as one. In the poem Bertha it is applied as if it were not the same as Perth.

After the Roman period, the Danes and Saxons, each in turn coveted the possession of the city, for its wealth and strategical importance, and fought beneath its walls.

Perth from its low-lying situation, and from its proximity to the turbulent river Almond, rushing into the noble Tay as it becomes a tidal river, is peculiarly liable to floods. The flood of 1210 was peculiarly severe, when much property and many lives were lost, and some of the Royal family perished in the attempt to escape. Other floods occurred in 1621, 1740, 1773, and 1814.

NOTE XVIII. Page 9, lines 18, 19.  
TO LEFT IN METHVEN WOOD THE BRUCE  
WAS SORE BESET, SURPRISED.

On 19th June, 1306, King Robert Bruce appeared before the walls of Perth and challenged the garrison to give him battle. The City was held by Aymer de Vallance, Earl of Pembroke, cousin of Edward I. in the English interest, and by English troops. To the challenge of Bruce, he replied that the day was too far spent, but that he would fight him in the morning. Bruce appears to have relied implicitly upon the good faith of Lord Pembroke, and to have concluded that he would make no attempt till next day. Bruce retired therefore to Methven Wood which had frequently sheltered the renowned Wallace and his band of patriots. The place chosen for encampment was but a few miles to the west of Perth. Towards evening, while Bruce and his little army were preparing their evening meal, and many were dispersed in foraging parties, a cry was raised that the enemy was upon them, and Lord Pembroke with his whole army, which outnumbered the Scots by fifteen hundred men, broke in upon the camp. Bruce and his friends had scarcely time to arm themselves. As it was they made a brave resistance, but the most undaunted courage could not long delay the disastrous route which followed. The King was unhorsed, and Sir Philip de Mowbray called aloud that he had

the new made King, when Sir Christopher Seton felled Mowbray to the earth, and rescued his master. Matthew of Westminster says that the King was twice rescued by Simon Fraser, the friend and companion in arms of Wallace. Bruce and his friends fled to the fastnesses of Atholl, but soon suffered' another disastrous defeat at Dalree in Glendochard, at the hands of MacDougall of Lorn and his allies.

In 1311 Bruce re-appeared before Perth, laid siege to it, and taking it by storm, put the garrison to the sword. The King was at the head of the storming party, and was the second to force his way into the City. To prevent its becoming again a stronghold of the enemy, he razed the walls to the foundation. On the 24th of June, 1314, he fought and won the decisive battle of Bannockburn, which completely secured the independence of Scotland.

NOTE XIX. Page 10, lines 8, 9.

WHERE KENNETH THIRD, WITH WARRIORS TRUE,  
BEAT DOWN THE DANISH SHIELD.

About the year 980 the Danes for the third or fourth time, landed a great army at the mouth of the river Esk in Forfarshire, ravaged the country of Angus, or Forfarshire with fire and sword, and coming on by the North of the Sidlaw range, through Strathmore, crossed the Tay at what is called the Thistle-Brig, on their way to besiege Bertha or Perth, which they closely invested. King Kenneth III., who was then at Stirling, hastily collected an army and came to the relief of the town and castle of Bertha, whereupon followed the battle of Luncarty, fought a mile or two to the North-west of Perth. The Scots commanded by the King in person, at the head of the centre division, Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland commanding the right wing, and Duncan Maarmor of Atholl commanding the left, contested the field for a long time with much ardour and varying success, and though at one time apparently victorious, the Danes by a great final effort forced the two wings to give way, when it was thought expedient to make an orderly retreat, the centre division having held its own which they appear to have done to good purpose. In spite of heavy loss they were thus prepared to bar the way to Dunkeld, should it become as in 845 the object of the cupidity and attack of the Danes. According to tradition a man of the

name of Hay, with his two sons, who happened to be ploughing in a field called the "Yoke-Haugh" (Dail-na-Cuing), about two miles above Little Dunkeld, learned that a battle had been fought and that the Scots were compelled to retreat, while the Danes were reported to be already following up their advantage by an energetic pursuit. Hay seeing bands of fugitives coming that way, was fired with patriotic ardour and heroic indignation, called upon them to rally, and seizing the yoke of his oxen, he with his two sons rallied the retreating host, and led them back to renew the conflict. The retreating forces thus marshalled and augmented by newly arrived levies, joined the main body of the army under Kenneth, renewed the attack upon the Danes near Caputh-Ford, not far from a place called PITTEN-SORN, where the continued action was bravely fought out, in which the Danes were defeated with great slaughter. Hay and his sons exhibited prodigies of valour, and at the close of the conflict, all their surviving fellow-combatants were loud in their praise. On the field of battle Hay received dignity and honours at the hand of his sovereign, and a grant of the lands of Inchtuthel, on the north side of the Tay, in full sight of the battle-field, as some reward of his undaunted bravery and pre-eminent valour. These lands remained in the possession of Hay's descendants till the beginning of the sixteenth century. William 5th Earl of Errol, who succeeded in 1506, was in his father's lifetime designed William of Caputh and Master of Errol. The King made Hay accompany him to Scone, and there in a few days, in a convention of the Nobles, he got his choice of as much land as would be embraced in the hound's race, or the falcon's flight. He chose the latter alternative, and the falcon rested on what is known as the falcon's stone, or Hawkstone, six miles down from Scone, in the Parish of Errol. From this Hay are descended the Earls of Errol and Kinnoull, and the Marquis of Tweeddale. The Earl of Errol is hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, and ranks as the first subject in Great Britain, next to the princes of the blood royal

NOTE XX. Page 11, line 10.

LYNEDOCH-BRAES, OF DOLEFUL FAME.

The widely known ballad of "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray" has clothed Lynedoch-braes with a mournful immortality. In

1646, the plague, or pestilence raged in Perth with deadly virulence, and proved fatal to 3000 of the inhabitants. The Church doors were closed from the 22nd August, 1646, to 3rd January, 1647, and during that period few infants—three or four at most—were baptised in the interval. During this period, Bessy Bell, daughter to the laird of Kinvaid, and Mary Gray, daughter to the laird of Lednoch, or Lynedoch, became alarmed, and being inseparable companions, built themselves a bower about three-quarters of a mile west from Lynedoch House, in a very retired and romantic place called Burn-braes, on the side of the Brachie burn, near the River Almond. Here they lived for some time, probably in August or September, 1646, visited at intervals by a young gentleman from Perth who was suitor of one or other of them. This gentleman, on his last visit to the young ladies, among other presents for their gratification and benefit, brought with him a rare necklace which he had purchased of a Jew, and handed it as a love-gift to his beautiful beloved. This necklace unhappily had been the property of one who had died of the plague, and conveyed the infection to the young lady, and to her friend. The two died of the plague—and the ballad commemorates the sad end of the two beautiful ladies, whose romantic affection has been thereby handed down in immortal verse.

*Ballad of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*

“O Bessie Bell an’ Mary Gray!  
 They were twa bonnie lasses—  
 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,  
 An’ theekit it ower wi’ rashes.  
 They theekit it ower wi’ rashes green,  
 They happit it round wi’ heather;  
 But the pest cam’ frae the burrows-toun,  
 An’ slew them baith thegither.  
 They thought to lie in Methven Kirk,  
 Beside their gentle kin;  
 But they maun lie in Dronach-haugh,  
 An’ bask them in the sun.  
 O Bessie Bell an’ Mary Gray!  
 They were twa bonnie lasses—  
 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,  
 An’ theekit it ower wi’ rashes.”

The two young ladies were buried in the Dronach haugh, at the foot of the brae of the same name, near the bank of the River Almond. The grave lies about half-a-mile west of Lynedoch House—Lord Lynedoch enclosed it with an iron railing about the year 1835.

NOTE XXI. Page 11, line 14. LORD LYNEDOC.

Thomas (Græme) Graham was the youngest son of Thomas Graham and Lady Christian Hope of Balgowan, and born in 1748. When about the age of twelve he was placed under the tuition of the afterwards celebrated James MacPherson, the translator of Ossian's poems. Thomas Graham succeeded his father, as proprietor of Balgowan, in 1767, and was married on 26th December, 1774, to Mary, second daughter of Lord Cathcart. In 1785, he acquired the lands of Lednoch or Lynedoch, by purchase, from Major Barry.

On the 26th June, 1792, after a lingering illness, Mrs Graham died on board ship off the coast of France, near Hyeres. Mr Graham, who was devotedly attached to his wife, was inconsolable, and to drown his grief for his irreparable loss, rushed to the profession of arms at the mature age of 44. He became *aid-de-camp* to Lord Mulgrave in 1793, and as war had been already declared with France, greatly distinguished himself at the Siege of Toulon. In 1794, (along with Mr Graham of Fintray and a few friends), Mr Graham, by special permission from the War Office, raised the 90th Regiment, of which he was appointed Colonel Commandant on the 10th February. On the 11th April he was unanimously elected M.P. for Perthshire, and unanimously re-elected, June 18, 1796; July 26, 1802; and November 25, 1806. He was raised to the rank of Colonel in the army in 1795—joined the Austrian army by permission in 1796—returned to his regiment at Gibraltar in 1797, and served with distinction in Minorca and Sicily in 1798. In 1799 and 1800, he was laying siege to Malta, which at length capitulated.

In 1808, Colonel Graham accompanied Sir John Moore to Sweden as *aid-de-camp*; and in August of that year, in the same capacity, to reinforce the British army in Portugal. And when, on the 16th January, 1809, the illustrious and honoured Sir John Moore, after the memorable retreat to Corunna, was

thrown off his horse mortally wounded by the *ricochet* of a cannon ball, Colonel Graham rode off for medical aid. The Battle of Corunna was gloriously won—but Sir John Moore died that evening, and his remains were carried to Colonel Graham's quarters, in the citadel of Corunna, and interred in silence and sorrow next morning before eight o'clock.

Colonel Graham was with the Walcheren expedition in the summer of 1809—but was compelled to come home invalided—when he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. Raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1810, he commanded at Cadiz, and on the 5th March, 1811, he gained the battle of Barossa—one of the most glorious triumphs of the Peninsular War. In August, 1811, he joined Wellington's army, and was appointed to the command of a division. In January, 1812, he took part in the siege and capture of Ciudad Rodrigo—and in March received the order of the Bath. In May and June, in command of two divisions, he took part in the movements which preceded the battle of Salamanca.

On the 21st June, 1812, was second in command under Wellington, and in the battle of Vittoria, at the head of the left wing, delivered a crushing blow to the enemy, which sealed his defeat. He commanded at the storming of San Sebastian, 31st August, 1813. He had the high honour of receiving the thanks of Parliament after the battles of Barossa and Vittoria respectively; and in November, 1813, the thanks of Parliament were awarded to him "particularly for the ability, enterprise, and perseverance with which he conducted the siege and capture of the Town and Castle of San Sebastian," at the crossing of the Bidasso on the 7th October, 1813, "he was the first to plant the British Standard on the territory of France." He commanded at Bergen-op-zoom in 1814, and on the 3d May of that year was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Lynedoch of Balgowan, receiving a life pension of £2000 per annum.

In August, 1842, when Her Majesty Queen Victoria made her first visit to Scotland, he was in the North of Italy, at Como, from which he wrote minute directions for the erection of triumphal arches, etc., and the manner in which he wished his tenantry and people to evince their loyalty and to do honour to Her Majesty, when passing through a part of his estate. He re-





appropriate mottoes. On the Queen approaching the assemblage, Her Majesty graciously ordered the Royal *cortege* to walk slowly past.

NOTE XXIII. Page 12, line 11. THE THISTLE BRIG.

What is called the Thistle Brig, or Bridge, a short distance below Stanley, consists of a trap dyke crossing the Tay, and which is said to have at one time spanned the river with its gigantic basaltic columns, rising high above the flood, and affording suitable supports for a "brig of tree," which for a long period in Scottish history formed the only ordinary mode of crossing the Tay at this point.\* By this route the Danes were crossing the Tay before the battle of Luncarty, and one of their number having trampled on a Scottish thistle, betrayed his approach to the unwary Scottish sentinels, whose duty it was to guard the bridge, and to prevent its being crossed by the enemy if at all possible. This incident gave rise to the adoption of the thistle as the badge of Scotland. By this bridge the troops of MacBeth crossed to engage the forces of Malcolm Canmore—by it they soon after sought safety in flight—and along it the vengeful strides of Macduff sounded the death-knell of the tyrant usurper. The basaltic columns were quite removed in modern times—cleared away to enable rafts of wood to get down the river—sacrificing temporary utility to what might have been rendered of permanent advantage—and what, historically considered, deserved a better fate.

NOTE XXIV. Page 12, lines 22, 23.

AT LUNCARTY THE DANE HAD CAUSE  
TO MOURN ITS TOUCHY STING.

The first battle of Luncarty about 980, resulted as narrated in a preceding note. The second battle was fought in the reign of Duncan I., about 1037, the Danes being commanded by Sweno, and the Scots by Macbeth and Banquo. The Danes suffered an exterminating defeat, and their ships were destroyed by a storm at the mouth of Tay.

---

\* The Tweed at Roxburgh was crossed in a similar manner.—See Stat. Acc. 1797, vol. 19, p. 152.

## NOTE XXV. Page 13, line 8.

## DRUMBETH THE BLOODY STORY TELLS.

Drumbeth, a prominent ridge, forming the southern part of the farm of Burnside, is close to the village of Stanley on the south-west, and the field of battle extended westwards to what is now known as the Dunkeld Road, near which is bloodfield. The trenches in which the slain were buried are still traceable. Tradition states that the battle was fought with the result indicated in the poem, and that Macbeth perished by throwing himself over the rocks, to the south and east, but close to the battlements of his Castle, on Dunsinane hill, and that he was buried in the *Lang Man's Grave*, which is still pointed out as the last resting place of the "GIANT MACBETH." This would be about 1057. Drumbeth is about half-way between Dunsinane-hill and Birnam, and within sight of both. The strength in Birnam wood, Rath-challion was held by Crinan abbot of Dunkeld thane of Atholl and the Isles, during the greater part of Macbeth's turbulent reign, and was at the time of which we speak the head quarters of his grandson Malcolm Canmore, the eldest son of King Duncan I. Malcolm on the defeat and death of Macbeth and the overthrow of his faction, ascended the throne, and adorned a long and prosperous reign.

## NOTE XXVI. Page 14, line 16. KINCLAVEN'S RUIN'D TOWERS.

Kinclaven Castle, built by Malcolm Canmore, in the bend of the Tay at its junction with the Isla, was for centuries occupied as a royal residence. It is still a royal castle, though ruined and neglected for ages. Here the sainted Margaret received the homage of the Celtic magnates of the kingdom, and spent much of her time in works of charity and prayer. King Alexander III. and his Queen frequently resided within its walls. It was taken and burnt in 1296 by Sir William Wallace, who captured it from the English under Sir James Butler. It was soon after rebuilt, and in 1336 again held by the English, from whom it was wrested by Sir Andrew Moray, and demolished. Whether again rebuilt, or what its after history may have been, appears to have escaped the notice of historians. In 1612 it is described as "the ancient demolished castle of Kinclaven." In 1382, it was the property of John, Earl of Atholl and Carrick,

afterwards Robert III. The Lordship of Kinclaven included a wide stretch of country, reaching to, and comprehending lands on both sides of Loch Tay, and from it the Crown rewarded faithful service and conferred marks of approbation on its favourites.

So early as the time when the Romans occupied the camp in the angle between the Tay and Isla at Cleaven Dykes, Kinclaven must have been a place of considerable importance, and may have been a Caledonian strength; the Tay flowing at that time fully two miles further to the north-east than its present course.

NOTE XXVII. Page 14, line 12. SHORTWOOD SHAW.

Immediately after the burning of Kinclaven Castle by Sir William Wallace, as previously noticed, he took post with his little band of followers in the Shortwood Shaw, where he erected six strengths, or stockades of wood, in which to withstand the attack of the English, which he well knew would soon be made. His little army, numbering fifty-five men, was soon attacked by Sir Gerard Heron, Commander of the English forces in Perth, at the head of a thousand well-harnessed horsemen, further augmented in the afternoon by three hundred more under the command of Sir William de Lorrayne. Sir John Butler and Sir William de Lorrayne assailed the patriot band with great fury, while Sir Gerard Heron kept ward outside the wood. The fight was long, unequal, and bloody. "So many of the Scots were hurt and slain, that they could not hope to make a fair stand. In these circumstances, Wallace manfully but sadly prepared to renew the struggle, even single-handed, rather than be taken alive." Sir John Butler and Sir William de Lorrayne were both killed by his hand, and many of the English bit the dust, seeing which Sir Gerard Heron sounded a retreat, and calling a council of war, retired in sorrowful plight to Perth.

Inchstrivie, on the Tay near Stanley House, now an old ruined castle, was occupied by Wallace at a later period, as an advanced post, when preparing to besiege Perth, which he succeeded in capturing in 1297. The ruins are now generally known as Wallace's Castle.

NOTE XXVIII. Page 14, line 18. CARGILL.

Cargill and Stobhall, on the Tay, were at one time the property

of the de Montifex family. These estates came into the possession of Sir John Drummond of Drummond or Drymen in Stirlingshire, by his marriage with Mary, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Sir William de Montifex, Justiciar of Scotland. Annabella, Sir John Drummond's daughter by this marriage, became the spouse of John, Earl of Atholl and Carrick, in 1357, and on his accession to the throne on the death of his father, Robert II., in 1390, he assumed the name of Robert III., and he and Queen Annabella were crowned at Scone, 13th August, 1390. His short reign was characterised by much intrigue, strife, and treachery; greatly owing to the ambition of his brothers and their adherents. The Duke of Albany was the prime mover in these intrigues, and Prince David, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Atholl, etc., perished miserably in the dungeon of Falkland Palace, by his connivance, 27th March, 1402. Robert III. and Annabella Drummond, his Queen, had two sons and three daughters—the King was doatingly fond of his children; and the Queen was a very superior and illustrious woman.

The Linn of Campsie is in the immediate vicinity of Stobhall, the ancient seat of the Drummonds. The family removed to Drummond Castle about 1490, having occupied Stobhall as their principal residence since 1360.

NOTE XXIX. Page 15, line 7. MONTFORT.

Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the husband of Eleanor, Sister to Henry III. of England, commonly called Henry of Winchester, had risen in rebellion against the English King in 1258, and on the 14th May, 1264 defeated Henry and made him prisoner. His son Prince Edward surrendered next day, but having escaped from his guards the following year he encountered Leicester at Evesham, in Worcestershire, and after a long and bloody engagement defeated his forces; Leicester being slain in the very thickest of the battle, fighting bravely over the dead body of his son. Prince Edward soon after and previous to leaving for Palestine to join the eighth and last crusade in 1270, recommended the Esquire by whom the Earl of Leicester was slain to the special protection and favour of his sister Margaret, Queen of Alexander III. of Scotland. Sometime after his arrival in Scotland, according to the Chronicler of Lanercost, Queen

Margaret was walking after supper, by the banks of the Tay, at Kinclaven Castle, in Perthshire, attended by her maidens and esquires, and also by her confessor, who told the story to the Chronicler. The party sat down by the river side, and the pompous esquire who prided himself on having slain Simon de Montfort, descended to the water's edge to wash his hands, which in romping he had soiled with mud. As he stood over the stream a damsel came softly behind and pushed him in. He took the joke in good part, "what do I care he exclaimed, even though I were further out, I can swim." But while amid the laughter of the spectators he floundered about in the water, he suddenly found himself sinking, and shouted for assistance, which none present could render; his boy page, who was playing near at hand, hearing his master's cries, ran up and plunged into the river to save him, but they were both drowned," and the Chronicler solemnly adds, "Thus the enemy of Simon, and servant of Sathan, who boasted he was the cause of the death of a valiant knight, perished in sight of all."

NOTE XXX. Page 15, line 14. OLD STRATHORD.

The Castle of Strathord (anciently Strathurd), in the Thanagy, or Lordship of Kinclaven, was a place of great strength and importance, about half-way between Perth and Dunkeld. It formed part of the Royal domain of Scotland, and, along with its lands and the lands of Strathbraan, was given by King William the Lion to his daughter Marjorie, as her marriage portion—as specially stipulated in a treaty with King John of England about 1209. King William and King John died before the treaty was carried out; but Alexander II, of Scotland, and Henry of Winchester, King of England, carried out the wishes of their fathers so far as then practicable; and Marjorie was married to the Earl of Pembroke about the year 1219. About 1236 these lands of Strathord and Strathbraan were exchanged by the Countess Marjorie for the lands of Petgornoc and Dundrol, near Strathmiglow—then the property of the Earl of Fife—for the purpose of making over the last-named lands to the Abbey of Balmerino, which had been founded and partially endowed by her mother, Queen Ermengarde. Strathord continued in the possession of the Earls of Fife till about 1358,

when it passed to the Earl of Douglas, and from him to Robert II. In more modern times it was the property of Lord Nairn, but was forfeited in 1746, and afterwards sold. It was purchased by the Duke of Atholl, and continues to form part of the Atholl Estates. The old Castle was demolished long ago, and few traces of it now remain.

NOTE XXXI. Page 15, line 20. BELTANE FIRES.

According to Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, "The principal seat of Druidism seems to have been the recesses of Perthshire, near the Grampian range." In the hill behind Tullibelton the Druids preserved the sacred fire with great care, and as all other fires had to be extinguished twice a year, all the inhabitants of the country in that neighbourhood had to obtain new supplies from the sacred fire at Beltane, on first of May, and at *Samhainn*, or Hallow-eve, 1st November. The yearly dues of the Druids had all to be paid up at latest on the last day of October, or, as they called it, the last day of the last month of harvest, upon pain of ex-communication, and the penalty of giving food or fire to the ex-communicated, till they made their peace with the Druids, was death. The sacred fire was preserved in suitable places, and at such distances as rendered access to them at the proper times a matter of no insuperable difficulty. Cairntowie or *Cairncoivi*, north west of Tullibelton, was one of these, and means the cairn of Coivi. Coivi was the name given to the Arch-Druid. Cairncoivi commands a very wide and far-reaching view.

NOTE XXXII. Page 15, line 22. TULLIBELTON.

The *Tullich*, or height of the Beltane fire. These lands formed part of the royal lands and forest of Stron-Kaltire or Birnam, so late as the reign of Robert II. Near this Sir Andrew Moray lay with the patriot army in 1336, when Edward III. was at Perth. Edward thought to surprise him as he was hearing mass in a chapel in the forest, probably the little chapel of Buquhairn. Sir Andrew was not in force or position to entitle him to give battle, and, to the surprise of Edward, vanished through a defile, probably Glengarr, which he kept open in his rear. It was the property of Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie in 1644, and here

Montrose remained for about a week, when raising troops in the interest of Charles I. In 1665 Donald Robertson of Inver obtained a Crown charter of Tullibelton, and his descendant, the gallant and highly esteemed Lieutenant-General Richardson Robertson, C.B., is the present proprietor.

NOTE XXXIII. Page 16, line 3. AUCHTERGA'EN.

Auchtergaven, commonly called Bankfoot, a thriving village on the ascent as you go up the south-eastern slope of Birnam hill. The superior is the much respected Thomas Wyllie, Esq. of Airleywight. Near this village, probably at Ardonnachie, to the east of New Inn, a battle was fought between Forrester of Torwood and Robert of Strowan, Chief of the Clan Donnachie, and their followers about 1440. The feud originated in a dispute about some lands at Little Dunkeld. Robert was mortally wounded, but the ruling passion being strong in death, he bound up his wounds, continued his journey to Perth, obtained an audience of the King—who gave him a new grant of the lands of Strowan, and setting out on the return journey, almost immediately expired.

NOTE XXXIV. Page 18, line 14. BIRNAM WOOD.

Birnam Wood has been famous since the time of MacBeth; and Shakespeare's genius has invested it with the glorious halo of immortality.

NOTE XXXV. Page 18, line 15. DUNCAN'S LINE.

Her Most Gracious Majesty is lineally descended from the "gracious Duncan." He is said to have occasionally resided in a castle, now represented by ruined heaps, near Rohallion. On a conical mound on the north-east of Rohallion house are still to be seen traces of fortifications. The ancient Rath-Challion, or *Castrum Caledoniae*, was at no great distance, though it be now difficult to fix its site.

NOTE XXXVI. Page 18, line 19. MURTHLY'S HOARY PILE.

Murthly Castle on the Tay, amid some of the finest scenery of Perthshire, is the property of Sir William Drummond Stewart of Grandtully, Baronet. The Castle was built in the latter half



of the seventeenth century. The Stewarts of Grandtully are descended of Alexander 6th, Lord High Steward of Scotland.


NOTE XXXVII. Page 18, line 22. THE STORMONT.

The Stormont is a beautiful, fertile and very diversified district of Perthshire stretching northward and eastward from Murthly for many miles, comprehending a great part of seven parishes and presenting many objects of interest to the antiquarian, the historian, and to the lover of his country. Its many lochs and vales, its wooded heights and lovely glens, have each and all a peculiar charm. The royal Castle of Cluny was of some note—surrounded by the King's forest of Cluny. John de Roos was Justiciar of the forest, and Keeper of the Castle, in 1377. The Castle in the Loch of Cluny, once one of the palaces of the See of Dunkeld, where lived when it suited him that learned prelate who thanked God that he never knew what the Old and New Testaments were, from which came this proverb:—

“ Oh! ye're like the Bishop o' Dunkeld,  
That knew nor the New law nor the Eld.”

Within the Castle was born in 1583, James, commonly known as the admirable Crichton, who, for his great learning, was the wonder of his age.

Strathmore, flanked by the Sidlaw hills, extending from Methven, in Perthshire, to a point a little north-east of Brechin, in Forfarshire, is remarkably beautiful and fertile; studded with many thriving towns and villages, and teeming with a great and industrious population.



## THE QUEEN'S VISIT.—CANTO II.

---

Enthusiastic Reception at Dunkeld—The Royal Progress up  
Strath-Tay to Taymouth Castle.

---

FROM strath and glen, by moor and fen,  
From gray ancestral hold,  
Come tripping down in gayest gown,  
Fair maid and matron old.

In bonnet blue, the sire comes too,  
From Atholl's farthest bound;  
The young and gay come here to day—  
Glad echo laughs around.

With Gaelic song they crowd along,  
Or pibroch's louder strain;  
With streamers gay they wend their way—  
A joyous loyal train.

To old Dunkeld, where youth and eld  
On grassy slope are found ;  
And stalwart men with eager ken,  
Survey the farthest bound.


For there, to-day, comes up Strathtay  
Proud Scotland's Royal Dame ;  
And old Dunkeld, though gray with eld,  
Wears now a brighter name.

With happy smile, these crowds the while,  
So fondly look and wait ;  
And clansmen true, with honour due,  
Their chieftain's nod await.

That gallant host, proud Atholl's boast,  
Of clansmen leal and brave,  
Beneath the fold of banner old,  
Now wear their peaceful glaive :

And, marshall'd all, they wait the call,  
Voic'd out, long, loud, and shrill,  
When comes the Queen through birchwood green,  
And round by Birnam hill.

The time draws near, when hearty cheer  
Shall ring, and rend the sky ;  
But out shall burst from cannon first,  
"Prepare—the Queen is nigh !"



---

Till comes that note from iron throat,  
To startle rock and hill,  
Let us survey each proud array,  
And roam around at will.

The Atholl men from strath and glen,  
A warlike host are here;  
While proud Dunblane, and Lude obtain  
Their wonted station near.

With Small and Keir, the Stewarts here  
A varied race we find—  
And Butter stands with stalwart bands,  
And Dick comes up behind.

The Fergus clan, from Tay and Bran,  
And eke from Tummel side,  
Are proud to claim an older name,  
Than all the clans beside :

In rank'd array, they're here to-day,  
In Atholl's joys to share;  
Their Sovereign too, with honour due,  
They'll guard with loyal care.

Come, look alive, she'll soon arrive,  
And much remains to view,  
We've seen each clan, each stalwart man;  
Each lord, and lady too!

The crowd immense, with gaze intense,  
Their eager breath restrain :—  
On slope and hill, kind bosoms thrill,  
The first fond glimpse to gain :

And once at hand, each loyal band,  
In stately pride shall wait,  
Till joyous lips, in sound's eclipse,  
Give out their welcome great.

Their hearty cheer, with joy sincere,  
Shall tell how much they love,  
When once the Queen shall grace the scene,  
And with her smile approve.

See, there, afar, o'er rock and scaur,  
With autumn colours drest,  
Bold Craigiebarns, 'mid mountain tarns,  
Displays its nodding crest.

Craigvinean here, in copsewood clear,  
Aspiring, climbs the sky;  
While right across, 'mid heath and moss,  
Old Birnam hill looks nigh.

And, close at hand, the river strand,  
Its murmur gently flings,  
To proud Dunkeld, whose youth beheld,  
The pride of Pictish Kings.

A wattl'd town, by fire o'erthrown,  
Was oft its fate erewhile;  
When good Culdee with Gospel free,  
'Mid all its woes would smile.

The cruel Dane had often slain,  
Its warriors true and brave;  
And trampling down, had sack'd the town—  
Then fled across the wave.

But stones were brought with march of thought,  
And built with care and skill,  
And houses rose, in sweet repose,  
On sloping vale and hill.

A Church was rais'd and God was prais'd,  
In simple, earnest tone,  
The good Culdee rejoiced to see,  
Those better days long gone.

When earnest men, with tongue and pen,  
Bade grace and truth prevail,  
And wander'd far, o'er fell and scaur,  
To spread the glorious tale.

That church of stone was soon o'erthrown;  
Its remnant here we find—  
See here the trace, ere alien race  
With sumptuous rites would blind.

And there behold Cathedral old,—  
A hoary ruin'd pile:—  
The church we see, of less degree,  
Without nor tow'r, nor aisle.

Unholy hands, without commands,  
Unroofed the grand old fane,  
Though pious thought, with pain had wrought,  
Its ev'ry arch to train.

Though built the pile in joy erewhile,  
A noble Minster fane—  
Which ages held in fingers eld,  
The people's hearts to gain.

How loud it calls with rifted walls,  
And longs for kindly care!  
Each kindred dust it holds in trust,  
Imploring, lips the prayer.

Let kindly eyes these ruins prize,  
These plundered walls revere,  
And still uphold this Minster old,  
For God was worshipp'd here!

Now look around to farthest bound,  
On every side afar!  
Who e'er beheld thy like, Dunkeld!  
Here Scotland's glories are.

By rock and fell, in den and dell,  
In wavelets wimpling free;  
Each height and vale repeats the tale,  
Dunkeld, we honour thee.

And here, array'd in plume and plaid,  
Thy stalwart sons appear,  
When Scotland's Queen, to grace the scene,  
In royal state draws near.

See now the flag on yonder crag,  
In trembling gladness rise;  
And fling its tale across the vale,  
A joy to eager eyes.

The bugle call reminds us all,  
Appointed place to find!  
Ere comes the note from iron throat,  
Upon the Autumn wind.

By yonder arch prepared to march,  
The Atholl guards appear;  
And swift vidette, with courser wet,  
Reports "the Queen is near!"

Suppress'd the hum, each lip is dumb,  
And strain'd each eager eye,  
Nor long they wait, till all in state,  
The Queen and Prince come nigh.



From Stanley hill the echoes thrill,  
And banners proudly float,  
And voic'd again, in vale and glen,  
The canon's iron note.

With ringing cheer, from far and near,  
The welcome pours along,  
And louder still, with pibroch shrill,  
In torrents swift and strong.

Now on they come, no lip is dumb,  
Each heart glad voice receives;  
That crowd immense, in joy intense,  
A highland welcome gives.

Across the ridge of noble bridge,  
With stately pace they come.  
And through Dunkeld, now gray with eld,  
To Atholl's joyous home.

Glenlyon leans, amid these scenes,  
Upon his Lady guide,  
Nor yields in cheer to Prince or Peer,  
The Queen is at his side.

With visage bland and eager hand,  
He bids her welcome free,  
Her voice he hears, that voice reveres,  
None happier now than he.

And up the green, our gracious Queen,  
Looks round with kindly smile,  
She owns the cheer that greets her ear,  
And views each clan the while.

As on she moves, her heart approves,  
What highland hearts bestow;  
And echoes call from rock to wall,  
Dear Queen, we love thee so!

In bold relief, each clan and chief,  
Saluting stand and wait,  
As down their ranks, with praise and thanks,  
The Queen walks on in state.

The Royal pair have come to share,  
Glenlyon's princely cheer;  
And Atholl men, from strath and glen,  
In loyal guard are near.

Tried friends are here, with smile sincere,  
In honour high and true;  
Lord Mansfield bland, Kinnoull so grand,  
And eke the bold Buccleuch.

And now again, rings out amain,  
The welcome loud and long,  
From mountain lips, in sound's eclipse—  
From all that happy throng.

In days gone by were voic'd on high,  
Far other sounds than these;  
When battle-notes, from iron throats,  
Disturb'd the morning breeze.


Or older still, when every hill,  
In trembling fear beheld,  
When cruel Dane, from Lowland plain,  
Came up to sack Dunkeld.

When high in air, the fire-gleams flare,  
O'er ev'ry house and home,  
And down the street, with vengeful feet,  
The hated foemen come.

And yet, Dunkeld hath now beheld,  
Fam'd Crinan's noble line,  
Great Britain's Queen, upon its green,  
In peace and splendour dine.

Long be her reign, o'er hill and plain,  
O'er stream and river free,  
O'er loyal men in strath and glen;  
O'er cities, land, and sea.

In glory bright—proud fame's delight—  
Be hers to live and reign;  
And when she moves where heart approves,  
Our cheers shall wake again.



Come now! make way for dancers gay,  
And pibroch's shrillest tone,  
That royal eyes our games may prize,  
And nimble patriots own,

The royal smile shall oft beguile,  
Remember'd ills away,  
And, all day long, this loyal throng,  
For thee, dear Queen, shall pray.

But now, the Queen, to all this scene,  
Must bid a fond adieu,  
As yet again, o'er strath and plain,  
New beauties rise to view.

Swift speeds the time—hark now the chime—  
When royal progress moves:  
To friends so true she bids adieu;  
Her gracious smile approves.

And ringing cheer from far and near,  
With echoes loud and shrill,  
Speak out her name, in loud acclaim,  
O'er mountain, dale, and hill.

That parting note, from iron throat,  
Imparts its long farewell;  
With merrier tone, o'er woodlands lone,  
Rings out Cathedral bell.

With quick'ning pace, we now retrace,  
Across the bridge, our way;  
And swiftly scan, by Tay, or Bran,  
Historic scenes to-day.

To Taymouth now we make our bow,  
And wait the Queen's behest,  
Until she stand on Taymouth land,  
As Lord Breadalbane's guest.

This murm'ring stream, whose waters gleam  
In joyous, mellow light,  
The Bran we call; whose rocky wall  
Gives back its thund'ring might.

Here's Inver now, where fam'd Niel Gow  
His wondrous skill display'd:  
Composer he, of high degree,  
As e'er Cremona play'd.

Enraptur'd, free, beneath that tree  
His soul its music sung:  
While hand and ear were ever near  
To give that music tongue.

High up to left, on rugged cleft,  
Stands Ossian's fairy hall;  
Where wild cascade, by art display'd,  
Streams down the mirror'd wall.

---

Now through the wood, by stream and flood,  
The Atholl mountains rise;  
And autumn leaf, in respite brief,  
Unfolds its thousand dyes.

The near and far true emblems are  
Of what we have and hope;  
Our restless minds, like autumn winds,  
With time and space would cope.

See here, to right, along that height,  
The Braes of Tullymet;  
Whose ancient name to modern fame  
Is rich in music yet.

Strathardle fills, beyond those hills,  
The space to Ben-y-Gloe;  
Benvrackie nigh, with crest so high,  
Still guards the vale below.

The "Howe of Moulin" starts to view  
Beneath its rugged crest;  
The Castle grim, with ivy trim,  
Bids weary pilgrims rest.

Pitlochry too, all neat and new,  
Uplifts its kindling eye,  
And keenly aims to push its claims  
With older towns to vie.

And westward still, beneath that hill,  
In close and long defile,  
That pass of fame our glances claim,  
And eke our kindly smile.


For frowning far, 'neath fell and scaur,  
Its deep recesses lie;  
To thunder forge, each birch-clad gorge,  
And Garry's roars reply.

The road to Blair within its lair  
For long was proudly kept,  
Till brave Dundee, triumphant, free,  
Beyond its barriers slept.

That day's dark close saw friends and foes  
Stem Garry's rapid tide,  
While good and brave, by spear and glaive,  
At Killiecrankie died.

That bloody field 'neath sword and shield  
Saw William's troops cut down:—  
When died Dundee, who could but see  
That James had lost his crown?

King William knew 'twas tribute due  
To brave but dead Dundee,  
That, had he liv'd, unwounded liv'd,  
A victor, brave and free,



---

He would have been in battle sheen  
Before his palace gates,  
To tell the tale, on ev'ry gale,  
At home—to distant states.

But fallen, dead, no man to lead,  
And lead as he had done:—  
All fruitless prov'd to cause he lov'd  
The fight he fought and won.

We pass Dalguise—before us lies  
Glen-Albert's fam'd abode,  
Where "self control" o'er heart and soul  
Endears this Highland road.

Here now Kinnaird, whose halls have sha'd  
The widow'd hearts regard;  
And Logierait, of ancient date,  
Renown'd for Rath and Ward.

Ballechin too, now starts to view,  
Where James the Rose was slain:  
A place of note in times remote—  
Though small its rich domain.

Its neighbours near, with lusty cheer,  
Make light our onward way;  
And all the Strath loud welcome hath  
For Queen and Prince to-day.



See here, asleep, an ancient keep,  
In age erect and grand:  
Its quaint old form hath brook'd the storm  
Along this barrier land;


And sooth to tell, it weareth well—  
We call it Grandtully;  
As Tullyveolan you must know  
Its name in Waverley.

That hamlet there, its special care,  
A hoary age can boast;  
Its Church rever'd—by whom uprear'd?  
The tale is old—and lost.

See there to right, on Dargo's height,  
As ancient bards have sung:  
Fierce Dargo's grave—there sleeps the brave,  
Till peal of doom have rung.

Beside our path, in warrior wrath,  
Fam'd heroes, fighting, fell;  
And Caoilt' sleeps near, with warriors dear,  
With harp and broken shell.

Here Aberfeldy, famous held  
For falls and loyalty;  
And from its crowd, in welcome loud,  
Come joyous notes and free.



---

There, up to left, from rock and cleft,  
The Birks in peace look down:  
And from the falls, o'er rocky walls,  
Glad notes salute the town.

Each wild cascade, in light array'd,  
Relieves the foaming linn;  
And rainbow tints, 'mid show'ry glints,  
In spiral wavelets spin.

Across to right, that distant height,  
Admiring look demands;  
And from its brow, o'er rock and howe,  
A varied view commands.

Sublime it seems, 'mid sunny gleams,  
It guards the vale below;  
For grandeur rare, 'mid scenes all fair,  
The Rock of Weem we know.

Beneath its shade, in woody glade,  
Weem Castle claims regard:  
The Menzies here, to Appin dear,  
Reaps valour's proud reward.

See here Taybridge, with tow'ring ridge,  
A monument of skill  
Remains to Wade; whose soldiers made  
That road across the hill.

And close beside Tay's rapid tide,  
Upon that nearer field,  
The "Black Watch" swore, with keen claymore  
To be the thistle's shield.

Like firmest rock, in battle shock  
They stood their ground since then ;  
And onward dash, like lightning flash,  
Its brave and gallant men.

That royal corps, from days of yore,  
Hold high the Scottish name ;  
None dare them foil in fierce turmoil,  
Or battle ardour tame.

Look westward now, that wooded brow  
In front is Drummond hill ;  
And far nor'-west, Shiehallion's crest  
Its ridgy heights reveal.

While at our side, by Tay's pure tide,  
The vale of Appin lies :  
Its waving grain, on slope and plain,  
A grateful scene supplies.

While on the height, relieved in light,  
A sombre village stands ;  
And nestling near, with holy cheer,  
Its church our gaze commands.

---

That village, *Dull*—now let us cull  
An ancient fact or two,  
Lest *Dull's* Ab-thane should e'er complain  
That of his race none knew.

Fam'd Crinan he, of high degree;  
Our gracious Queen, his line:  
Long may she reign o'er hill and plain,  
And peace with plenty twine!

See northward gleam, by mountain stream,  
A hoary, ruin'd pile:  
Within that keep, in dungeon deep,  
A prince was chain'd erewhile.

The Royal word sent Buchan's Lord  
To Garth, to fret and pine—  
The *Wolf*, though *fierce*, could never pierce  
Its walls, nor undermine.

Alas! for him, for full to brim  
His cup of doom ran o'er;  
So fear'd his name, he might not claim  
Of range but dungeon floor.

Not far away, across the Tay,  
By Lyon's limpid tide,  
See rise to view, in ruins too,  
A castle's ivied side.

The Menzies held that castle eld,  
Ere Campbells left the west:  
And there erewhile, with gracious smile,  
The King was honour'd guest.

But long ago, in strife laid low,  
Those tow'rs deserted lie:  
And we behold those ruins old  
The teeth of time defy.

Far up the height, in ancient might,  
A rude old fort we find;  
Mac Tual, the brave, had left the wave,  
And war's alarms behind.

Rude cheer he sought—rude skill he brought,  
This fort to build and hold:  
How fared he there? none now need care;  
Forgot the legend old.

But let us on where Druid stone  
Concentric circles trace:  
Triumphal bow'rs, 'mid gorgeous flow'rs,  
That splendid gateway grace.

As on we press we Taymouth bless:  
How lovely all around!  
Here calm repose each creature knows,  
In near and farthest bound.

---

---

What have we here? hurrah, that cheer!  
The echoes wake again!  
Before that pile ten thousand smile,  
Those scenes our hearts enchain.

To Queen and Prince these cheers evince,  
What loyal hearts would dare—  
In love to reign, o'er hill and plain,  
Long live the Royal pair!

And may their name, in loud acclaim,  
The people's love confess;  
Good, great, rever'd: to all endeared—  
The Queen and Prince God bless!

No grander scene can e'er be seen  
Than now we see and prize!  
Our gracious Queen, on Taymouth green,  
The joy of loving eyes.

We pause a while beneath her smile,  
And join the welcome cheer:  
Welcome, welcome now—thrice welcome  
Are Queen and Consort dear.

Sweet be their rest, and keen the zest  
With which our hills they view.  
And may our cheer be ever dear—  
Our welcome ever new.

May mountain, flood, and shaggy wood—  
May heath-clad glen and fell,  
With sport and cheer their stay endear,  
And tales of gladness tell.

And while the Tay holds on its way,  
To join the distant sea;  
By rock and vale, the much-lov'd tale  
Shall speak, dear Queen, of thee!

---

#### NOTES TO CANTO II.

NOTE I. Page 51, line 6. THE ATHOLL MEN, FROM STRATH AND GLEN.

On Wednesday 7th September, 1842, at 11 a.m., Her Majesty and Prince Albert proceeded from Scone Palace to Dunkeld.

At Dunkeld suitable preparation had been made to give the royal visitors a magnificent reception, and a right hearty Highland welcome. A Royal pavilion of imposing dimensions, was erected for their use, and furnished with princely splendour and elegance, leaving nothing to be desired that could add to convenience and comfort.

The Atholl clans in full uniform, led by their respective chiefs, and commanded by Lord Glenlyon, were drawn up at Dunkeld House, around the Royal Pavilion, and within the Dunkeld grounds, as a Guard of Honour, and formed a very imposing array of leal hearted, loyal, and enthusiastic Atholl Highlanders. The Honourable Captain James Murray (Lord Glenlyon's brother), led the grenadier company sixty strong; the men composing which were six feet and upwards in height, clad in Atholl tartan, with white belts, having the word Atholl inscribed on their knapsacks, and carrying battle axes. Captains Drummond and MacDuff commanded a hundred men similarly dressed, armed with swords and targets, The Duke of Leeds

(Viscount Dunblane) followed with his clan, clothed in Dunblane tartan, with jackets the colour of heather; next came Mr M'Inroy of Lude's men, who wore the Atholl tartan, with black jackets and belts: the Balnakeillie, Dirnanean, Faskally, Kindrogan, Middlehaugh, Urrard and Tullymet men followed in their respective tartans, suitably armed, led by their chiefs and officers and representing portions of the following clans:—Stewart-Murray, Stewart, Small, Butter, Robertson, Small-Keir, Fergusson, Stewart, and Dick. After the Atholl clans came the Atholl tenantry, in Highland costume. The whole array numbering about one thousand men.

NOTE II. Page 52, line 23.

PROUD DUNKELD, WHOSE YOUTH BEHELD  
THE PRIDE OF PICTISH KINGS.

Surrounded on all sides by lofty and almost inaccessible mountains, and approached by easily defended mountain passes, Dunkeld has, from the early dawn of authentic history, claimed the attention of the warrior and of the historian; and has frequently felt the sad calamities and unhallowed ravages of war. The Romans threatened it in A.D. 138, but do not appear to have ventured within its bounds: thanks to the ever-watchful and hardy Caledonians, who never ceased to oppose, harass, and defeat them, till they finally drove them from Scotland, and from Britain. Dunkeld was included in the Pictish territory (*i. e.* Caledonian) till A.D. 843; and within its castle the Pictish kings frequently kept royal state. In 570, Bridei, the son of Mailcon, the king of Picts, built a church, religious edifice, or monastery, for Columba, at Dunkeld, in which he taught and resided for some time. It was presided over, at his return to Iona, by Adamnan, and a succession of Culdee abbots, till suppressed in 1127, when Gregory, its last Culdee abbot, was consecrated Bishop of Dunkeld. This Gregory was the eldest son of the Chief of Clan Gregor of that day, and from him are descended the MacNabs (sons of the abbot), whose chief was known from 1124 downwards as *Mac'Nab oighre*, the son and heir of the abbot. He died in 1169.

The Culdee Monastery of 570, was built of wattles, as were



the neighbouring houses, such houses were to be met with in the Highlands in the latter half of last century, In 829 it was re-built of stone, and may be said to have been founded a second time by the Pictish king, Constantine M'Fergus.

About the year 845 A.D., the Danes advanced to the neighbourhood of Dunkeld, but were met and defeated near Clunie by Kenneth M'Alpine, with the united forces of the Scots and Picts. In A.D., 848 Kenneth built a Church at Dunkeld to the memory of Saint Columba, in which he deposited the relics of that Saint which had become unsafe at Iona, from the ravages of the Danes. About the ninth century, Ragnar Lodbrok, the famous Danish sea king, approached Dunkeld with his forces but was engaged and defeated by the Scots, before he had succeeded in inflicting any injury on Dunkeld.

In 905 the Danes attacked and burnt Dunkeld. It was again destroyed by fire in A.D., 1827, but whether from accident or design we have no evidence to shew,

NOTE III. Page 53, lines 16, 17.

THE GOOD CULDEE REJOICED TO SEE

THOSE BETTER DAYS LONG GONE.

The Culdees, worshippers of God, were the early Scottish Christians who laboured to teach their fellow-countrymen in the truths of the Gospel. The Culdee or Early Scottish Church, while devoting every attention to the spiritual welfare of the people of Scotland, was eminently a Missionary Church. Its Missionaries were successfully employed in England and Ireland, and over all the continent of Europe, and to their teaching the Reformation may be ascribed in a great degree.

NOTE IV. Page 53, line 24.

SEE HERE THE TRACE, ERE ALIEN RACE.

The Culdees were supplanted by introducing into Scotland, from England, monks and priests; and the Culdee religious houses and revenues were made over to the newly introduced hierarchy, without compunction, and without regard to the sacred rights of property, the claims of justice, of gratitude, or to national requirements. The poet Campbell has beautifully sung the praise of these earnest minded men.

"Peace to their shades ! The pure Culdees  
Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,  
Ere yet an island of the seas  
By foot of Saxon Monk was trod."

NOTE V. Page 54, line 2, CATHEDRAL OLD.

In A.D. 1127 the Culdee religious institution of Dunkeld was changed into a Cathedral Church by King David I. To induce the Culdees to unite with the Romish Church, made Gregory, the last Culdee Abbot bishop of the new see, and guaranteed to them during life the rights and possessions which formerly belonged to their Institution. In the eastern gable of the Cathedral may be traced remains of the Culdee Church. The Choir of the Cathedral was built in 1318. The nave was begun in 1406. In 1464, it was dedicated to Saint Columba.

The men of Atholl had no kindly feeling to the new order of things, and manifested their hostility on different occasions. In 1407, the Bishop had to fly from his palace, and, for his own protection and the protection of the Cathedral, deemed it prudent to build a castle the following year. The Diocesan Synod was compelled to meet under the walls of Perth for fear of the Atholl clans, and not till 1477 did the Synod venture to meet at Dunkeld. Such was the reception given to an alien priesthood, to an alien church, for centuries. It was not till about 1510 that Gaelic preachers were appointed for the Highlanders in the Diocese of Dunkeld. The Culdee Church had been essentially Gaelic, and the great mass of the population of the diocese were Gaelic speaking even down to a recent period.

About 1470 the chief of Clan Donachie (Robertsons) with his clansmen, burst into the Cathedral of Dunkeld on the Festival of Pentecost, and the Bishop who was celebrating high mass, escaped with difficulty from the swords and arrows of the intruders by clambering to the rafters of the choir. According to a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*—"This Minster was the scene of violence to the last. When the most illustrious of its prelates, Gavin Douglas, he who

"In a barbarous age,

Gave to rude Scotland Virgil's page,"

came to take possession of his throne in 1516, he was opposed

by Andrew Stewart, postulate bishop, but whose election Pope Leo X. refused to confirm; and although (Gavin) Douglas was accompanied by the armed power of his mighty house from Fife and Angus, he had to be content to be installed in his bishopric in the house of the dean, and that amid a shower of shot from the tower and bishop's palace." Gavin Douglas retired to England in a short time thereafter, and died in London, of the plague, in 1522. Andrew Stewart, the postulate bishop, commendator of Kelso, was son to John, the 22nd Earl of Atholl, and was afterwards consecrated bishop of Caithness.

In 1560, the Cathedral and choir, by an order of the Privy Council of Scotland, were purged of all monuments of idolatry, and, in excess of that order, completely sacked. The order is as follows:—

"To Traist friendis, the Lairds of Arntilly and Kinvaid.

"Traist friendis, after maist harty commendacion, we pray yow fail not to pass incontinent to the Kyrk of Dunkeld, and tak doun the haill images thereof, and bring furth to the Kyrk-Zayrd, and burn thaym oppinly. And siclyk cast doun the altaris, and purge the Kyrk of all kynd of monuments of idolatrye. And this ze fail not to do as ze will do us singular empleaseur; and so committis you to the protection of God.

From Edinburgh, the xii. of August, 1560.

"Faill not, bot ze tak guid heyd (Signed)

that neither the dasks, windocks,  
nor durris, be ony ways hurt  
or broken——eyther  
glassin wark or iron wark."

Ar: Eryyll.

James Stewart.

Ruthven."

The Cathedral was soon after unroofed by the Laird of Cardney (Stewart), and its demolition completed. James Stewart of Ladywell, commissary of Dunkeld, repaired the choir and roofed it, at his own expense, in 1602. It was repaired by the Marquis of Atholl in 1691. In 1762, James, 2nd Duke of Atholl, finding the roof going to decay, obtained from Government £300 towards repairing it, with which, and the money obtained for old materials, and £80 for space in the area for certain seats, the choir was re-roofed. Two galleries were afterwards erected at the expense of two Lodges of Free Masons in Dunkeld—and the whole was thus converted into the parish church of Dunkeld.

The Cathedral was suitably repaired in 1817, by John, fourth Duke of Atholl, at an expense of £6000, to which Government contributed £1000.

NOTE VI. Page 55, line 10.

SEE NOW THE FLAG ON YONDER CRAG.

The raising of a flag on the top of the bold rock on the north-east brow of Birnam hill, was the signal to the assemblage at Dunkeld that Her Majesty was within a short distance of the city—having already entered the pass of Birnam.

NOTE VII. Page 56, line 2. STANLEY HILL.

A height of inconsiderable elevation within the polices of Dunkeld House, chiefly remarkable for the fine view it commands of unrivalled scenery, and for its battery, from which salutes are fired.

NOTE VIII. Page 56, line 13. NOBLE BRIDGE.

Dunkeld Bridge is a very elegant structure, consisting of five principal and two land arches, the span of the central arch being 90 feet, and of the others 85, 75, and 26. It was built by John, fourth Duke of Atholl, aided by a grant of £5,000 from Government. It was begun in 1805, and opened in 1808.

NOTE IX. Page 86, line 18, 19.

GLENLYON LEANS AMID THOSE SCENES

UPON HIS LADY GUIDE.

George Augustus Frederick John, born in 1814, succeeded his father, first Baron Glenlyon, in 1837, and was in 1842 in the management of the Atholl Estates for his Uncle John, the 5th Duke, whom he succeeded in the Estates and Titles in 1846.

Her Majesty, in Her Highland Journal, recently published, very touchingly refers to the temporary blindness with which Lord Glenlyon was afflicted on Her first visit to Dunkeld. His amiable and most affectionate spouse led him about, and so far as possible made up for his great loss by unremitting and considerate attention. He recovered his sight under proper medical treatment, and during the remaining years of his brief career, endeared himself to all by many noble qualities of head and

heart, by his meek Christian earnestness, by his humble resignation to the Divine will, by his unwearying endeavours to do good, by his kindness and patriotism—all of which were hardly appreciated when his untimely end aroused the men of Atholl, by whom he was greatly beloved, to a due sense of their loss. A local poet thus happily expresses the esteem in which he was held in 1844, the time of Her Majesty's second visit to Atholl.

"They gather, they gather, they muster, they gather,  
The peal of the pibroch rolls deep through the glen ;  
The Gael respond with the fire of their fathers,  
Glenlyon is ready, and the choice of his men,  
Hurrah for the Chieftain, the bright star of Atholl.  
And long may he flourish the boast of his line :  
Aye green be his laurels, and bright be the halo,  
His symbol shall still be the oak and the pine."

His Grace died in Blair Castle on the 16th January, 1864, to the great sorrow of all he loved, and by whom he was so much beloved, deeply mourned and sincerely lamented by all classes of the community.

"O'er the dark night of grief there arose a bright morrow,  
And love's morning star shone with warm genial ray,  
When our dear widow'd Queen, and her sister in sorrow,  
With pure angel tears wash'd death's terrors away.  
O ! heavenly the feeling that links hearts for ever,  
When Royal humanity points out the way  
To life and love ! where no future can sever  
Souls blent in harmony, ever and aye."

NOTE X. Page 58, lines 2, 3.

IN DAYS GONE BY WERE VOIC'D ON HIGH.

FAR OTHER SOUNDS THAN THESE.

General Cannon, who succeeded to the command of the Jacobite army, on the death of Viscount Dundee, immediately after the battle of Killiecrankie, marched about the middle of August, 1689, upon Dunkeld, which was at that time garrisoned by the Cameronians, now the 26th Regiment. The outposts were driven in, and the town speedily occupied by the assailants. The Cameronians occupied the Cathedral, and from behind a wall surrounding the house of the Marquis of Atholl,

they were enabled to make a prolonged and vigorous defence. All the neighbouring houses were occupied by the Jacobite forces, who kept up a continuous and galling fire. At that period the houses, much more combustible than now, being thatched, and the weather being dry, were more easily destroyed. A number of the Cameronians, smarting under the galling fire of the Jacobites, made a sally, locked the outer doors of such houses as they could easily reach, and set them on fire. Many of the Jacobites, and even unoffending citizens, perished in the flames. The town was all burnt except the Cathedral and three houses. The action lasted for four hours, when the Jacobite forces retired; so ended the battle of Dunkeld, and with it every prospect of success to the cause of James VII.

As already stated, Dunkeld was sacked and burnt by the Danes in 905, and was repeatedly an object of their cupidity.

NOTE XI. Page 58, line 15. FAM'D CRINAN'S NOBLE LINE.

Crinan, a Culdee Abbot of Dunkeld, Ab-thane of Dull, Thane of Atholl and the Western Isles, Ard-thane of Scolland, was a man of great influence and power. He married Bethoc, or Beatrix, only lawful daughter of King Malcolm II. He is said to have been Steward of Scotland, in respect of power and authority, although that title had not then come into existence. He successfully resisted the power of Macbeth, and died on the battle field in the interest of his grandson Malcolm III, commonly styled Malcolm Canmore. King Duncan, Malcolm's father, who was murdered by Macbeth, was Crinan's son. Her Most Gracious Majesty is a lineal descendant of this Crinan, and must doubtless feel much interest in Dunkeld and its history.

The following table shows the various links in the succession from Malcolm II to Queen Victoria, and testifies that Her Majesty is the 27th in direct descent from Crinan:—

Malcolm II. ascended the throne of Scotland about 1004.

Crinan married Beatrix, only lawful daughter of Malcolm II., of whom are descended:

1. King Duncan, their son, ascended the Throne, A.D... 1034.
2. „ Malcolm III, son of preceding „ April 3, 1057.
3. „ David I, „ „ ... 1124.

- 
4. Prince Henry, son of preceding, died ... .. 1152.
  5. David, Earl of Huntingdon, ,, ,, ... .. 1219.
  6. Isabel, second daughter of preceding, married Robert Bruce,  
Lord of Annandale, died ... .. 1245.
  7. Robert Bruce, their son, died ... .. 1295.
  8. Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, son of preceding, died 1303.
  9. King Robert Bruce was crowned at Scone 27 March, 1306.
  10. Marjory, his daughter, married by consent of Parliament,  
Walter Lord High Steward, ... .. 1315.
  11. King Robert II., their son, first of the Stewart line, crowned  
at Scone 26th March, ... .. 1371.
  12. Robert III., his son, and Annabella Drummond, crowned  
at Scone, ... .. 1390.
  13. James I., their son, succeeded April 4, 1406, crowned 21st  
May, ... .. 1423-4.
  14. James II., his son, February 20, ... .. 1437.
  15. James III., August 3,... .. 1460.
  16. James IV., his son, succeeded, June 11, ... .. 1488.
  17. James V., ,, ,, September 9, ... .. 1513.
  18. Mary, Queen of Scots, his daughter, December 14, 1542.
  19. James VI., her son, by her second husband, Henry Stewart,  
Lord Darnley, succeeded, July 24, 1567, and succeeded  
to the Crown of England, March 24, ... .. 1603.
  20. Elizabeth, his daughter, Princess of Great Britain, married  
Frederick V., Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and King  
of Bohemia.
  21. The Princess Sophia, their daughter, married Ernest-  
Augustus, Duke of Hanover, and Elector of Brunswick  
Lunenbourg, ... .. 1658.
  22. George I., their son, succeeded to the British Throne, 1st  
August, ... .. 1714.
  23. George II., his son, June 11, ... .. 1727.
  24. Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, his son, died ... .. 1751.
  25. George III., his son, succeeded, Oct. 25, ... .. 1760.
  26. Edward, Duke of Kent, his son, died Jan. 23, ... .. 1820.
  27. Queen Victoria, Her Most Gracious Majesty, whom, God  
preserve, succeeded, June 20, ... .. 1837.

It may be mentioned, in passing, that Ethelred, Earl of Fife,  
a son of Malcolm III., was Abbot of Dunkeld.

NOTE XII. Page 59, line 2. MAKE WAY FOR DANCERS GAY.

Her Majesty having expressed a wish to see the *Sword* dance, a Highland reel, and *Hoolachan*, the necessary arrangements, few and simple, were at once made, and these peculiar dances were gracefully exhibited to the strains of the national music.

NOTE XIII. Page 59, line 14.—HARK NOW THE CHIME  
WHEN ROYAL PROGRESS MOVES.

At three o'clock Her Majesty and Prince Albert entered the Royal carriage, and took their departure for Taymouth, with their escort and suite.

NOTE XIV. Page 60, line 14. NIEL GOW.

At the village of Inver, near Dunkeld, was born in 1727, long resided, and died in 1807, Niel Gow, a famous violin player and composer. His house is still pointed out, and the tree under whose shade, violin in hand, he is said to have composed many of his finest pieces. His remains are interred in the churchyard of little Dunkeld, where a marble slab inscribed to his memory indicates the spot.

NOTE XV. Page 60, line 23. OSSIAN'S FAIRY HALL.

Ossian's Hall, perched about forty feet higher than the fall on the river Bran, a little south from Inver, is constructed to startle the beholder with the ingenious and pleasing combinations by which art has stepped in to enhance the wild and awe-inspiring scene with the pencil of romance, in striking representations of admirably arranged dissolving views. As we enter the Hall we are confronted with a painting of Ossian, the last of his race, old and blind, lamenting to Malvina the death of his son Oscar.

"Darkness comes on my soul, O fair daughter of Toscar!  
I behold not the form of my son at Carun,  
Nor the figure of Oscar on Crona.  
The rustling winds have carried him far away,  
And the heart of his father is sad.  
But lead me, O Malvina! to the sound of my woods—  
To the roar of my mountain streams.  
Let the chase be heard on Crono:



Let me think on the days of other years.  
 And bring me the harp, O maid!  
 That I may touch it when the light of my soul shall arise.  
 Be thou near to learn the song:  
 Future times will hear of me!  
 The sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on Cona,  
 And looking up to the rocks, say 'Here Ossian dwelt'!"

This painting, as we look on, suddenly disappears with a loud noise, and the whole cataract foams and frets in full view, reflected in several mirrors, and emitting a loud thundering noise.

"A gay saloon, with waters dancing  
 Upon the sight wherever glancing—  
 One loud cascade in front, and lo!  
 A thousand like it, white as snow,  
 Streams on the walls—and torrents foam  
 As active round the hollow dome.  
 Illusive cataracts! of their terrors  
 Not stripp'd nor voiceless in the mirrors,  
 That catch the pageant from the flood  
 Thundering adown a rocky wood."

NOTE XVI. Page 61, line 11. THE BRAES OF TULLYMET.

The piece of dance music so named is of world-wide fame. Tullymet House was in 1842 the home and occasional residence of Major-General Sir Robert Dick, who fell in the battle of Sabraon, India, in the moment of victory, in 1846. A very handsome tablet to his memory has been placed in Dunkeld Cathedral.

NOTE XVII. Page 61, line 14. STRATHARDLE.

This is a very picturesque narrow Highland valley, formed by the River Ardlie. Its upper reaches between Tullymet and Beny-gloe, bold, narrow, and diversified, form pleasant and romantic rural retreats. Kindrogain, the seat of the much-respected P. S. Keir, Esq., which has been honoured by Her Majesty when passing from Dunkeld House to Balmoral: Dirnanean, the seat of the highly-esteemed J. Small, Esq., claim peculiar attention. Beny-gloe, to the north-west, is 700

feet high. Benvrackie, to the north of Pitlochry, commands a most magnificent and extensive view, and stands about 2800 feet above sea level.

NOTE XVIII. Page 61, line 18. "HOWE OF MOULIN."

This is a peculiarly fertile haugh, and has been called the garden of Atholl. The Black Castle of Moulin, now in ruins, is supposed to have been built in the twelfth century, but its history seems to have passed into oblivion. Sir John Campbell of Moulin (son of Sir Neil Campbell, of Lochow, the staunch friend of Wallace and Bruce, ancestor of the noble houses of Argyle and Breadalbane), sister's son to King Robert Bruce, was by that monarch created Earl of Atholl upon the forfeiture of David, twelfth Earl of Atholl, and was killed at the battle of Hallidonhill, 1333. Pitlochry, a rising and important village near Moulin, bids fair to outstrip older towns in wealth and enterprise, and every year adds to its growth, attractions, and consequence.

NOTE XIX. Page 62, line 17. KILLIECRANKIE.

The pass of Killiecrankie, from natural and historical associations, merits more than a passing notice. For long the Key to Blair Castle and the upper Highlands, its possession was deemed of vast consequence in time of war. In 1689, the troops of William and Mary, under General Mackay, moved from Perth on the 26th July, and encamped at Little Dunkeld, marching next day up the vale of Atholl, and through the Pass of Killiecrankie, taking post a little to the north-west of the pass to await the onset of the adherents of James VII, under Viscount Dundee. The battle was fought towards sunset. The Highland clans under Dundee fought with irresistible fury, and in a few minutes the battle was decided. Of General Mackay's 5000 men, 2000 lay dead on the field, while 500 were wounded. Dundee's loss amounted to no more than 900 men. General Mackay scarcely halted in his flight till with only 400 men he drew rein at the gates of Stirling Castle. Dundee fell in the heat of the engagement, as some say, shot between the joints of his armour by a peasant who had dogged his movements from Ayrshire. With his fall the cause he had so warmly espoused

became hopeless, and the army he commanded, remaining inactive till the middle of August, were on the 21st of that month repulsed at the battle of Dunkeld, and by the 24th had melted away.

King William, when he heard of Mackay's defeat, and of the death of Dundee, is reported to have said of the latter—"Were it not so, Dundee would have been at my gates to tell it himself." The Vale of the Tummel, studded with gentlemen's seats, full of beauty and full of historic interest, claims more than the ordinary attention of the traveller; and the House of Faskally, the seat of A. Butter, Esq., occupies the centre of magnificent scenery, where the gentle touches of art enhance and enliven nature's handiwork.

NOTE XX. Page 63, line 10. DALGUISE.

This is the seat of an ancient family of the name of Stewart, whose ancestor received these lands from a Bishop of Dunkeld, as evidenced by a Charter in his favour, dated 7th Dec., 1443.

NOTE XXI. Page 63, line 11. GLEN ALBERT'S FAM'D ABODE.

The scene of Mrs Brunton's well known novel, SELF CONTROL.

NOTE XXII. Page 63, line 14. KINNAIRD.

The jointure house of the Atholl estates.

NOTE XXIII. Page 63, line 16. LOGIERAIT OF ANCIENT DATE.

This Highland village is a place of considerable antiquity, and of some note in ancient annals. Its Castle demolished long ago was a royal residence, and was for a time so occupied by King Robert III. At Logierait the Earls of Atholl held their regality court from about the 12th century down to 1748, when heritable jurisdictions were abolished. The powers connected with, and included in the Earldom, were almost royal, and had been exercised during six centuries by 30 Earls in succession, by 1 marquis, and by 2 Dukes. In spite of forfeitures, the vicissitudes of war, and numerous unfavourable causes, the sway of the Earls of Atholl as evinced by the exercise of jurisdiction in the Regality court continued unbroken to the last. In proof of this the following may be considered sufficient:—Lord President

Forbes, sometime before 1745, in travelling from Edinburgh to Culloden House, his family residence, near Inverness, accepted the hospitality of His Grace James, the second Duke of Atholl, at Blair Castle. In the course of the evening a petition was presented to His Grace who, on reading it, turned round to Lord President Forbes with an air of much concern, and said "My Lord, here is a petition from a poor man whom Commissary Bisset, my Baron-bailie has condemned to be hung; and as he is a clever fellow, and is strongly recommended to mercy, I am much inclined to pardon him." "But your Grace knows," the President made answer, "that after condemnation, no man can pardon but his Majesty" "As to that," the Duke replied, "Since I have the power of punishing, it is but right that I should have the power to pardon;" and calling a servant who was in waiting, "Go," said he, "send an express to Logierait, and order Donald Stewart, presently under sentence, to be instantly set at liberty."

## LIST OF THE EARLS OF ATHOLL FROM 1106.

1. Madach, son of King Donald VII., brother to Malcolm Canmore, died ... .. 1150.
2. Malcolm, his brother.
3. Malcolm, his son, about ... .. 1166.
4. Henry ... .. 1174.
5. Thomas of Galloway, husband of second daughter of Earl Henry, died ... .. 1234.
6. Patrick, his son, murdered at Haddington ... 1242.
7. Alan Durward, Lord Chief-Justice.
8. Sir David Hastings, husband of third daughter of Earl Henry ... .. 1269.
9. John de Strathbogie died before ... .. 1300.
10. David.
11. John, for his patriotism, was executed at Westminster on a gallows fifty feet high, ... .. 1308.
12. David (forfeited 1323) killed at battle of Kilblain, 1335.
13. Sir John Campbell, of Moulin, killed at battle of Hallidonhill ... .. 1333.
14. David, restored by Sir Andrew Moray, forfeited 1338, died ... .. 1375.
15. William Douglas was invested Earl of Atholl about 1338.
16. Robert Stewart, afterwards Robert II., ... 1341.

- 
17. John Stewart, afterwards King Robert III., was created Earl of Atholl ... .. 1357.
  18. David, his son, Prince of Scotland, Earl of Atholl and Carrick, born 1378, died, March 27, ... .. 1402.
  19. Robert, Duke of Albany .. ... 1403.
  20. Walter, son of Robert II., succeeded about 1404, and was beheaded at Edinburgh 1437, for being concerned in the murder of James I.
  21. John, son of James Stewart, Black Knight of Lorn, and the Queen Dowager of James I., created Earl of Atholl by his uterine brother, King James II., ... .. 1457.
  22. John, his son, succeeded ... .. 1512.
  23. John ,, killed at Flodden ... .. 1513.
  24. John
  25. John ,, died by poison at Stirling ... .. 1579.
  26. John ,, succeeded 1579, died ... .. 1595.
  27. John Stewart, Lord Innermeath, married Mary, daughter to the Earl of Gowrie, widow of John Earl of Atholl, who died in 1295. He became Earl of Atholl, 1596, and died 1605.
  28. James, their son, succeeded 1605, and died some time after 1612. He married Mary, second daughter to John, the 26th Earl, but left no issue. The Estates and dignity came to his wife's nephew, the Master of Tullibardine.
  29. John Murray, created Earl of Atholl, 17th Feb. 1629.
  30. John, his son, succeeded 1642, created Marquis of Atholl, 1676.
    1. Duke John, his son, created Duke of Atholl, ... 1703.
    2. James, his second surviving son. The Marquis of Tullibardine, his eldest son, was killed at the battle of Mons in 1709, and the second son, William became Marquis of Tullibardine, but was attainted for engaging in the rebellion of 1715. James succeeded to the Sovereignty of the Isle of Man and the Barony of Strange, as the maternal great grandson of the 7th Earl of Derby. He died in 1764, leaving one daughter, who succeeded to the Sovereignty of Man and the Barony of Strange.
    3. John, eldest son of Lord George Murray (5th son of 1st Duke), married his cousin, the daughter of Duke James, and all the titles and estates were kept together. 1764.

4. John, their son, succeeded 1774, died 1830.
5. John, his son, succeeded 1830, died . . . 1846.
6. George-Augustus-Frederick-John, his nephew, 1846, . . . 1864.
7. John-James-Hugh-Henry, his son, 1864. May he live long and happily.

The Kirk-session of Logierait sometimes called in the aid of the long arm of the Regality Court to reach such as made light of their mandates, or refused to submit to their discipline. Take the following as an instance :—"On the 24th February, 1717, the Minister reported that he frequently conversed with Elspet Kennedie to no purpose—that she continued stubborn and unruly, until he procured a warrant from His Grace the Duke of Atholl to incarcerate her in the Common Jail of Logierait."

From the ward or prison of Logierait, the noted Rob Roy MacGregor made his escape in a very adroit manner in 1717.

Here Prince Charles Edward located the prisoners taken at the battle of Prestonpans in 1745.

Logierait is now a quiet pleasantly situated, though somewhat decayed country village.

NOTE XXIV. Page 63, line 18. BALLECHIN.

A very picturesque domain, the property of Major Stewart—descended of Sir John Stewart, son to King James II. Here, according to the old popular ballad of Sir James the Rose, on "The bank aboon the mill, in the lowlands o' Ballechin." Sir James the Rose, "the young heir o' Ballechin," was slain by Sir John the Graham, probably in the beginning of the fifteenth century, as both appear to have fought on the same side at Harlaw in 1411.

NOTE XXV. Page 64, lines 2, 6.

SEE HERE ASLEEP AN ANCIENT KEEP,  
WE CALL IT GRANDTULLY.

Grandtully Castle, built in the 17th century, one of the seats of Sir William Drummond Stewart of Grandtully, Baronet. This ancient Keep answers remarkably well to the description of the Castle of Tully-veolan, in Sir Walter Scott's most interesting novel of Waverley. "About a bow-shot from the end of the village appeared the enclosures, proudly denominated the Parks of Tully-

veolan. In the centre of the exterior barrier was the upper gate of the avenue, opening under an archway, battlemented on the top, and adorned with two large weather-beaten mutilated masses of upright stone, which, if the traditions of the hamlet could be trusted, had once represented, at least, had been once designed to represent two rampant bears, the supporters of the family of Bradwardine. \* \* \* \* \*

It had been built at a period when Castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small—the roof had some non-descript kind of projections, called bartizans, and displayed at each frequent angle a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower."

NOTE XXVI. Page 64, line 12. ITS CHURCH REVER'D, BY  
WHOM UPREAR'D.

The Church of Grandtully is of unknown antiquity, and with its curiously painted ceiling, must have held many successive generations within its walls. It was at the period to which the poem refers fast falling into decay, and full of dead men's bones. It is now a place of sepulture. A neat little Church to the north-west accommodates the earnest-minded worshippers of Grandtully.

NOTE XXVII. Page 64, line 16. FIERCE DARGO'S GRAVE.

Dargo (Dearg, Red), one of the celebrated warriors mentioned in the Poems of Ossian, was buried in a spot still pointed out on the North side of the Tay, a little to the west of Grandtully. It is called Derculich, (Dearg-thulich). Ossian calls him "Dargo of ships," and "the high King of blue spears."

NOTE XXVIII. Page 64, line 20.

CAOILT' SLEEPS NEAR WITH WARRIORS DEAR.

Caoilte was one of the chief bards of the Fingalian heroes mentioned by Ossian. We have frequent mention of him in ancient Gaelic poems collected by Sir James MacGregor, Dean of Lismore, about 1512. He is known as the Bard Caoilte, son



of Ronan. He was also highly distinguished as a warrior. Caol-tullich, about a mile and a half to the east of Aberfeldy is the place of his interment. A great battle appears to have been fought here, as along the roadside may easily be traced a wide and lengthy tumulus, which from time to time, as its repose has been invaded, has afforded abundant evidence of its having been an ancient burial mound.

NOTE XXIX. Page 64, line 22. ABERFELDY.

Aberfeldy is a neat, rising, and important modern village—a place of great resort for such as have leisure, money, and an eye for beautiful scenery—who are fond of good health, and the charms of nature in her varied moods and aspects.

The Birks (Birchwood) stretch along the village to the highest of three falls, celebrated in song and story, and commonly called the falls of Moness. Pennant says they are an “epitome of everything that can be admired in Waterfalls.”

The lowest fall is about a mile from the village, and the highest about a mile and a half. They well merit the attention of all lovers of nature. Robert Burns sang their praises in those well-known and celebrated strains which have made the “Birks o’ Aberfeldy” familiar as a household word. Her Majesty is said to have quoted the lines of Burns to Prince Albert when passing through Aberfeldy.

“Bonnie lassie will ye go;  
Bonnie lassie, will ye go, to the Birks of Aberfeldy?  
“Now simmer blinks on flow’ry braes,  
And o’er the crystal streamlets plays;  
Come let us spend the lightsome days,  
In the Birks o’ Aberfeldy.  
“While o’er their heads the hazels hing,  
The little birdies blythely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
In the Birks o’ Aberfeldy.  
“The braes ascend like lofty wa’s.  
The foamin’ stream deep-roarin’ fa’s,  
O’erhung wi’ fragrant spreading shaws,  
The Birks o’ Aberfeldy.



" The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
While ower the linn the burnie pours,  
And risin' meets wi' misty showers,  
The Birks o' Aberfeldy.

" Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
In the Birks o' Aberfeldy.

NOTE XXX. Page 65, line 17. THE ROCK OF WEEM.

The Rock of Weem is upwards of 600 feet above the level of the valley; bold and picturesque, fronting Aberfeldy; commands a very extensive and richly variegated landscape, and is itself most fitting sentinel of such enchanted land. The village, or Kirkton of Weem, at its base, is small but tidy—and in the Old Church are the Sepulchres of the Menzies family for many ages, with interesting monuments and memorials.

NOTE XXXI. Page 65, line 19. WEEM CASTLE.

Weem Castle, the Castle of the cave, commonly known as Castle Menzies, but in Gaelic, the language of the country, always styled Weem Castle. It is the principal seat of Menzies of that Ilk, Baronet. In 1842 it was the residence of Sir Neil Menzies, Baronet, and of his Lady the honourable Lady Menzies. Sir Neil was a man of great worth, of elevated patriotism, and of eminent Christian character, a rare and distinguished example of the good old country gentleman, the father of his people. He was succeeded in 1844 by his eldest son Robert, the present much esteemed and highly respected Baronet.

King Robert Bruce conferred lands upon Sir Alexander Menzies of that day who was married to Egidia daughter of James 7th Lord High Steward of Scotland and treated him and his son, Sir Robert Menzies, with marked consideration for valourous adherence and fidelity to his Majesty's interests in the struggle for the Crown, and in the cause of Scottish independence, which was so nobly asserted and so valiantly achieved at Bannockburn in 1314, and afterwards ratified by solemn treaty in 1328, so that the Menzies may be said now to reap "valour's proud reward."

The ancient name of the family appears under various spellings, as "Mengues," "Menguers," or "Meygners," and is first met with in the time of Malcolm III. (Canmore) The family had possessions in Atholl in the time of Alexander I. Robert, a Baron, signs the treaty of peace with the King of Norway, 1266. Sir Robert de Mengues, Knight, who flourished in 1487, obtained permission to erect his lands into a free barony, under the name of the barony of Menzies, and in all probability obtained the Royal licence at the same time to build Castle Menzies—changing the family residence from Comrie Castle—handed over to a second son—to the newly-erected baronial mansion. Castle Menzies was burnt by the Stewarts of Garth, or according to others by the MacGregors, and rebuilt in 1519. All the old family papers perished in the conflagration. Here General Mackay took refuge on the night of the 27th July, 1689, after his defeat at Killiecrankie, leaving next morning for Stirling.

NOTE XXXII. Page 65, line 21. TAYBRIDGE.

This is a very substantial structure of five arches, built by General Wade in 1733, as part of the great military road formed under his directions, connecting Stirling with Inverness and the North. Sir John Cope, at the head of the Royal Army, halted at Taybridge on the night of 23d August 1745, on his way to the North.

NOTE XXXIII. Page 66, line 45.

"THE BLACK WATCH." SWORE WITH KEEN CLAYMORE  
TO BE THE THISTLE'S SHIELD.

In 1730, six companies of Highlanders were raised, and from being unconnected with each other, were called Independent companies. Three of these companies consisted of one hundred men each, and the other three of seventy men each. To distinguish them from the regular troops called *Saighdearn Dearg*, Red Soldiers, from the prevailing colour of their uniform, the independant companies, who were clothed in their native tartan, were called *Freiceadan Dubh*, Black Watch, from the sombre appearance of their dress. Their arms were a musket, a bayonet, and a large basket-hilted broadsword or claymore. General Stewart, in his Sketches of the Highlands and the Highlanders

says :—" Many of the men who composed these companies were of a higher station of society than that from which soldiers in general are raised, cadets of gentlemen's families, sons of gentlemen farmers, and tacksmen, either immediately or distantly descended from gentlemen's families,—men who felt themselves responsible for their conduct to high minded and honourable families, as well as to a country for which they cherished a devoted affection. In addition to the advantages derived from their superior rank in life, they possessed, in an eminent degree, that of a commanding external deportment, special care being taken in selecting men of full height, well proportioned, and of handsome appearance.

In 1739 four additional companies were raised, and in May 1740 the Black Watch, augmented to a thousand men, was embodied as a regiment of the line on a field between Tay-bridge and Aberfeldy, in the county of Perth, under the number of the 43d Regiment. They remained nearly eighteen months in quarters near Taybridge—they were then ordered to the north, and in spring 1743, were stationed in Perth.

In 1749 in consequence of the reduction of the 42d Regiment (Oglethorpe's) the number of the Black Watch was changed to the 42d. It has had an exceptionally brilliant career in many lands, and has for a long period been known as the Royal 42d Highlanders, or Black Watch. Its history, marked throughout by innumerable deeds of noble daring, and by heroic achievements, distinguished for gallant feats and splendid success, forms an important part of the modern military annals of the British people.

NOTE XXXIV. Page 66, line 15. DRUMMOND HILL.

The hill or ridge of Finn or Fingal. This bold hill rising with its steep and wooded side from the surrounding valleys five miles to the west of Aberfeldy and immediately to the north of Taymouth Castle, appears to stand sentinel on the ancient Cromghleann (Glenlyon) so famous in Fingalian legend. While to the north Shiehallion darts its leaning crest into the region of mists and clouds. On its peak Dr Maskelyne, the astronomer-royal, made his observation with a plumb-line in 1772, from which Hutton calculated that the density of the earth is five times greater than water.

## NOTE XXXV. Page 66, line 19. THE VALE OF APPIN.

This is a picturesque and fertile valley stretching along the north bank of the Tay from opposite Aberfeldy to the entrance to Glenlyon, and is well known for the varied beauty of its scenery, the fertility of its soil, and also for the frequent mention made of it in ancient song and story. It is sometimes called *Apna-Dull*, or *Appin of Dull*, and *Dull-ma-Garth*, and now forms part of the Menzies estate. A portion of these lands, probably the Kirklands of Dull, was in 1355 the property of Duncan de Atholia, ancestor of the Robertsons, or Clan-Donnachie. It was given by his son Robert to Thomas Menzies of Fortingall, second son of Menzies of that ilk, who married his daughter Jean, or Janet, and afterwards given with her only daughter and only child to Alexander, Earl of Buchan, the "fierce wolf," on her marriage with his son James.

From a bond dated at Edinburgh 15th October 1488, it appears that Neil Stewart of Fortingall, her grandson, was proprietor of these lands of "Apna Dull." Said bond is entered into with Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy, and they mutually agree to assist each other to maintain certain lands and baileries; and they were "to stand in awfald kyndness and help to uthers i tyme to cum." Neil Stewart gives to Sir Duncan the bailery of Glenlyon, and Sir Duncan gives Neil the bailery of Rannoch and his tacks of "Apna Dull," Kirklands, and also Glenquaich.

## NOTE XXXVI. Page 67, line 4. DULL'S ABTHANE.

Crinan, Abot of Dunkeld, who was Abthane of Dull. Dull may have given rise to the name Atholl—a Dulia. Grim, brother of Crinan, was Thane of Strathearn and bailie of the Abthany of Dull. He was killed at the battle of Mortlach at the head of a division of the Scottish army against the Danes under Malcolm II. in 1010. The village of Dull being the seat of a bailiery, and consequently of power, at a very remote period, as its stone crosses, Tolbooth, topography, and traditions indicate, though now fallen into decay, may be regarded with feelings of appropriate interest as having helped to originate and to foster that distinguished line, whose lineal representative now fills with so much honour the British throne, wielding with unparalleled dignity the sceptre of that great empire on which the sun never

sets. There was a Culdee institution at Dull, but what its history, or when superseded by Romish institutions cannot now with certainty be ascertained, probably in the 12th century. Tradition alleges that a Culdee College at Dull was transferred to St. Andrews, Dull has had peculiar connection with St. Andrews, on account of which the minister of Dull continues to draw part of his stipend from lands in the parish of St. Andrews. The house of the Vicar of Dull was on the same site as the first house of the village of Dull, with its gable to the road as one enters from the south-west. In A.D. 1244 "The Prior of St. Andrews (John White) held his court at Dull, in Atholl, near a large stone on the west side of the vicar's house; on which day, Colin, son of Angus, and Bridin, his son, and Gylis, his brother, rendered to him their homage as his liege men."

A few years ago within the eastern part of the church of Dull, while some repairs were in progress, a remarkable stone slab was dug up, where it had lain for many centuries. The sculptured representations thereon are very distinct; several figures being in the Highland dress. Two are on horseback, and those on foot have their shields and arms in act of defence, as if guarding the persons on horseback, who appear to be of considerable consequence. Some have ascribed this ancient sepulchral monument to the eighth century. It is now in the Museum of the Society of Antiquarians, Edinburgh.

NOTE XXXVII. Page 67, line 10-11.

SEE NORTHWARD GLEAM, BY MOUNTAIN STREAM,  
A HOARY RUIN'D PILE.

About seven miles north west from Aberfeldy, is Garth Castle in ruins, of unknown antiquity, now the property of the gallant Colonel W. M. Macdonald of St. Martins and Garth. I have not been able to ascertain when it was demolished: but it must have been after 1612, as it is described in a work published that year as "a strong fortress." Within its walls, Alexander, fourth son of King Robert II. Earl of Buchan, commonly known as "the Wolf of Badenoch," was imprisoned by command of his father. He had committed various excesses, kept forcible possession of church lands and quarrelled with Alexander Barr,

Bishop of Moray, who excommunicated him, at whose instigation his father was induced to put him in ward to prevent further mischief. Robert II. died 19th April 1390, and the "fierce wolf" obtained his liberty about that time. So soon as he found himself at large, he took advantage of the unsettled state of the country from the 19th April, when his father died, to the 13th August, when his brother John succeeded under the style and title of Robert III. Out of revenge for his recent incarceration and excommunication, he invaded the diocese of Moray with fire and sword; in the month of May burnt Forres; and in the month of June the city of Elgin, where Bishop Barr resided—with *maison dieu*—the Cathedral and other religious houses. For this new outrage Robert III. compelled him to do public penance, barefoot and in sackcloth, at the door of the Blackfriars' Church in Perth, and thereafter in presence of the King and his nobles, to make solemn promise before the high altar that he would make full restitution and indemnify Bishop Barr, and obliterate the memory of past misdeeds in penitence and peace. He was killed at the battle of Glenbreth or Glasclune, near Blairgowrie in 1392, and buried in Dunkeld Cathedral. His tomb bore the following inscription, which was effaced in 1689, by the Cameronians:—*Hic jacet Dominus Alexander Senescallus, Comes de Buchan et Dominus de Badenoch. bonæ memoriæ, qui obiit 24 die mensis Julii Anno Domini, 1392.*"

NOTE XXXVIII. Page 68, lines 2, 3.  
THE MENZIES HELD THAT CASTLE ELD,  
ERE CAMPBELLS LEFT THE WEST.

Comrie Castle on the river Lyon, near its confluence with the Tay, was the residence of Menzies of that Ilk, from the time of Robert Bruce, till about the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was probably demolished by Montrose in 1644, as the Clan Menzies were hostile to his policy. The Campbells did not leave Glenorchy till near the close of the fifteenth century. Finlarig, their earliest seat in Perthshire, was in possession of Sir John Drummond of Stobhall, and his descendants, from 1400 to about 1470. And Taymouth was in possession of the MacGregors till about 1490, when it passed by royal charter into the hands of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy.

NOTE XXXIX. Page 68, line 11. A RUDE OLD FORT.

On the north-east shoulder of Drummond Hill, facing the vale of Appin, are the remains of what must have been a strong hill fort. Its erection and occupancy are ascribed to MacTual, whose name figures in ancient celtic poetry and legend.

The annals of Ulster under the year A. D. 865, relate that *Tuathal*, son of Artguso, Abbot of Dunkeld died." The person referred to in the text was a son of this Abbot, and consequently of considerable note and influence although this rude ruined fort is all that remains of his history.

NOTE XL. Page 68, lines 17, 18.

WHERE DRUID STONE, CONCENTRIC CIRCLES TRACE.

There is a very entire Druidic Circle near the eastern entrance to Taymouth Castle, interesting alike to the antiquarian and the historian, and not less so to the poet and the moralist.

### THE QUEEN'S VISIT—CANTO III.

---

The splendid reception at Taymouth—an after episode.

---

HURRAH! hurrah! hurrah! aloft  
The notes of welcome fling,  
Ten thousand voices swell the cheer,  
And make the welkin ring!

The woods in grand repose fling back  
On echo's restless wing,  
O'er crag and fell, o'er lake and ben,  
These notes of welcoming.

For here hath come, in joy and love,  
Proud Scotland's darling Queen,  
To honour with her high regard  
Leal hearts on Taymouth green.

In Taymouth's noble halls to share  
Breadalbane's princely cheer;  
And with her Consort Prince to learn  
What Highland hearts hold dear.



In plaid and plume, in kilt and hose,  
A vast and joyous crowd,  
Receive their sovereign's happy smile,  
With welcome long and loud.

That gallant host of armed men,  
By Lord Breadalbane led,  
The world in arms would have defied:—  
Their Queen is at their head.

And all around on slope and brae,  
In gay and joyous dress,  
All wreath'd in smiles are fairy forms  
Of loyal loveliness.

Many a noble chieftain there,  
Of ancient line and name,  
With men renowned of less degree,  
To guard their sovereign came.

The Menzies here, with stalwart sons,  
And clansmen leal and brave,  
A place of honour holds, as when  
His sire for Bruce drew glaive.

As one and all unite to cheer,  
The Queen they love so well,  
The ling'ring breezes bear away  
Their Anthem's solemn swell.

And as the shades of even clos'd,  
Beyond the high Benmore,  
The Taymouth parks and woods were lit,  
With joyous light once more.

Breadalbane's blazon pales beneath  
The royal standard's blaze,—  
VICTORIA—ALBERT, burst in light,  
And fix the wond'ring gaze.

The woods give back the ringing cheer,  
Of loyal welcome still;  
And bonfires speed the grateful tale  
O'er mountain, dale and hill.

The scene is rich, imposing, grand;  
Surpassing painter's skill;  
And kilted lads are dancing there,  
In mazy highland reel.

'Twas wild and gay—with pibroch sound—  
A wondrous fairy scene,  
When Taymouth's Lord was welcoming  
Our young and darling Queen.

And she and Albert there—beloved—  
And smiling love on all,  
Felt happy—O, so happy then!  
In Taymouth's princely hall.

But four and twenty years have fled—  
A long and glorious reign—  
Since Highland hearts so fondly said,  
"Come back, dear Queen, again!"

Our darling Queen has felt the while,  
How sad it is and lone,  
With widow'd heart to bear aloft  
The lustre of the throne.

And Scotland's glorious land hath seen  
How deep and pure her love ;  
For Scotland's hills are dearer now,  
For him who smiles above.

To Her the past comes back again,  
With loving ties inbound ;  
The Highland hearts he loved so well,  
Are true and faithful found.

Breadalbane's Lord hath gone to rest,  
With many friends beside ;  
But oh ! the loss, though great, were less,  
If Albert had not died.

The scenes he loved, more lovely now,  
More dear the home he reared :—  
And in the people's heart he lives,  
Belov'd, admir'd, rever'd.

Small wonder then the royal heart  
Would wish once more to trace  
Those happy scenes long gone, which time,  
Nor change, may ne'er efface.

Unknown, she seeks to view again,  
Breadalbane's proud domain,  
But finds the gates are firmly clos'd,  
An entrance none may gain.

Proud Taymouth's princely halls have now  
No welcome for the Queen :  
She courts the shade, and sighs to view  
The grand but empty scene.

The hills and woods and castle walls,  
Are there as seen erewhile ;  
But gone are now the living throng ;—  
Breadalbane's welcome smile.

The scene is changed—ah! sadly changed !  
And grief and care are rife,  
For four long years she now hath griev'd  
A widow'd Queen and wife.

God save our darling Queen, and nerve  
Her royal heart the while,  
To greet her people's high regard,  
With gracious, winning smile.

She lives in ev'ry heart and home,  
A glorious honour'd Queen;—  
Her faithful people guard the throne  
And pray: "God save the Queen."

---

### NOTES TO CANTO III.

NOTE I. Page 95, lines 15, 16.  
IN TAYMOUTH'S NOBLE HALLS TO SHARE  
BREADALBANE'S PRINCELY CHEER.

Great preparations on a vast and magnificent scale were made at Taymouth Castle for the reception and entertainment of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert. Upwards of two hundred of the finest proportioned men on the extensive Breadalbane estates in Perth and Argyle shires, duly trained and officered, were assembled at Taymouth to act as Her Majesty's body-guard. On the 7th September, awaiting Her Majesty's arrival, the Breadalbane Highlanders, a company of the 92nd Regiment, the Band of the 66th, and a detachment of the 6th Carabineers were drawn out as a Guard of Honour in front of the Castle and along the grand entrance. To these were joined about a hundred men who were selected to act as beaters in the projected deer-hunt which was to come off in honour of the Royal guests; and a party of Breadalbane boatmen suitably attired. Lining the avenue by which the Royal party approached the grand entrance to the Castle, about fifty of the clan Menzies in their appropriate clan costume, headed by their chief, Sir Neil Menzies, Baronet, with his two stalwart sons, held an honourable and conspicuous place. While at the head of all "plaided and plumed in his tartan array," the Marquess of Breadalbane with becoming pride surveyed the imposing scene, and eagerly held the vast assemblage in readiness to do homage to Her Majesty and the Consort Prince, and to accord them a most hearty and thoroughly Highland welcome. Along the balcony of the Castle four Highlanders, bearing the Breadalbane flags were stationed; and over the grand entrance, Captain MacDougall of

Dunolly, R.N. stood, ready to run up the Royal standard on Her Majesty's arrival; while, on the summit of the western quadrangle, two admiralty bargemen, in the Royal uniform, were posted, ready to replace the Breadalbane flag by the Royal standard, so soon as Her Majesty set foot on the grand entrance. John Stewart Menzies, Esquire of Chesthill, addressed the thousands of Highlanders there assembled, in Gaelic, and called for three hearty cheers, a Highland welcome, so loud as to be heard at Ben More twenty miles to the west.

At a quarter to six o'clock Her Majesty reached Taymouth, and her reception was hearty and loyal in the extreme. The vast assemblage cheered again and again; while fort and battery thundered forth a Royal salute. It was a scene never to be forgotten, to which no pen or pencil could do adequate justice: and the after rejoicings, fireworks, and bonfires, were on a scale of unexampled magnificence. Many thousands had assembled from all parts of the country at Lord Breadalbane's invitation, and greatly added to the general effect of the grand and brilliant spectacle,

When "Scotland's lov'd and loving Queen,  
Was gay in Taymouth's gayest hall."

NOTE II. Page 96, line 7. LORD BREADALBANE.

John Campbell, 2d Marquess of Breadalbane, born in Dundee in 1796, distinguished in both Houses of Parliament, in public and in private life for great ability and many virtues, and celebrated for his magnificent and princely entertainments of Royalty at Taymouth Castle, and in Park Lane, died, after a lingering illness, at Lusanne, on the 8th November, 1862, sincerely mourned by rich and poor.

NOTE III. Page 96, line 18.

THE MENZIES HERE, WITH STALWART SONS.

See Note 31 to Canto II. Sir Neil Menzies was accompanied by his sons, Robert, the present Baronet, and Fletcher Norton Menzies, Esq., the indefatigable and most estimable Secretary of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and by his esteemed relative R. S. Menzies of Culdares, who is descended of a brother of Sir Alexander Menzies formerly mentioned,

## NOTE IV. Page 97, line 5. JOYOUS LIGHT.

The illuminations, fireworks, and bonfires were inexpressibly grand, and on a scale so vast and varied as to defy adequate description. An eye-witness thus writes :—"Countless lights gleamed and dazzled in every direction ; and the front windows of the castle, and the large, rich, and elaborately-painted windows of the baron's hall, were all splendidly illuminated, throwing forwards and downwards a stream of light. On a sloping lawn, opposite the apartments occupied by Her Majesty, were the words. " WELCOME VICTORIA—ALBERT," in large letters, formed of lamps, neatly and securely placed on the ground. At a distance from the castle was an enormous crown, in variegated lamps—and an invisible fence running along the lawn, was hung with innumerable lamps as closely as they could be placed. The fort on the opposite hill was illuminated with forty thousand lamps. A lofty tower, at a higher point on the same hill, blazed in a similar light. Great numbers of the magnificent lime and other trees in the parks were thickly hung with many coloured lamps ; and throughout the surrounding woods up through the hills, every tree that stood prominently out among its neighbours flashed with the same pure and silvery flame.

"The fireworks were displayed from an elevated mound in front of the castle, and gave a new and singular feature to a scene that previously looked as if it were not susceptible of farther ornament or additional beauty. It was the finest exhibition of the kind we ever witnessed, and displayed the perfection of the pyrotechnic art in every conceivable form.

"Every peak and summit from which a bonfire could be seen was lighted up, illuminating the country for many miles.

"The picture thus presented was altogether unique and inconceivably sublime—a picture which we and the thousands who witnessed it can never possibly forget."

## NOTE V. Page 98, line 21. IF ALBERT HAD NOT DIED.

The lamented death of His Royal Highness, which took place at Windsor Castle on the 14th December, 1861, filled all hearts with grief, and enveloped his Royal spouse in the thick masses of a cloud of sorrow, the deep gloom of which has not yet

rolled completely away. The Great King has upheld her goings, sustained her in her sorrow, and enabled her to see her numerous, and illustrious offspring rising up, blessed and a blessing; and the nation in its deep and earnest sympathy has manifested in every possible way how much it loved—how it reveres the character, and cherishes the memory of ALBERT THE GOOD.

The following extracts from Her Majesty's book, "*Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*," bears testimony to the splendid reception at Taymouth, and in a peculiarly affecting manner tells of her after visit in 1866. The litigation between the claimants of the Earldom of Breadalbane was then pending, and the heir presumptive in possession was specially strict in preventing all access to the castle without a duly authorised written permission.

"At a quarter to six we reached Taymouth. At the gate a guard of Highlanders, Lord Breadalbane's men, met us. Taymouth lies in a valley surrounded by very high wooded hills; it is most beautiful. The house is a kind of castle, built of granite. The *coup d'œil* was indescribable. Here were a number of Lord Breadalbane's Highlanders, all in the Campbell tartan, drawn up in front of the house, with Lord Breadalbane himself in a Highland dress, at their head; a few of Sir Neil Menzies' men (in the Menzies red and white tartan), a number of pipers playing, and a company of the 93d Highlanders, also in kilts. The firing of the guns, the cheering of the great crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its rich background of wooded hills, altogether formed one of the finest scenes imaginable. It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times was receiving his Sovereign. It was princely and romantic. Lord and Lady Breadalbane took us upstairs, the hall and stairs being lined with Highlanders.

"The Gothic staircase is of stone and very fine; the whole of the house is newly and exquisitely furnished. The drawing room especially is splendid. Thence you go into a passage and a library, which adjoins our private apartments. They showed us two sets of apartments, and we chose those which are on the right hand of the corridor or ante-room to the library. At eight we dined. Staying in the house, besides ourselves, are the Buccleuchs and the two Munsters, the Duchess of Sutherland,



and Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, the Abercorns, Roxburghes, Kinnoulls, Lord Lauderdale, Sir Anthony Maitland, Lord Lorne, the Fox Maules, Belhavenes, Mr and Mrs William Russell, Sir J. and Lady Elizabeth and the Misses Pringle, and two Messrs Baillie, brothers of Lady Breadalbane. The dining-room is a fine room in the Gothic style, and has never been dined in till this day. Our apartments are also inhabited for the first time. After dinner the grounds were most splendidly illuminated—a whole chain of lamps along the railings, and on the ground was written in lamps, "Welcome Victoria—Albert."

"A small fort, which was up in the woods, was illuminated, and bonfires were burning on the tops of the hills. I never saw any thing so fairy-like. There were some pretty fireworks, and the whole ended by the Highlanders dancing reels, which they do to perfection, to the sound of pipes, by torchlight, in front of the house. It had a wild and very gay effect."

"NOTE—I revisited Taymouth last autumn, on the 3rd of October, from Dunkeld (incognito) with Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Miss MacGregor. As we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission, and as we did not wish to be known, we decided upon not attempting to do so, and contented ourselves with getting out at a gate close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from the gardener's house, near to which we had stopped, and who had no idea who we were.

"We got out and looked from this height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and then, unknown, quite in private, I gazed—not without emotion—on the scene of our reception twenty years ago by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style, not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect.

"Albert and I were only twenty-three, young and happy.—How many are gone that were with us then!

"I was very thankful to have seen it again.

"It seemed unaltered.—1866."

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT—CANTO IV.

---

The Royal guests at Taymouth Castle—Walks and Drives.

---

THE evening clouds, high tipped with gold,  
Roll'd back the gates of light ;  
And blazing bonfires pierced the sky,  
Far, far into the night.

Unclouded skies brought out to view,  
The glorious dome above,  
Ten thousand stars looked kindly down,  
And sang their hymn of love.

These sentinels, along the sky  
Kept watch and ward till day ;  
While Highland guards, round Taymouth halls,  
Were vigilant as they.

All hushed at length the welcome cheer,  
And stillness reigned around ;  
The Royal guests in sweet repose.  
New zest and vigour found.

For night—still night—held high her wand  
Of state and queenly might,  
And sleep with downy wing kept guard  
Till rose the morning light.

But creeping on along the dawn,  
The mists their tributes bring,  
And drizzling rains are falling fast,  
In Scottish welcoming.

The Royal pair are up betimes,  
And all is stir and din ;  
'To-day the hunter's honoured craft,  
Must many trophies win.

To Albert's hand what trophies fell,  
Of deer and wild-wood game ?  
You'll find the tale all duly told,  
Inscribed on rolls of fame.

Suffice to say 'twas princely cheer  
Within the bosky dell,  
And all along those thousand heights,  
Where none but dun deer dwell.

---

And gaily home at eventide  
The Royal hunter hies,  
To prove his skill by that success,  
Which true-born hunters prize.

What of the Queen, the while, and where  
Did she enjoyment find ?  
Beside the wood, along the vale  
Where Tay's pure waters wind !

The day was raining show'ry tints  
On crag, and wood, and ben ;  
While sun and cloud look'd down betimes  
On vale and lonely glen.

Each mountain, moor, and wild-wood lone  
Wore rich autumnal dress ;  
And rain, and mists, and clouds enhanc'd  
The varied loveliness.

The river, lake, and murm'ring brook  
At beauty's font are found ;  
And gladsome scenes arrest the eye  
In Taymouth's farthest bound.

In peace and joy, and loyal love,  
Glad hearts with welcome thrill,  
As now they see the Queen, on foot,  
Roam through the grounds at will.

From out the dairy's favour'd height,  
She views the wondrous land,  
Where mountains, floods, and giant woods,  
Admiring looks command.

From high Benmore to broad Ben-Law'rs,  
And on to Drummond side ;  
Along Loch Tay, and near at hand,  
She views the vista wide.

And then with steps of love descends  
To learn some dairy lore ;  
And churning with her snow-white hand,  
Looks lovelier than before.

The "LAND OF CAKES," she pledges too,  
In milk and oatmeal cake ;  
Her cheeks a-glow with health, enhanced  
With breeze from off the lake.

And as she hies with nimble foot  
Along the sloping lawn ;  
She looks a beauteous sylvan Queen,  
And graceful as the fawn.

Fond hearts await her glad return  
In Taymouth's joyous hall ;  
And she, with smiling love, receives  
Most loyal love from all.

And just before the sun descends  
Into the western main,  
She seeks, with Albert at her side, '  
To view those scenes again.

Breadalbane's Lord,—he leads the way  
By Kenmore's happy homes ;  
And from the joyous village throng  
That Highland welcome comes.

Along the bridge, and up the hill,  
They slowly wend their way ;  
And gaze with fond, long ling'ring look,  
On all thou art, Loch Tay !

And down the vale, where wimpling free,  
The river murmurs on,  
They view those joyous, varied scenes,  
Which erst their hearts had won.

Descending now, they pass along  
To where the bison feeds ;  
Still on, beside the winding Tay,  
Their homeward drive proceeds.

And here within the river bend,  
Inchaidan's holy fane,  
For ages joy'd the pious heart,  
Nor shed its light in vain :

In dust of death—in silence deep—  
Repose the relics there,  
Of myriad hearts whose chords were mov'd  
To deeds of faith and pray'r :

And fragrant still is Aidan's name  
In shiel and hamlet lone ;  
Though hands profane, with ruthless toil,  
Have fane and graves o'erthrown.

The Tay is crossed,—and home they speed,  
While broad-cast all around,  
Are scenes surpassing rich and grand,  
In this enchanted ground.

That silent mound is all that now  
Reminds the passer by  
Of ancient days, when Gregarach  
Displayed his chivalry.

In this, the pass of calves, stood out  
His grand old castle walls ;—  
Nought now is heard but peace and love  
In Taymouth's princely halls.

The times of feud and hate are gone—  
Gone to return no more ;  
And all may now in safety pass  
From here to far Lismore.

---

Throughout this land of blessed peace.  
Where none may fear a foe,  
With free and fearless, trusting heart,  
May Queen and Consort go.

They feel secure, when most alone,  
In fertile vale and glen ;  
And know how grand it is to be  
At home with loyal men.

To-night the festive hall shall shew,  
When loyal hearts beat high,  
How Scotland's gifted sons can sing  
The ancient minstrelsy.

The Royal guests retire a while,  
And simple toilet make,  
Then with the noblest of the land.  
Of princely cheer partake.

The evening speeds and by-and-by,  
The son of song draws near ;  
And with the tales of other days,  
Salutes the Royal ear.

Ah ! Wilson feels, as well he may,  
The pride of vocal art,  
When Royal lips demand the songs,  
Which thrill and move the heart.



We cannot make the living voice  
Its tuneful notes prolong,  
The words we give—to others leave  
To voice the good old song.

The minstrel, bending low, obeys  
The Queen's behest, till rung  
The rafters all, with answering notes,  
As thus he sadly sung :

“FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.”

“FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,  
Where heartsome wi' her I ha'e mony days been;  
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,  
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.  
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on weir;  
Tho' borne on the seas to a far distant shore,  
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

“Though hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;  
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore:  
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;  
But by ease so inglorious no fame can be gained,  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

“Then glory, my Jeannie, maun plead my excuse,  
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
And, losing thy favour, I'd better not be.  
I gae then, my lass to win glory and fame;  
And if I should chance to come glorious hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.”

Scarce had the sad regretful tones  
Escap'd the list'ning ear,  
When out he pour'd this song of love,  
In notes so loud and clear.

“THE LASS O' GOWRIE.”

- “‘Twas on a simmer's afternoon,  
A wee before the sun gaed down,  
My lassie in a braw new gown,  
Cam o'er the hills to Gowrie.
- “The rose-bud ting'd wi' morning show'r,  
Bloom'd fresh within the hazel bow'r,  
But Katie was the fairest flow'r  
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.
- “I had nae thought to do her wrang,  
But round her waist my arms I flang,  
And said, my lassie, will ye gang  
To view the Carse o' Gowrie.
- “I'll tak' ye to my faither's ha',  
In yon green field beside the shaw,  
And mak ye lady o' them a',  
The brawest wife in Gowrie.
- “Saft kisses on her lips I laid,  
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,  
She whisper'd modestly and said,  
I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie.
- “The auld folk soon gied their consent,  
And to Mess John we quickly went,  
Wha tied us to our heart's content,  
And now she's Lady Gowrie.”

Again with voice and look of woe  
He trill'd the forest lay,  
And mourn'd the fall of spearmen brave  
On Flodden's tearful day.

---

“THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.”

- “I’ve heard the liltin’ at our ewe-milkin’,  
 Lasses a-liltin’ before dawn o’ day;  
 Now there’s a moanin’ on ilka green loanin,  
 The flowers of the forest are a’ wede away.
- “At buchts in the mornin’, nae blythe lads are scornin’,  
 Lasses are lanely, and dowie, and wae;  
 Nae daffin, nae gabbin’, but sighin’ and sabbin’;  
 Ilk ane lifts her luglin and hies her away.
- “In har’st at the shearin’ nae youths now are jeerin’,  
 The bandsters are runkled, and lyart, and gray;  
 At fair or at preachin’, nae wooin’, nae fleechin’,  
 The flowers of the forest are a’ wede away.
- “At e’en, in the gloamin’, nae swankies are roamin’,  
 ‘Bout stacks, ‘mang the lasses, at bogle to play;  
 But each ane sits dreary, lamentin’ her dearie,  
 The flowers of the forest are a’ wede away.
- “Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border,  
 The English for ance by guile wan the day;  
 The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,  
 The prime o’ our land now lie cauld in the clay.
- “We’ll hear nae mair liltin’ at our ewe-milkin’,  
 Women and bairns are dowie and wae:  
 Sighin’ and moanin’ on ilka green loanin’  
 The flowers of the forest are a’ wede away.”

Yet hark again! the mournful strain,  
 And hear the night winds sigh,  
 As minstrel tongue, with feeling pours,  
 The wailing notes on high.

“WAE’S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.”

- “A wee bird cam’ to our ha’ door,  
 He warbled sweet and clearly,  
 An aye the o’ercome o’ his sang  
 Was “Wae’s me for Prince Charlie.”

" Oh ! when I heard the bonnie bird,  
The tears cam' drappin' rarely ;  
I took my bonnet aff my head,  
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

" Quoth I, " My bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,  
Is that a sang ye borrow,  
Are these some words ye've learn'd by heart,  
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow ? "

" Oh ! no, no, no," the wee bird said,  
" I've flown since mornin' early,  
And sic a day o' wind and rain,  
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

" On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roams a lonely stranger,  
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
On ilka side by danger :

" Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
My heart maist burstit fairly ;  
For sairly chang'd indeed was he—  
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

" Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd  
Cold o'er the hills and valleys ;  
An' whaur was't that your Prince lay down,  
Wha's hame should been a palace ?

" He row'd him in a Highland plaid,  
Which cover'd him but sparely,  
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—  
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

" But now the bird saw some red coats,  
An' he shook his wings wi' anger  
" Oh ! this is not a land for me ;  
I'll tarry here nae langer."

" A while he hover'd on the wing,  
Ere he departed fairly,  
But weel I mind the farewell strain  
Was " Wae's me for Prince Charlie."

Again he struck a joyful chord,  
The words in torrents sped ;  
All seem'd unto the practised ear,  
An army's measured tread.

"PIBROCH O' DONUIL DHU."

- "Pibroch o' Donuil Dhu, pibroch o' Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew, summon clan Conuil!  
Come away, come away, Hark to the summons  
Come in your war array, gentles and commons !  
"Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky,  
The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlochy ;  
Come every hill-plaid, and true heart that wears one,  
Come every steel blade, and strong hand that bears one.  
"Leave untented the herd, the flock without shelter;  
Leave the corpse uninterred, the bride at the altar;  
Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges;  
Come with your fighting gear, broad-sword and targes.  
"Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;  
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded;  
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,  
Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.  
"Fast they come, fast they come, see how they gather!  
Wide waves the eagle's plume, blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set!  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset."

The minstrel starts a sprightly air,  
To Highland hearts still dear ;  
Expiring notes of love and pow'r  
Salute the Sovereign's ear.

"CAM' YE BY ATHOLE?"

- "Cam' ye by Atholl, lad wi' the philabeg,  
Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the Garry?  
Saw ye the lads wi' their bonnets and white cockades,  
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?"

Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?  
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairly;  
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,  
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

"I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald;  
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry,  
Health to MacDonald and gallant Clanronald,  
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.  
Follow thee, follow thee, etc.

"I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;  
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;  
Brave MacIntosh, he shall fly to the field with them;  
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.  
Follow thee, follow thee, etc.

"Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,  
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;  
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,  
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie.  
Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee;  
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairly;  
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?  
King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie."

The minstrel ceas'd:—spell-bound, enchained,  
Is ev'ry list'ning ear;  
The monarch smil'd, approv'd, rejoic'd,  
Such wondrous tones to hear.

That voice, that full majestic voice,  
Had well such plaudits won;  
As now the royal circle blends,  
With music's dying tone.

And glad at heart the minstrel leaves  
That circle's princely blaze ;  
His sovereign's favour links his name,  
With Scotland's ancient lays.

The princely throng retire at length  
To press the downy couch,  
And, all the silent hours, confess  
Oblivion's soothing touch.

With opening day new hopes arise,  
And new delights appear :  
While eager sunbeams, sparkling, fall  
On diamond dew drops near.

The lazy folds of wreathing mist,  
The sun's attentions share,  
And slowly leaving hill and ben,  
Break up—dissolve in air.

Such promise and such scenes, we thought,  
Would realize success  
To plann'd excursion up the lake,  
'Mid nature's loveliness.

But soon, the shadows, falling, fill  
Expectant hope with pain ;  
And marching on along the vale,  
Dissolve in clouds and rain.

---

The Royal hunter, out betimes,  
Pursues his destined round;  
While for the Queen, with loyal care,  
Far other joys are found.

But both, ere day's decline, when ceas'd  
The frequent falling rain,  
Proceed by varied, lengthen'd drive,  
Through Taymouth's proud domain!

Round by the fort they take their way,  
And west by Kenmore speed,  
Still on by Drummond's shady side  
They up the lake proceed.

By Fearnan's sunny slopes and homes  
They slowly wind along,  
While shouts of loyal welcome rise  
From happy village throng.

They climb the higher way, and on  
To Lyon's rapid tide,  
To view the mountains, crags, and peaks—  
Shiehallion's buttress wide.

That vale along the noisy flood,  
Arrests the eager gaze:  
A gem, with mountains richly set,  
'Mid nature's proudest blaze.



There Rome's fierce eagles peaceful lay,  
Nor foemen's wrath defied:  
Augustus sent that embassy  
When war's alarms had died.

To Scotland's king in love they came,  
And sought his friendly bond,  
To link the people all in one,  
With love and peace enthron'd.

Within those Roman lines, well-nigh  
Two thousand years ago,  
Occurred, what must affect our race  
While floods of time shall flow.

For then, the legend says, was born,  
Beside the frowning pass,  
False Pilate—he whose judgment seat  
By Judah's temple was.

Whose yielding will, time-serving ways,  
Gave up to death and shame,  
At Jew's request, the Holy One,  
Of ever-blessed name.

Beyond,—Glenlyon House appears,  
And, 'neath the frowning rock,  
Fam'd Fortingall, whose aged yew,  
Still braves the tempest shock.

---

And up above that frowning height  
The joyous castle stood,  
Where Scotland's earlier kings rejoic'd,  
In times remote and rude.

On lines of beauty, down the vale,  
Fond eyes would linger still,  
But evening shadows fall around,  
And creep along the hill.

And Queen and Prince by Drummond side,  
Their homeward drive pursue;  
While scatter'd hamlets here and there  
In clusters rise to view.

Small, smoky, ragged homes they seem ;  
But loyal hearts are there,  
Whose welling love to Queen and Prince  
Erewhile has rent the air.

And here is Lyon-ford, where lay  
Great armies long ago,  
When civil discord, arm'd with hate,  
In friendship found a foe.

Again the Royal guests enjoy  
Breadalbane's princely home—  
To-night bold knights and ladies gay  
With smiles of welcome come.

Lit up, festoon'd with splendid lamps,  
The baron's gorgeous hall  
Receives the gay and happy throng,  
At music's sprightly call.

And there the brilliant circle sways,  
In lines of birth and pow'r,  
And in the dance careering join,  
Till chimes the midnight hour.

Each roof and rafter rings again  
To music's mighty swell,  
As Queen and Prince are smiling there  
To Taymouth's halls farewell.

---

#### NOTES TO CANTO IV.

NOTE I. Page 106, line 12.

DRIZZLING RAINS ARE FALLING FAST.

"The 8th of September," says an observer, "broke most unpromisingly, the rain falling close and heavy; a thick mist hung along the air seeming just to touch the tree tops."

NOTE II. Page 106, lines 16, 17.

TO-DAY THE HUNTER'S HONOUR'D CRAFT,  
MUST MANY TROPHIES WIN.

Prince Albert, accompanied by the Marquess of Breadalbane and three hundred beaters, started about half-past nine A.M., for a grand hunt in the woods and along the hill-side, extending from Taymouth Castle to Aberfeldy; returning to the castle about two o'clock. The following is a return of the Prince's sport, taken from a history of the period: "Twenty roe-bucks, four and a-half brace of black game, three brace of grouse, one brace of capercalzie, one partridge, one wood-pigeon, twelve *hares*, one owl and several rabbits."

## NOTE III. Page 108, line 2.

FROM OUT THE DAIRY'S FAVOUR'D HEIGHT.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Norfolk, walked to the dairy, a magnificent erection of quartz, in the Swiss cottage style, commanding a splendid view of Loch-Tay. Having enjoyed the view, she minutely enquired as to the different dairy arrangements, processes, and requisites :—tried the operation of churning,—and having drank a glass of milk and partaken of some oatmeal cake, returned to the castle by a charming walk along the river side.

## NOTE IV. Page 109, line 7. BY KENMORE'S HAPPY HOMES.

Kenmore is a neat, clean, modern village, or, more properly hamlet, at the lower end of Loch Tay, close to the bridge that spans the infant river Tay. It is inhabited, for the most part, by people in the Breadalbane employ, or dependents of the Breadalbane family. Robert Burns, who visited Kenmore in 1787, thus gave expression to his admiration of its scenery, so surpassing in beauty, and so rich in fascinating landscapes.

*Verses written with a pencil over the chimney-piece in the parlour of the Inn at Kenmore.*

“ Admiring nature in her wildest grace,  
 These northern scenes, with weary feet I trace;  
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,  
 Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep;  
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,  
 Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view,  
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,  
 The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;  
 Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,  
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills;  
 The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,  
 The palace, rising on its verdant side;  
 The lawns, wood-fringed in nature's native taste;  
 The hillocks, dropt in nature's careless haste;  
 The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream:  
 The village, glittering in the noon-tide beam.—

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,

And look through nature with creative fire :  
 Here, to the wrongs of fate half-reconciled,  
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild ;  
 And disappointment, in these lonely bounds,  
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds  
 Here heart-struck grief might heaven-ward stretch her scan,  
 And injured worth forget and pardon man.

NOTE V. Page 109, line 23. INCHADAN'S HOLY FANE.

Inchaidan, or as it is commonly written Inchadin, on the north bank of the river Tay, was the site of the church and churchyard of Kenmore from the erection of the establishment of the Culdees in the island at the east end of Loch Tay into a priory, till a very recent period : but almost all trace of it has been removed in the exercise of that spirit of irreverence, desecration, and selfish utilitarianism which has so frequently and so ruthlessly removed and destroyed interesting memorials of the past, since William the Norman effaced and destroyed the sepulchral monuments of Saxon England,

NOTE VI. Page 110, line 6.

FRAGRANT STILL IS AIDAN'S NAME.

Aidan, an illustrious disciple of the sainted Columba after occupying himself in his sacred office in many parts of Scotland, and setting up a Culdee institution in the island in Loch Tay, called after him Inchaidan, was, about 640, sent by his king and patron, Donald IV., to Northumbria, at the request of Oswald, the king of that country. Aidan took up his abode in Lindisfarne, or Holy isle, founded a Culdee institution there, and with his disciples devoutly and perseveringly preached the word to the dwellers in that country. At first king Oswald acted as interpreter between Aidan and the men of the united kingdom of Bernicia and Deira, and during his reign promoted the christianising of his subjects by every means in his power. Aidan is called the Apostle of Northumbria.

NOTE VII. Page 110, lines 27, 28.

IN THIS THE PASS OF CALVES STOOD OUT,  
 HIS GRAND OLD CASTLE WALLS.

*The ancient name of Taymouth, Balloch, properly Bealach ;*

fully written, *Bealuch nan 'laogh aig deadh MhacGhrigoir*, the pass of calves of the good MacGregor. The ruins of the old castle, which belonged to the Laird of MacGregor, may be traced a little to the east of the modern magnificent castle of Taymouth.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of the unfortunate and much persecuted Clan Gregor, that their chief, Malcolm MacGregor of Glenorchy, with his clan, assisted Sir William Wallace, against Macfadyan, and was a staunch follower of Bruce.

Taymouth was the property of the Laird of MacGregor till about 1490, when it passed by royal charter into the possession of Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy. Sir Colin, the sixth laird, built the castle of Balloch, and part of this original building has been retained in the modern magnificent castle of Taymouth.

The Breadalbane family are descended of the same ancestry as the noble house of Argyll; the latter being the older branch.

The following is a list of the successive heads of the noble house of Breadalbane, from the point of divergence from the elder branch.

Name.	Title.	Connection with preceding.	Date of accession.
1. Colin,	Knight,	Second son of Duncan, "a Knight of Lochow,"	1432
2. Duncan,	"	Son of Colin, . . .	1480
3. Colin,	"	Son of Duncan, . . .	1513
4. Duncan,	"	Son of Colin, . . .	1523
5. John,	"	Brother of Duncan, . . .	1536
6. Colin,	"	" . . .	1550
7. Duncan,	Baronet,	Son of Colin, . . .	1583
8. Colin,	"	Son of Duncan, . . .	1631
9. Robert,	"	Brother of Colin, . . .	1640
10. John,	"	Son of Robert,	
11. John,	Earl of Caithness, 1677. Earl of Breadalbane, 1681.		
12. John,	"		
13. John,	"		
14. John,	Marquess, 1831		
15. John,	"	Son of 1st Marquess, . . .	1834
16. John,	Earl, . . .	Cousin, . . .	1862

Of Sir Colin, the 6th laird, it is recorded that "he was ane great justiciar all his time, throchtit quhile he sustenit that dadlie feid of the Clangreigour ane lang space. And besides that

he caused executist to the death many notable lymmeris. He be-haddit the laird Macgregour himself at Candmoir, in presence of the Erle of Atholl, the justice clerk, and sundrie other noblemen." This Laird of M'Gregor was Gregor Roy of Glenstrae.

NOTE VIII. Page 111, lines 27, 28.

AH! WILSON FEELS, AS WELL HE MAY,  
THE PRIDE OF VOCAL ART.

John Wilson the celebratad Scottish vocalist was specially retained by the Marquess of Breadalbane to sing some of the old Scottish Songs before Her Majesty and Prince Albert, during their stay at Taymouth Castle. He had the high honour to sing the songs introduced into the poem to the delight of Her Majesty and the brilliant circle by which she was surrounded.

Her Majesty was graciously pleased to give Mr Wilson permission to dedicate his work on Scottish Song to Her Majesty.

NOTE IX. Page 119, line 8. VARIED, LENGTHEN'D DRIVE.

On the 9th September, H. R. H. Prince Albert was out in search of game along the Braes of Balloch, accompanied by the Marquess of Breadalbane, and accompanied by a numerous body of beaters, having enjoyed excellent sport he returned about three in the afternoon, and at five proceeded with Her Majesty to take a drive. The Royal party drove down the eastern approach and on to the Fort where they enjoyed a magnificent and extensive view. They afterwards proceeded on through Kenmore, across the Bridge and up Loch Tayside, and turning up the side of Drummond hill skirted it all the way round, till having made a complete circle they returned to Taymouth. Her Majesty was cheered along the route wherever two or three people were assembled. They obtained an imposing view of Ben Lawres, 4000 feet high, and closing in the vista on the west, of Benmore 3900 feet high, and of its twin sister Binean, one of the hills forming the Braes of Balquhidder, of nearly the same height.

NOTE X. Page 119, line 14. FEARNAN'S SUNNY SLOPES.

Fearnan is a very interesting hamlet on the northern shore of Loch Tay, about three miles to the west of Kenmore. It was

the property of the Robertsons of Struan till a very recent date. It appears to have anciently belonged to the MacGregors, as its burying-ground has continued to be chiefly tenanted by their dead. Fearnan commands a very charming view of Loch Tay and its picturesque mountain barriers.

NOTE XI. Page 119, line 18. LYON'S RAPID TIDE.

The River Lyon has a course of thirty-two miles from its rise at the head waters of Glenlyon, till it joins the Tay, two miles below Taymouth Castle. It is in general a rapid, turbulent river, and subject to sudden and at times disastrous floods.

Glen-Lyon is the ancient *Crom-Ghleann*, crooked glen, mentioned in many an ancient poem and legend relating to Fingal and his heroes. It was in remote antiquity full of round towers, and doubtless occupied by grim and resolute warriors.

NOTE XII. Page 119, line 21.

THAT VALE ALONG THE NOISY FLOOD.

The Vale of Fortingall is "a sublime yet softly picturesque vale, about six miles in length and upwards of half-a-mile in breadth, adorned with groves, demesnes, and gentlemen's seats, with mountains coming slowly down upon its gentle beauties, yet sending away their summits to such a height, and environing it in such alpine phalanx, that, gazing round from its centre a stranger might conclude ingress, or egress to be impracticable."

NOTE XIII. Page 120, line 2.

THERE ROME'S FIERCE EAGLES PEACEFUL LAY.

Near the western verge of the vale of Fortingall, towards Lyon Bridge, are traces of a Roman camp, what appears to have been the prætorium being still quite entire. Within a circular enclosure marked by a rude obelisk, several Roman remains have been found: one a Roman standard, within the shaft of which is a five-fluted spear, now preserved in Troup House. The tradition of the country is that the Roman Commander, having sickened and died, was buried here. Tradition also asserts that the Romans had come on an embassy of peace to the King of Scotland, at the bidding of Cæsar Augustus, a short



time preceding the birth of Christ; and that here the Roman Procurator of Judea, Pontius Pilate, was born.

That the earlier Scottish Kings resided occasionally in this neighbourhood is an undoubted fact; and history affirms that Augustus was at peace during the greater part of his long reign, and that he sent ambassadors to the neighbouring nations for the purpose of obtaining their sanction to a universal peace. At the birth of our Saviour peace was universal; and our chronicles assert that "Augustus sent his ambassadors into Britain, requesting the Britons to continue peace,"—and that Metellanus the Scottish "King sent many rich jewels to Augustus," by the hands of these ambassadors. When part of the city wall of Perth was taken down about the close of the eighteenth century a pretty large brass coin of Cæsar Augustus, Pontifex maximus, was found in the foundation.—*Stat. Acc.*, vol. xviii., p. 494.

NOTE XIV. Page 120, line 22. GLENLYON HOUSE.

This mansion house is the property of Mr Garden Campbell, of Troup and Glenlyon. It was frequently associated with the more turbulent events of the last three hundred years. Here was for a long time carefully preserved a peculiar stone, believed to possess the rare virtue of rendering whoever was sprinkled with water in which it was dipped, invulnerable in battle. The last time the stone was called into use was on a Sunday in 1746, when several stalwart men from the vicinity assembled to be duly sprinkled with this unfailing charm. All were sprinkled but one man, a tailor, who declared his conviction that the whole affair was a piece of sinful presumption and superstitious credulity. The band set out down the valley, passing the church with banners flying and pipes playing, while the congregation were at worship, and all engaged in the battle of Culloden, from which every one returned unharmed except the courageous tailor, who was killed at the first onset. This, of course, added to the reputation of the stone, but fortunately, happier times prevented its virtues from being tested since that memorable occasion.

NOTE XV. Page 120, lines 24, 25.  
FAMED FORTINGALL, WHOSE AGED YEW,  
STILL BRAVES THE TEMPEST SHOCK.

The Kirkton of Fortingall occupies a very pleasant site, and

has been a place of note for ages. The famous Fortingall Yew, in that part of the church-yard where lie the remains of the Stewarts of Garth, is an object of interest to every intelligent traveller. Pennant, in his Tour, in 1769, speaks of it as at the time of his visit fifty-two feet in circumference. It is now considerably decayed, and forms apparently two distinct trees, but continues quite vigorous. According to Du Candole and others, its age is upwards of two thousand years, probably about two thousand four hundred. It is probably the oldest tree which still continues in a flourishing state in Great Britain.

The church-yard of Fortingall is noteworthy as being the last resting-place of Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, who commanded at the infamous massacre of Glencoe. Lieutenant Colonel Sir Robert MacAra, who fell at Quatre Bras, 16th June, 1815, was born and brought up in the manse.

NOTE XVI. Page 121, line 3. THE JOYOUS CASTLE.

An ancient round tower or castle on the height to the north-east of Kirkton of Fortingall bears the name of *Dun Geal*, or white fort, and must have been a place of great strength and importance when these hill forts were necessary. From it Fortingall takes its name—*Feart-an-dun-ghil*, the green field or plain of the white fort. Tradition and ancient poetry assert that Fingal had twelve of these round towers in Crom-Ghleann, or Glenlyon. In this round tower the King Metellanus is said to have held his court, when the Roman ambassadors with their escort were encamped in the valley below, as stated in a previous note.

Duneaves with the lands of Culdares, formed part of the possessions of Sir Alexander Menzies, the friend and strenuous supporter of King Robert Bruce. His marriage with the sister of Walter, Lord High Stewart of Scotland, the husband of Marjory, daughter to King Robert, brought him into close alliance with his sovereign, and added greatly to his power and consequence. One of his successors gave a grant of Duneaves (*Tenaiffs*) and Culdares to Moncrieff of that Ilk, in whose family these lands remained for several centuries. In 1587, they were held by William Moncrieff of that Ilk, who afterwards sold them to Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy. His son Robert Campbell,

gave these lands as a marriage portion with his daughter to \_\_\_\_\_ Campbell, of the family of Glenlyon, his relative, and they remained in that family till they passed to the late John Stewart Menzies, Esq. of Chesthill, in right of his mother, the heiress of that family, and they were by him sold to John, the second and last Marquess of Breadalbane. The daughter of Sir Robert Campbell, above-mentioned, after the death of her first husband, Campbell of Duneaves, married Patrick MacGregor of Ardechoill, and became by him mother of Lieutenant-Colonel Donald M'Gregor, of His Majesty's army (afterwards Glengyle), and of the celebrated Rob Roy MacGregor.

Garth House, on the north side of the Lyon, and further down is note-worthy as the birth-place and frequent residence of General David Stewart, a gallant and distinguished officer, whose services in the peninsular war, and whose able work commonly known as "Stewart's Sketches," entitle him to grateful remembrance. The property of Garth, on the death of General Stewart, passed by purchase into the possession of Sir Archibald Campbell of Ava, Baronet, whose distinguished services in the first Burmese war are well known. Garth is now the property of Colonel MacDonald MacDonald of St. Martins.

NOTE XVII. Page 121, line 14.

SMALL, SMOKY, RAGGED HOMES THEY SEEM.

Her Majesty, in "Leaves from the Journal of our life in the Highlands," thus writes under date September 9th, 1842—"We took a most beautiful drive, first of all along part of the lake and between the hills—such thorough mountain scenery—and with little huts, so low, so full of peat smoke, that one could hardly see anything for smoke." These hamlets have a ragged look from some houses being allowed to fall into decay. A few years ago on an autumn day, Mr Millais the justly celebrated Artist, was busily sketching one of these hamlets, of course the most ragged looking view he could obtain, I entreated him to leave out the excessively ragged part, but he was inexorable, declaring that that was the most picturesque part of the whole. He was right.

One of these hamlets, Drumcharry, can boast that Prince

Charlie, previous to Culloden, visited one of its smoky houses, which at that time was the residence of MacGregor, his principal piper. The pipes he played at the Battle of Culloden, and throughout the ill-fated campaign, are now in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Atholl.

NOTE XVIII. Page 121, line 18. LYON-FORD.

In 1640, the Earl of Argyle, with a force of about five thousand men attended by a small train of artillery, on his way to burn "the bonnie house o' Airlie," forced the ford of Lyon, where the Earl of Atholl, who was married to Jean, daughter of Sir Duncan Campbell of Glennorchy, Argyle's cousin, made a show of resistance. Argyle sent the Earl of Atholl prisoner to Stirling; and his factor, Sir Thomas Stewart younger of Grandtully, together with twelve of the leading men in the county of Perth, he ordered to ward in Edinburgh till they found security for their good behaviour; and exacted ten thousand pounds Scots for the support of his army.

Out of this affair at Lyon-ford arose a remarkable trial, which is little to the credit of those who forced it on, and a disgrace to the country and its criminal administration. John Stewart of Ladywell, Commissary of the Consistorial Court of Dunkeld, had soon after this rencounter stated to the Earl of Montrose that Argyle and other covenanters had resolved to depose the King, and that he stated something to that effect when Stewart and others were prisoners in his tent at the ford of Lyon, alleging "that the Estates of Parliament, had consulted both lawyers and divines anent the deposing of the king, and gotten resolution to the effect that it might be done in three cases—desertion, invasion, proditor or vendition of the kingdom—and that they once thought to have done it at the last session of parliament, and would do it at the next sitting thereof."

Aikman, in his continuation of Buchanan's History of Scotland, thus speaks of it:—"The witnesses alleged to have been present denied the fact, and Stewart himself retracted the accusation, declaring 'that the Earl of Argyle having spoken of kings in general, and the cases wherein it is thought they might be deposed, the deponent did take these words as spoken of our

king;' and out of the malicious design of revenge confessed that he had added these words: "that the first thing parliament would have begun upon, was to depose the king, and that however they had deferred it, he feared it was the first thing they would fall upon at the next session, or the first thing that will be begun in the next session," and this recantation was verified by the testimony of Sir Thomas Stewart, who having been offered a pension by Traquair, if he would certify Argyle's words in writing, wrote a declaration, which was intercepted on Montrose's messenger, and afterwards attested by Sir Thomas before the Committee of Estates. Argyle, thus implicated in a charge of the most dangerous nature, in order to clear his character from the aspersion, was under the necessity of prosecuting Stewart before the Court of Justiciary for the crime of leasing making, and the unfortunate man being found guilty upon the clearest evidence, suffered the sentence of the law. Argyle himself would have willingly consented to his pardon, but as there were others involved in the calumny as well as he, no application was made for the royal mercy.

"Argyle's memory has been traduced as if he had betrayed Stewart into a confession, by a promise of ensuring his safety, and afterwards infamously allowing him to suffer."

Montrose crossed the ford of Lyon with his troops in 1644, and wasted the whole country from there to Lismore; during the winter of 1644-45 the whole country was subjected to military execution, "nor was there a house left standing, except the strengths, which the savages had not the means of reducing; their corn, their winter stock was consumed; their furniture and effects of every kind destroyed; not a hoof left in the district, for such as they could not drive away, they houghed and cast out in the snow."

NOTE XIX. Page 122, lines 3, 4.

THE BARON'S GORGEOUS HALL,  
RECEIVES THE GAY AND HAPPY THRONG.

At Taymouth Castle, on 9th September 1842, a grand ball was held, in honour of the royal visitors, in the baron's hall, a lofty, spacious, and most magnificent apartment. The number of no-

---

bility and gentry assembled was upwards of a hundred, and included the *elite* of the aristocracy of the county and neighbourhood. Soon after ten o'clock the ball was opened by Her Majesty and the Marquess of Breadalbane, and by Prince Albert and the Duchess of Buccleuch. The Queen and the Prince retired shortly after midnight, but the general company "chased the glowing hours with flying feet" far into the morning.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT—CANTO V.

---

Departure from Taymouth, and progress to Drummond Castle.

---

WHAT dreams had the sleepers, as night  
With her silence held sway!  
We ask not, we tell not, like them  
We depart, and to-day.

The star-spangled curtains of light,  
Now so softly withdrawn,  
Reveal the bright eye of morning,  
With its lid o'er the dawn.

The song-birds are wakeful, the fox  
Steals away to his lair,  
The deer are astir; on the wing  
Are the tenants of air.

Soft-breathing, perfum'd so sweetly,  
The breeze of the mountain  
Moves gently the bloom of the heath,  
The cress of the fountain.

---

And, wafting in fragrance the balm  
Of the health giving flowers,  
Fills deep glen, wild-wood, and valley,  
With the riches it pours.

As morning advances, we bask  
In its sunshine and song,  
And hear the notes of glad voices  
Tripping fondly along.

There's joy on lake and on river,  
Stir on flood and on shore,  
The Queen and Consort, together,  
View dear Taymouth once more.

Ten thousand saluting were there,  
When it first met the view,  
Now thousands in loyal acclaim,  
Say "God speed and adieu."

The chime of departure has rung,  
As they move on their way,—  
The trees they are planting hand down  
The proud deeds of to-day.

Breadalbane's high hearted regard,  
All the ages shall hear,  
And poets approvingly sing,  
Whom we love and revere.



But not the trees they have planted,  
Nor the songs of the Bard,  
Can live or endure, as the Queen  
In her people's regard.

By her deeds she shall live, live too  
Shall the spouse of her love,  
When earth and its glory give place  
To the bright home above.

Now Taymouth, Breadalbane, farewell !  
Farewell peasant and peer !  
The Queen and her consort, once more  
Shall acknowledge your cheer.

The barges are ready—see now  
Where the bargemen await :—  
And see, the Queen is embarking,  
'Mid her nobles in state !

Gaily each banner and pennon,  
Streaming broad on the breeze,  
Reveals the proud pageant, as seen  
On the Tay, through the trees.

From on high in the heav'ns, the sun  
Pours its joyousness down ;  
And the winds are asleep, our hopes  
And our wishes to crown.

There's no swell on the lake—asleep  
Is the sound of its waves ;  
On the gay barges advancing,  
See how gently it laves !

In soft falling ripple, the oar  
Scarce the silence may break,  
As, gliding in grandeur, they pass  
'Neath the bridge to the lake.

How proudly the anthem ascends,  
While the arches resound !  
And the loud shout lipp'd by thousands  
Starts the echoes around !

There's no swell on the water, but  
Hark ! high swell on the air !  
To cheering, rejoicing, the guns  
Their hoarse chorus prepare.

Along the broad lake advancing,  
See they wave their farewell—  
Echoes their pibrochs repeating—  
Hark, how proudly they swell.

That wood embower'd island must share  
In the royal regard :  
Long ages have slumber'd since there  
Alexander kept ward.

His Queen, Sybilla, was dying,  
There she yielded her breath,—  
Beside the building she founded  
She reposes in death.

That island so peaceful hath seen,  
Grand old kings on its sod,  
King Donald, Culdees have held it,  
There Columba has trod.

There, Aidan the holy, revered,  
With his King oft hath pray'd,  
There, monks by their deeds have adorned  
The profession they made.

The din of battle has often  
'Mong its ruins held sway ;  
There heroes—there armies have bled,  
Though 'tis peaceful to-day.

Now peace to its slumbers, repose  
To its mouldering dead ;  
For turmoil and changes—dispeace,  
With the ages have fled.

Loch Tay, let thy waters be true  
To the burden they bear ;  
Nor envy our joys, as we trust  
To thy bosom our care.

---

Ah! near that island King Donald;  
Full of wisdom and grace,  
Thy waters have folded erewhile  
In their fatal embrace.

Afar thy breezes have wafted  
The sad sorrowful tale ;  
And hillside and valley replied  
To the coronach's wail.

But thy waves are now sleeping—see  
How proudly the bargemen  
All bend to their oars—their chorus  
Rings o'er mountain and glen :

Hark to the songs they are singing,  
To their rise and their fall,  
As from each oarsman is welling,  
The words dear unto all !

Thus sing they in dear native speech,  
Leaving foam in their wake,  
While Queen and consort rejoicing,  
Feel the progress they make.

How high they sounded their chorus,  
As they stretched to the oar,  
While leaving behind them the dance  
Of the trees on the shore.

To right and to left, as we go,  
Scenes romantic appear;  
Acharn, with its falls and its cell,  
We leave far in the rear.

Law'rs, with its kirkyard and ruins,  
See! 'tis passing from view:  
Ardeonaig appearing, récedes—  
We are passing it too.

Each cape, glen, and valley, now seen  
But to bid it farewell,  
Reveals homesteads and hamlets, where  
Truth and kindness dwell.

And soon the barges are landing  
So well have they sped;  
Dark woods, and torrents, and mountains,  
Far behind us have fled.

Auchmore we are nearing, see there!  
The gay crowds line the strand;  
And rend the welkin with cheering,  
As the Queen comes to land.

The gallant MacDougall, our guide,  
On thy waters, Loch Tay,  
Exhibits the fam'd "BROOCH OF LORNE,"  
On his bosom to-day.

How chang'd are the times since the Bruce,  
In Glendochart, was fain  
To hasten his flight, with his Brooch  
In the grasp of the slain.

There far to the westward, he fought  
On the field of Dalree ;  
The battle, he lost it—the last  
In retreating was he.

The foemen admired how he watch'd  
And protected his men ;  
Retreating and fighting, till safe  
From pursuit in yon glen.

Aye, till the Braes of Balquhiddel,  
With their rocks and their cave,  
With food and shelter together,  
Joyed the heart of the brave.

See here reposing, how sweetly!  
'Mid its woods is Auchmore,  
Admiring mountain and river  
As they sleep on the shore.

Hark, as the Queen seeks its portals,  
How it joins the refrain !  
As hoarse voicings of cannon wake  
The long echoes again.

The grim keep, to northward, repeats  
And re-echoes the cheer :  
The crags of Glenlochy give back  
The loud welcome they hear.

Where Fingal reposes, the shout  
Is repeated again ;  
And the notes of rejoicing speed  
Over mountain and glen.

In beauty how varied, Killin,  
'Mid the grand and sublime,  
Abounds in song and in story ;  
Scarce affected by time.

The ruins of Finlarig tell  
Of the wild deeds of old,  
When the strong arm of the lawless  
Swept the cot and the fold.

When, on lake and on river, men  
Were slaughtered like cattle,  
Though o'er lone glen and valley rang  
No dire notes of battle.

Kinnel, now so peaceful, once own'd  
The MacNab as its lord ;  
That island, those trees, protection  
To his relics afford :

And still the swift-rolling Dochard  
His sad requiem sings,  
As to the lake and the river,  
Her proud tribute she brings.

Now hark the recal—see the stir !  
The *cortege* preparing  
To haste on its way :—the hostess  
Attention is sharing :

And the Queen, re-appearing, joins  
Her escort, advancing :—  
See, with the cheering, saluting,  
Their war-steeds are prancing.

On, on, she winds up Glen-Dochard,  
As she speeds on her way—  
'Mid hills clad with heather, and turns  
To the southward away.

She bids farewell to Breadalbane  
With its beauties so rare ;  
Farewell to its deep glens—farewell  
To its landscapes so fair.

Farewell high mountains and heather—  
To its dark crowning woods,  
The pride of hills and of valleys :  
Farewell streamlets and floods.



The steep road is toilsome, and slow  
Is the progress we make,  
Till the pass we have clomb, on to  
Laragilly's small lake.

Unsurpass'd 'tis for wildness—  
Wild in sun and in shade ;  
On each side are the mountains, high  
Frowning crag and cascade.

The slope is so sheer, and the pass  
Is so narrow, confined,  
That snow-wreath, or boulder, disturbed,  
Would rush down like the wind.

Wild is the fam'd pass of Kyber,  
But its marrow is here ;  
Yon castle, Loch-Earn protecting,  
Flings its welcoming near.

See, from the pass now emerging,  
House and hamlet appear,  
And down the winding Glenogle  
Comes the Queen we revere.

Now onward, careering, still on,  
Amid scenes ever fair,  
That Inn she is nearing, thousands  
Loudly cheering are there.

---

They've come o'er mountain and moorland,  
By steep glen and defile ;  
From Menteith and Dumbarton,  
From Strathgartney, Glengyle.

And here in Balquhiddel, they join  
In most loyal regard,  
Whose sires were hunted with beagles,  
And from clemency barr'd.

Ah ! bitter and deadly the fruits  
Of doleful Glenfruin,  
To unbefriended Clan Gregor—  
Full of wasting and ruin.

That height to the eastward saw fall  
The last of the beagles ;  
There the last hunted MacGregor,  
Gave its corse to the eagles.

But hunted and landless no more,  
They are loyal and brave :  
See here, the land of Macgregor  
Reaches down to the wave.

When books and tradition are dumb,  
Rob Roy and Balquhiddel,  
Renowned in song and in story,  
Shall perish together.

And the kind, gallant Glencairnaig  
Shall have lost our regard,  
When black dishonour shall flourish  
On brave virtue's reward.

The Braes of Balquhiddar shall then  
Have no charms to delight,  
When days of song and of story  
Shall have ended in night.

Till then, the vow of Clan-Alpine  
In Kirk of Balquhiddar,  
With wild deeds of their daring, shall  
Be mentioned together.

From here, close beside us, rush'd on  
A host of the Highlands  
To crush the fierce Roman legions  
And treat them as brigands.

Far to the eastward, by the crash  
Of their onset, were hurl'd,  
Shatter'd and broken, the squadrons  
That conquer'd the world.

But now, at the head of Loch Earn,  
A Sovereign more glorious  
Than Caesar shares our rejoicing,  
Beloved, victorious.

---

And the brave clans of Balquhiddier  
With loud welcome are near,  
While the kind-hearted Ardvorlich  
Takes the lead in the cheer.

The Queen and Prince Albert admire  
This vale and that mountain,  
And scan with loving devotion  
The flood and the fountain.

For the vale of Strath-Earn 's to them  
A dear name of renown,  
For its Duke was father to her  
Who is wearing the crown.

Every change in the landscape conveys  
New delights to the eye,  
The mountain-knit barriers ascend  
In grand crowds to the sky.

Now see! The grim curl on Loch Earn,  
The dark loom of the cloud,  
Speak of change—but hark yet again  
To the cheering more aloud.

The notes they are voicing, are notes  
Of glad kindly farewell,  
And the chorus re-echoes o'er  
Mountain, moorland, and fell.

The cannon take up the refrain,  
As the Queen bids adieu  
To head of Loch-Earn, Balquhiddier—  
To hearts loyal and true.

All safe may she travel enshrin'd  
In her people's regard,  
With their weal and their blessing  
As her fondest reward.

The sounds of feud and of foray  
Are hush'd, and for ever,  
Peace, progress, and truth, depart from  
Balquhiddier shall never.

The progress and cheers of to-day,  
And the pass o'er the hill,  
The Queen as she moves on her way,  
Shall remember them still.

How fleetly she speeds:—how fondly  
She scans hamlet and home,  
How sweetly she smiles to crowds that  
To her welcoming come !

Here we pass by Ardveich  
To clan Laurin so dear,  
They have held it for ages, list  
To their welcoming cheer.

The Queen still onward careering,  
That Island, imploring,  
Attracts her regard, its ruins  
Dark deeds still deploring.

The MacNab had fiercely come down,  
Like a wolf from his den,  
On night of carousal cut off  
The bold Neish and his men:

Then hasted away to his lair  
'Mong his tribe at Kinnell,  
Lest dawn of the morning should sound  
To his clan the death knell.

That dark deed of blood, unforgot,  
Hath rescued for ever  
The Neish—his wrongs and his story—  
They perish shall never.

Here St. Fillans, gay, neat, and trim,  
Its kindly welcome bestows:—  
Its guests are unfrequent—but few  
E'er disturb its repose.

The vale, O how narrow! the rocks  
And the mountains how high!  
Crag, peak, cliff and corrie, rush on  
In bold haste to the sky!

And the hill of the saint, in calm  
And defiant recline,  
Rises sheer from the Earn, its trees  
With rich verdure to twine.

Our country's proud war hosts have there,  
Though hard pressed held their own:—  
The sons of Rome and her eagles  
O'er the cliff they have thrown.

And Wallace beside it, bade them rest, who  
Were too tired for the fray,  
While with trusted Gilmichael, he  
Hasted westward away.

Away to bold pass of Brandir,  
The MacFayden to tame—  
With Knight of Lochow and MacGregor,  
Proud war—friendship to claim.

See here by the way—well mounted  
A band, peaceful and still,—  
Hark now they are voicing the cheer  
With hearty good will.

These are the men of Duneira  
And Sir David's there too—  
The Queen may not stay, she but bids  
Him reluctant adieu.

Duneira, we pass it, and on—  
See that mountain, mark well,  
Its bold rugged form and contour ;  
Trace each cliff, scaur and fell.

'Tis Mons Grampius—you have heard  
Of its fame long ago,  
When the brave hosts of Caledon  
Hurl'd their might on the foe.

And thundered with chariot and spear  
At its base, and defied  
The might of old Rome to retain  
The strong grasp of its pride.

When they strove, in speach and in act,  
To defend and maintain  
Their country, unconquer'd and free,  
And lost ground to regain.

When retreating and fighting, they gain'd  
The dense wood and the cave,  
And return'd again and again,  
Still unconquer'd and brave.

They return'd united and free,  
Risking all in the fight,  
And swept the field of their foemen,  
To their country's delight.



See here, on our right, Abruchill,  
With its woods, meet the eye,  
While Dunmore, abutting to left,  
Rears its column so high.

And tells how Dundas, honour'd name,  
For his country, revered,  
In toil and in danger liv'd on—  
Died regretted, endear'd.

Here, Comrie, reposing at peace,  
Free from earthquake and flood,  
Nestles close from wind and from rain ;  
In its lair by the wood.

How loyal the thousands have prov'd,  
Standing out in the rain ;  
The welkin rings with their cheering,  
Voic'd again and again.

The Queen and her Consort approve  
Their loud hearty regard,  
And with smiling look and farewell  
Their kind glances reward.

As they scan that river-form'd plain,  
Stretching southward away,  
There Agricola's legions were.  
Placed in hostile array.

They think of their country with pride :  
Enshrined in her glory  
Great Galgacus lives—lives renown'd  
In song and in story.

Unheed we the legends of Rome,  
Full of vaunting and pride,  
That loudly tell us of conquest,  
Which known facts have belied.

There surely our forefathers bled,  
Their pathway, how gory !  
But bleeding, they fought and o'ercame ;—  
We joy in their glory.

Who would tarnish their fame, be he  
Coward, simpleton, knave ;  
We hurl him defiance and scorn,  
Chains and scourge to the slave.

The day is declining—and hark  
We must on and away ;  
Our Queen, in her progress, receives  
Hearty welcome to-day !

Here Law's we are passing, and see !  
Right before us appears  
That monument tall, proudly rais'd  
In sad widowhood's tears.

All worthy the hero—it points  
Up aloft to the sky :  
Tells of endurance and valour,  
That call tears from the eye.

Here is Murray, Sir William—he  
Waits so gallant and brave,  
With his tenants for escort, boon  
From his Sovereign to crave ;

That she pass through his lands, and see  
Scenes so rich and so fair—  
Of wood, glen, and valley—high crag  
And that lochlet so rare.

They pass 'mid the grand and sublime  
Where King Kenneth had died,—  
On past the church of the Murrays,  
Where the torch was applied.

And the feud of the Drummonds prov'd  
Oh, how deadly and dire !  
In that church, not far from the lake,  
At thy gate, Ochertyre.

Still on—on by scenes ever fair,  
Till Crieff they are nearing.  
And the mass—dense, loyal, and true—  
So loudly are cheering.

Drummond Castle, at length, and now  
'Mid loud welcome they gain ;  
Joyful and silent, pass on, and  
Haste them in from the rain.

---

### NOTES TO CANTO V.

NOTE I. Page 135, lines 20, 21.

THE TREES THEY ARE PLANTING HAND DOWN

THE PROUD DEEDS OF TO-DAY.

On the morning of Saturday, the 10th of September, 1842, the Queen and Prince Albert, previous to leaving Taymouth for Drummond Castle, planted two trees each; an Oak and a Scotch fir in the old flower garden of the castle. During the interesting operation, the attendant nobles and visitors at the castle, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earls of Aberdeen, Liverpool, and Morton, Lord Kinnaird, Sir Rober Peel, the Honourable Fox Maule, &c, were looking on and remained uncovered. "An oak was first placed in the ground by the Marquess of Breadalbane, assisted by his principal forester, Mr Donald Dewar, and Her Majesty then taking the small and handsome spade of fine steel, that had been made for the purpose, the handle being covered with crimson velvet, threw in upon the roots of the tree three shovels full of earth. Her Majesty went through the same operation with a Scotch fir, and Prince Albert followed, planting a fir first and an oak afterwards. The scene was extremely interesting. The trees then committed to the bounteous earth by the Monarch and her Consort will be carefully tended, and will in all probability, tell to future generations the story of their visit to Taymouth Castle."

A short time before the lamented death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the oak he planted was considerably injured by a fall of snow. Those given to observe times and seasons concluded that some great calamity would soon overtake his Royal Highness. His early death which almost immediately followed was an unspeakable calamity to Her Majesty and to the whole nation.

## NOTE II. Page 136, line 14. THE BARGES ARE READY.

On Her departure from Taymouth, Her Majesty embarked on the river Tay, a little below Kenmore Bridge, in a most magnificent state barge, and accompanied by four other barges and two light gigs proceeded up Loch Tay to Auchmore. Amid the deafening acclamations of assembled thousands, who thronged the bridge and lined the shore, the sweet swell of the National Anthem, and the roar of cannon, the Royal Barge swept majestically onward, the centre figure in a scene of unsurpassed magnificence, far transcending the painter's art, the conception of the poet, and the pen of the historian—a living, real, thoroughly Highland, patriotic, loyal, and royal scene.

## NOTE III. Page 137, line 10. HOW PROUDLY THE ANTHEM ASCENDS.

A writer of that day says "oft as we have listened to that sublime air and in association with the presence of different sovereigns, the same never seemed to sound so beautifully as now, when the Queen of England and her illustrious Consort were seen gliding in this splendid barge towards the bridge, and the next moment issuing into the waters of Loch Tay, the view opening on every side like some enchanting fairy scene. There was a placid grandeur in the spectacle far exceeding all the most elaborate combinations of pageantry."

NOTE IV. Page 137, lines 16, 17. THE GUNS  
THEIR HOARSE CHORUS PREPARE.

As the Royal Barge was emerging from the river on to the broad waters of the lake a salute was fired from a barge placed for the purpose, a short distance above the Bridge. The different shore batteries delivered a parting salute, the pipers sounded the thrilling notes of the pibroch, the crowds of people on the shore voiced their farewell cheer of hearty loyalty, enthusiastic good wishes, and loving God-speed, and the Royal visitors were borne swiftly along the placid waters of Loch Tay, and safely landed on the quiet strand of Auchmore, 16 miles to the westward.

## NOTE V. Page 137, line 22. THAT WOOD EMBOWER'D ISLAND.

The Island of Loch Tay, anciently called Aidan's Isle, is of an elliptical form, and little more than an acre in extent. The

ruins which strew its surface are those of a Priory, which gave place in more modern times to a strong keep or fortress. The ruins consist of two side walls 148 feet long, two gable walls 24 feet, with three transverse walls parallel to these, dividing the interior of the building into four compartments of unequal dimensions.

There was a Culdee institution here for many centuries, and it was the occasional resort of several Scottish Kings. King Donald IV. of pious memory, Aidan's friend and patron, frequently sought its hallowed precincts, and might at times be seen on the lake engaged in fishing as his royal pastime. While thus engaged in A.D. 646, he was unfortunately drowned, and his remains so soon as recovered received the usual tribute of wailing, "devout men carried him to his burial and made great lamentation over him," and the shrill notes of the Coronach or lamentation for the dead woke to sadness the echoes of the distant Benmore, as the solemn funeral flotilla moved slowly up the lake, bearing the body so far on its way to the sepulchre of the Scottish Kings in the sacred Island of Iona.

During the residence of King Alexander I. on the island, his Queen, Sibilla, daughter of Henry I. of England, fell sick and died. At her own request she was buried on the island, and Alexander in 1122 founded a Priory there as evidenced by the charter of foundation of above date; the tenor whereof follows:—"Alexander, by the grace of God, King of Scots, to the Bishops and Earls, and to all his faithful subjects in the whole of Scotland, health. I make it known to you, that for the honour of God and Saint Mary, and of all the saints, I have given for myself, and for the soul of Queen Sibilla, the Island of Loch Tay, in perpetual possession, with all the rights pertaining to the same island, to Holy Trinity (Abbey) of Scone, and to the brotherhood serving God there by monastic rule, so that a Church of God he built there for me, and for the soul of the Queen there deceased, and that they serve God there in the religious habit. And this I grant to them in the meantime, until I shall have given them another augmentation, by which means that place may be renowned for the service of God. Herbert, Chancellor, witness. At Stirling."

The Priory thus founded as an appanage or cell of Scone,

continued, we may well conceive, devoted to the purposes for which it was first erected, until for some reason it was transformed into a nunnery, which it undoubtedly was for a considerable period.

Tradition has it that the three nuns who were the last religious residents on the island, were in the habit of frequenting a fair or market, then held at Inchadin, opposite Taymouth Castle. This must have been before the close of the fifteenth century, and previous to the coming of the Campbells of Lochawe into that neighbourhood as proprietors. The *Chronicle of Forthingall* states that the market (*Feill an ro' ban naomh*) at which these nuns were wont to appear, was in 1565 "halden and begun at the Kenmor, at the end of Lochthay, and ther was na Margat nor Feyr haldyn at Inchadan, quhar it was wynt till be haldin. Al this don be Collyn Campbell of Glenurquhay."

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Fair Maid of Perth*, speaking of what took place in 1396, and describing the funeral of the captain of the Clan Quhele, whom he represents as having died at the Castle of Finlarig, near Killin, and whose remains were borne down the lake on the clan barge, says of the island of Loch Tay—"Summoned forth from their convent by the wail of the nearing Coronach, heard proceeding from the attendants of the funeral barge, the monks began to issue from their lowly portal, with cross and banner, and as much of ecclesiastical state as they had the means of displaying, their bells at the same time, of which the edifice possessed three, pealing the death-toll over the long lake, which came to the ears of the now silent multitude, mingled by the solemn chant of the Catholic Church, raised by the monks in their solemn procession. This holy place had been deemed of dignity sufficient to be the deposit of the remains of the captain of the Clan Quhele till the times should permit of his body being conveyed to a distinguished convent in the north, where he was destined ultimately to repose with his ancestry."

Sir Colin Campbell, second son of "Duncane in Aa, Knight of Lochow, and of his spouse, Margaret Stewart, daughter to Murdoch, Duke of Albany, built "the barmekyn wall of the Isle of Loch Tay, and the toure of Straphilane." He died in

1480. His son, Sir Duncan, who was killed at Flodden in 1513, "biggit the great hall, chapel, and chambers in the Isle of Loch Tay." "The Island of Loch Tay was burned down from the careless negligence of servants on Palm Sunday, the 31st March, 1509." "Mariotte Stewart, Lady of Glenurquhay, died at the island of Loch Tay; and was buried at Finlarig in 1524." "Sir John Campbell, 5th Laird of Glenurquhay, decessit in the isle of Loch Tay, in 1550." These notices from the "Black Book" of Taymouth are all we have for centuries to connect the Island of Loch Tay with passing events. We next read of it in 1644, when a number of Campbells fortified themselves among the ruins on the island. Montrose took and garrisoned it, and it was held by the Loyalists, in defiance of the opposite party, and to their constant annoyance, till General Monk retook it in 1654; from which date it has continued solitary and unregarded.

Loch Tay and Loch Earn were greatly agitated on the 12th September, 1784. The following graphic description of the strange phenomenon, as to Loch Tay, may prove interesting to the reader. "The air was calm, not a breath of wind was stirring. About nine o'clock in the morning the water at the east end of the loch ebbd about 300 feet, and left the channel dry. It gradually accumulated and rolled on about 300 feet further to the westward, when it met a similar wave rolling in a contrary direction. When these waves met, they rose to a perpendicular height of five or six feet, producing a white foam upon the top. The water then took a lateral direction southward, rushing to the shore, and rising upon it four feet beyond the highest water mark. It then returned, and continued to ebb and flow every seven minutes for two hours, the waves gradually diminishing every time they reached the shore, until the whole was quiescent. During the whole of that week, at a later hour in the morning, there was the same appearance, but not with such violence."

NOTE VI. Page 140, line 4. ACHARN.

The falls and hermitage of Acharn, about two miles west from Kenmore, on the south side of Loch Tay, are well deserving the attention of the visitor. The School house of Acharn boasts a small bell said to have been at a remote period the parish church



bell of Balquhiddy, which found its way to Breadalbane through the kind offices of the noted Rob Roy.

NOTE VII. Page 140, line 6, LAWERS WITH ITS KIRK-YARD AND RUINS.

Lawers, on the north side of Loch Tay, at the base of Ben-Lawers, was for long the property of a family of the name of Campbell, several of whom have occupied an illustrious place in the annals of their country. The property was acquired by the noble house of Breadalbane in the last century, the then Lord Breadalbane having got the Laird of Lawers to accept the lands of Fordel, near Comrie in Strathearn, in exchange; and the lands thus acquired have been since known as Lawers, in the parish of Monzievaird. The Macmillans are alleged to have been at one time possessors of Lawers, and to have been dispossessed by Chalmers of Lawers, in the reign of David II. The ancient church of Lawers, now in ruins, lies in a sweet bay at the side of the loch; and a Lady of Lawers, having the repute of being a wise woman, and to whom many prophetic sayings are ascribed, is alleged to have said that when a certain tree, which would grow out of her grave was as high as the gable of the church the house of Breadalbane would be nearly extinct, and great troubles would arise as to the rightful heir.

NOTE VIII. Page 140, line 8. ARDEONAIG.

Ardeonaig is the name of a small district on the south side of Loch Tay, about seven miles west from Kenmore. It was anciently a Parish but has been for long united to Killin. It was for a considerable period the property of the Earls of Lennox from whom it fell to the Haldanes of Gleneagles, who sold it to the Earl of Breadalbane. The village of Ardeonaig is a delightful retreat.

Lands around Loch Tay were in the fourteenth century in the hands of many proprietors. The Earls of Atholl, Fife, and Lennox held large portions of these lands, not to speak of many smaller proprietors of less note.

NOTE IX. Page 140, line 24. "BROOCH OF LORNE."

Captain MacDougall, R.N., of Lorne and Dunolly was in command of the Royal Barge, and displayed on his left shoulder

what is called the "Brooch of Lorne." Her Majesty thus speaks of it in her most interesting and touching "Journal of our Life in the Highlands." "Captain MacDougall, who steered, and who is the head of the MacDougalls, showed us the real 'Brooch of Lorne,' which was taken by his ancestor from Robert Bruce in a battle." Sir Walter Scott thus sings of it in the '*Lord of the Isles*'—

- "Whence the brooch of burning gold,  
That clasps the chieftain's mantlefold,  
Studded fair with gems of price,  
On the varied tartans beaming,  
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming  
Fainter now, now seen afar,  
Fitful shines the northern star ?
- "Gem ! ne'er wrought on Highland mountain.  
Did the fairy of the fountain,  
Or the mermaid of the wave,  
Frame thee in some coral cave ?  
Did in Iceland's darksome mine  
Dwarf's swart hands thy metal twine ?  
Or, mortal moulded, comest thou here,  
From England's love, or France's fear ?
- "No !—thy splendours nothing tell  
Foreign art or fairy spell.  
Moulded thou for monarch's use,  
By the over-weening Bruce,  
When the royal robe he tied  
O'er a heart of wrath and pride ;  
Thence in triumph wert thou torn,  
By the victor hand of Lorn !
- "When the gem was won and lost,  
Widely was the war-cry toss'd !  
Rung aloud, Bendourish fell,  
Answered Douchart's sounding dell,  
Fled the deer from wild Tyndrum,  
When the homicide, o'ercome,  
Hardly 'scaped with scathe and scorn,  
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn !

"Vain was then the Douglas brand !  
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand !  
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk ;  
Making sure of murder's work !  
Barendown fled fast away,  
Fled the fiery De la Haye,  
When this brooch triumphant borne,  
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn !  
"Farthest fled its former lord,  
Left his men to brand and cord,  
Bloody brand of Highland steel,  
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.  
Let him fly from coast to coast,  
Dogg'd by Comyn's vengeful ghost,  
While his spoils in triumph worn,  
Long shall grace victorious Lorn."

The battle of Dalree was fought in 1306, almost immediately after that of Methven. King Robert Bruce, and his small army of friends and adherents, was attacked in Glendochard, near Tyndrum, about twenty miles west from Killin, by MacDougall of Lorn, and his allies, the MacNabs of Glendochard. Bruce was defeated, but earned the unwilling admiration of the conquerors by the great prowess he had shown, and the skilful and courageous manner in which he led off his men. He placed himself in the rear of his followers, and protected their retreat with the utmost gallantry. "Look at him," said John of Lorn ; "he guards his men from us as Gaul the son of Morni protected his host from the fury of Fingal." Tradition asserts that in the retreat from the battle of Dalree Bruce was deprived of his mantle and brooch, leaving both in the death grasp of one of two assailants who had vowed to be his death. The *Traditions of Perthshire* say, the probability is that these assailants were MacNabs, as Barbour designates them as of *that land*, meaning Strathfillan, where the battle was fought. It is alleged that the brooch of Bruce fell into the hands of Angus Mor, chief of the MacNabs, who commanded that clan at Dalree, upon the death of the *Mac-an-dorusers*, Bruce's assailants, who had been killed on the spot, and that it was preserved at Kinnel till the middle of the seventeenth

century, when Kinnel was plundered and burnt by the Campbells of Glenlyon; that it remained in possession of the Glenlyon Campbells till the marriage of the heiress of that family with Garden of Troup; that then it passed into that family with whom it is still preserved. The "brooch of Lorn" was lost, or at all events disappeared, in the seventeenth century, when the Castle of Dunolly was burnt by the MacNeills, assisted by the Campbells of Barghleann. It was believed to have been carried off by the Campbells, who are said to have sold it in 1822. It, or one like it, was discovered in the window of a jeweller's shop in London by General Campbell of Lochnell, who purchased and presented it to MacDougall of Dunolly. General Campbell had never seen the "Lorn brooch," but was told by the jeweller that this was the missing relic. The MacNab brooch is said by competent judges to be of greater antiquity than that of Lorn. A brooch similar to that of Lorn, but larger and finer, was hereditary in the family of MacLean of Loch Buy, but having passed out of the family, has been lost sight of since 1774.

It may be doubted whether Bruce did lose his brooch at Dalree, or if he did, he must have had more than one of the same kind, as shortly afterwards, when on his way to Rachrim, we find him presenting Ferquhard MacKay of Ugadell in Kintyre with his brooch, which he took from his mantle. This brooch still continues in the possession of the descendants of MacKay.

NOTE X. Page 141, line 14. THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

Bruce, in his retreat from Dalree, entered the Braes of Balquhidder, pursued by his victorious enemies. Himself last to retreat, and covering the retreat of his men, he is said to have taken post when hotly pursued on a large piece of rock in Loch Voil, on its northern shore and near its western end. On this rock the Bruce was fiercely assailed by the few who were bold enough to follow so far. His weapon, ever ready at his hand, flashed in its terrible sweep as his assailants fell in heaps beside the rock, and not until the last of them bit the dust, or pressed the waters of oblivion, did the king follow his men, who had retreated to the wild and inaccessible recesses of what

has ever since been known as the king's rock (Craig-ree). In a cave in this mountain fastness the king remained in safety for a few days, the Laird of MacGregor, his staunch supporter and warm adherent, doing all in his power to procure fitting supplies for the king and his exhausted followers. The cave is still pointed out to the inquiring traveller, and the stone in the lake still marks the spot where the Bruce kept his own against all comers till his men were safe from pursuit.

The Braes of Balquhider have figured in song and in story from the earliest period of our history; and many a beautiful legend may still be found floating there—legends which, however beautiful and true, will soon go to swell the treasures of oblivion. Who has not heard the touching song of Tannahil—

“The Braes of Balquhider?”

“THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

“LET us go, lassie go

To the braes of Balquhither,

Where the blaeberries grow

'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;

Where the deer and the rae,

Lightly bounding together,

Sport the lang simmer day

On the Braes o' Balquhither.

“I will twine thee a bower,

By the clear siller fountain,

And I'll cover it o'er

Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;

I will range through the wilds,

And the deep glens sae dreary,

And return wi' their spoils,

To the bower o' my dearie.

“When the rude wintry win'

Idly raves round our dwelling,

And the roar of the Linn

On the night breeze is swelling;

So merrily we will sing,

As the storm rattles o'er us,

'Till the dear shealing ring

Wi' the light liltin' cho' us.

"Now the simmer is in prime,  
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 A' the moorlands perfuming;  
 To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad innocence reigns,  
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither."

NOTE XI. Page 141, line 19. AUCHMORE.

Auchmore, on the south of Loch Tay about a mile from the western extremity of the lake, commands an extensive view of Loch Tay and of the very grand and varied scenery by which it is surrounded. It is a very sweet sylvan retreat, sleeping on the hillside, at the feet of rugged mountain barriers, whose tall summits are ever familiar with mists, and clouds, and storms, fanned by the soft breath of the gentle morning breeze, bathed in sunshine, or rudely swept by the fitful onset of the resistless whirlwind. This is truly a "land of mountain and flood of brown heath and shaggy wood," Stern and wild but full of beauty, full of poetry, and full of doleful memories. The hand of the spoiler has been here, and his work too frequently appears in "the lines of confusion and the stones of emptiness," which mark all that remains of happy homes, where a hardy peasantry were reared, and from which in days gone by brave warriors took the field to maintain Britain's right—to fight for crown and country in advancement of Britain's glory.

NOTE XII. Page 142, line 2. THE GRIM KEEP TO NORTHWARD.

This is the ruined castle of Finlairg. It was rebuilt by Sir Duncan Campbell, black Duncan of the Cowl, the seventh Lord and the first Baronet, who died about 1630. The Chapel of Finlairg, the place of Sepulture of the Breadalbane family, was built by Sir Colin Campbell, the third laird, after 1513 "to be ane buriall for himself and his posteritie." It was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Sir Duncan the 7th Laird adorned the Chapel "with pavement and painterie," and in 1640 the organs in the Chapel were inventoried as heirlooms.

Finlairg was the property of Sir John Drummond of Stobhall,

in 1400, and continued in the family till about the close of the century, when it appears to have passed into the hands of Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurquhay, who fell at Flodden. It was the residence of the Breadalbane family till the close of the 17th century. Lord Cardross took possession of it for the government in autumn, 1689. It was occupied by the Argyle Militia in 1745. Here Duncan Ladassach Macgregor, and his two sons were beheaded in 1552.

NOTE XIII. Page 142, line 10. KILLIN.

Killin is the burial place of Fingal. The grave of Fingal, the father of Ossian, is pointed out a little to the east of the village. Killin has been greatly admired by the lovers of nature. Dr MacCulloch says—"Killin is the most extraordinary collection of extraordinary scenery in Scotland, unlike anything else in the country, and perhaps on earth, and a perfect picture gallery in itself, since you cannot move three yards without meeting a new landscape. The separate scenes are produced by very slight changes of position, and are often found in very unexpected places. Fir trees, rocks, torrents, mills, bridges, houses, these produce the great bulk of the middle landscape, under endless combinations, while the distant ones are now constantly found in the surrounding hills, in their varied woods, in the bright expanse of the lake and the minute ornaments of the distant valley, in the rocky and bold summit of Craig Cailleach, and in the lofty vision of Benlawers, which towers like a huge giant out of the clouds, the monarch of the scene."

NOTE XIV. Page 142, line 16.

THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAWLESS.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the highlands of Scotland were constantly agitated by petty feuds and clan battles, infested by freebooters, and a prey to the rapacity of unscrupulous and designing men. Worse than all, and in aggravation of the general lawlessness which prevailed in many districts, and especially in the glens and districts not very remote from Killin, the cruel, bloody, persistent, and exterminating persecution of the MacGregors, too frequently resulted in men being slaughtered like cattle. Nor were the innocent and

the feeble allowed to escape the common ruin. All—men and women, the children and the aged—shared in the doom, which, provoked by the very few, had been wickedly extended to the many. The battle of Stronchlachain was fought on the height behind Killin, between the Campbells and the MacDonalds of Glencoe, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and proved very disastrous to the Campbells in the first instance, as eighteen of the principal members of that family fell in the conflict; but it proved most disastrous to the MacDonalds, as to it may be traced the infamous massacre of Glencoe.

NOTE XV. Page 142, line 22. KINNEL.

Kinnel, near the confluence of the Dochart with Loch Tay, was for many ages the residence of the Laird of MacNab. (For his descent see Canto ii, note 2.) The Laird of MacNab fought against Robert Bruce in 1306 at Dalree. His lands were then very extensive. In 1553 the Laird of MacNab mortgaged a great part of his lands to Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, and they are now merged into the possessions of the house of Breadalbane. The island in the Dochard at Killin is the burial place of the MacNabs, a lone, sepulchral isle, round which the Dochard murmurs its ever-varying, never-ending Coronach.

NOTE XVI. Page 143, line 8. THE HOSTESS.

After partaking of luncheon, and taking a warm leave of the Marchioness of Breadalbane, Her Majesty and Prince Albert proceeded on their way, passing by Killin, up Glendochar to Lix Toll, where they turned to the south, ascending the steep hill road, and entering Strathearn by the pass of Glenogle, the similarity of which to the prints of the Kyber Pass in the Panjaub, Hindostan, impressed itself on the mind of the royal travellers. Near Lix Toll, as the legend tells, those who were carrying the remains of St. Fillan, recently deceased at Dundurn, in Strathearn, came to blows, the one party insisting that the saint should be buried in his own church at Strathfillan, and the other as keenly contending that he should be buried at Killin, both churches having been founded by him. The coffin, or bier, was laid down by the side of the road till the strongest side should win; but on one of the company looking



round there were two coffins instead of one, and as this appeared to be a miracle wrought to prevent bloodshed, each party took up a coffin, and believing they had the remains of the saint, went away to their own dear native place and completed the interment.

King Robert Bruce founded an abbey at Strathfillan in Glendochard in 1328, and conferred on it the £5 land of Ochertyre, near Crieff. These lands are now called Quiga, a corruption of "Cuig," *five*. When it became secularized we have no evidence to show, but soon after 1432 we find that Sir Colin Campbell built the "toure of Straphillane."

NOTE XVII. Page 144, line 16. YON CASTLE.

The Castle of Edinample stands sentinel on the Pass of Glenogle, and on the old road through Glenample, and commands a fine view of the head of Lochearn, the property of the Breadalbane trustees, and originally built by Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchay. It has frequently changed ownership. It has been the property of the noble house of Argyll for a short period—was the property of Shaw of Cambusmore about the middle of the seventeenth century, and passing through various hands, now forms part of the princely estates of Breadalbane. In 1645 it was besieged by Campbell of Ardkinglas, at the head of about 1200 Campbells. The siege was raised at sight of Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, at the head of 700 Atholl men, who, pursuing the Campbells through Glenample, came up with them at Callander, where a battle was fought around the site of the present manse, in which the Campbells were defeated, few of whom ever returned to their own country.

Near Edinample Castle are the remains of St. Blaas's Chapel. This Culdee saint, to whom Dunblane Cathedral was dedicated, flourished about 1000 A.D.

NOTE XVIII. Page 144, line 20. THAT INN.

At the Inn of Lochearnhead Her Majesty changed horses, and was joined by a fresh escort composed of the 6th Dragoons. A large assemblage awaited Her Majesty's arrival, and gave a most enthusiastic reception to her and her Royal consort.

## NOTE XIX. Page 145, line 12. CLAN GREGOR.

Balquhiddar has been called the MacGregor country. Their possessions were anciently very extensive, reaching from Taymouth to the head of Glenlyon, including Glendochar, and embracing Glenurchay.

As a race they have been distinguished for an indomitable spirit of bold independence, for heavy misfortunes, long continued persecutions, severe and grievous wrongs. Warrants to attack, imprison, and slaughter the MacGregors were issued so early as 1563. An Act of Parliament of 1603, followed by others in 1613, 1617, and 1633, authorised a war of extermination against the clan, who had this one great misfortune to lament that at court they had no one able or willing to stand out in their behalf or to tell their side of the story. They had thus to suffer from the calumnies, the exaggerations, and the wilful misrepresentations of their enemies. Acts of Privy Council, proclamations, and commissions of justiciary were issued from time to time against the devoted clan; and the Privy Council agreed to give a specified sum of money for every head of a MacGregor that might be brought to Edinburgh in virtue of these blood-thirsty edicts.

At the Restoration, in 1661, the acts against the MacGregors were repealed, and their family name, with other privileges, restored: but former acts were re-enforced by the Revolution Parliament in 1691. In the words of John Hill Burton—"It was not until the year 1775 that the opprobrium thrown on the name of MacGregor was removed by an Act of the British Parliament. Since that day the once dreaded name has been sounded with respect at drawing-room doors, in levees, in bank parlours, and on the hustings. It has fallen to the lot of many eminent and worthy men; and, singularly enough, the only Highland clan which strives to keep its ancient ties, and assemble together in a body, is that same clan Gregor, to whom it was prohibited to convene in numbers exceeding four at a time."

The Battle of Glenfruin, fought in 1603 between the MacGregors under Alaster MacGregor of Glenstrae and the Colquhouns, aided by a number of Buchanans, under Sir Alexander Colquhoun of Luss, proved fatal in the first instance

to more than two hundred of the Colquhouns and their allies, while of the MacGregors only two fell. But in the long run it proved most disastrous to the clan Gregor. Their name was proscribed, their property forfeited, and the whole clan visited with relentless and exterminating persecution. Their wives were to be branded on the face with a red hot key. They and their bairns were to be put at the disposal of the council, and any one harbouring them was to be treated as a MacGregor.

NOTE XX. Page 145, line 15. THE LAST OF THE BEAGLES.

The MacGregors, it will be remembered, were hunted with beagles, or blood-hounds, and tradition relates that the last of these was shot down by a hunted MacGregor on the shoulder of the hill fronting the inn at Lochearnhead, on the north east.

NOTE XXI. Page 145, line 18. LANDLESS NO MORE.

The MacGregors were deprived of their lands by the legislature, in virtue of those persecuting Acts of Parliament and Council already referred to, and rendered desperate under the infliction, during long years of cruelty and wrong, may well be allowed to express the feelings of determined resistance and high-handed revenge, in which they too frequently indulged, in the words of the well known song—

“THE MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

“The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,  
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day;  
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,  
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful halloo!  
Then halloo! halloo! halloo! Gregarach!

“If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
Give their roof to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles,  
Then gather! gather! gather! Gregarach!  
While there's leaves in the forest and foam on the river,  
MacGregor despite them shall flourish for ever.

Glenorchy's proud mountain, Kilchurn and her tow'rs,  
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours.

We're landless! landless! landless! Gregarach!  
Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,  
O'er the tops of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,

And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,  
E'er our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.  
Then halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! 'Gregarach !

The Estate of the Chief of Clan Gregor comes quite close to the Inn at Lochearnhead, the late Baronet, Sir John A. M. B. MacGregor was highly esteemed and died at his post in 1851, as Governor of the Virgin Islands. The present Baronet is much respected, and as a Commander in the Royal Navy, upholds the honour of his clan, maintains the dignity of his country, and reflects credit on his distinguished ancestry.

NOTE XXII. Page 145, line 23. ROB ROY.

Rob Roy MacGregor was the brother of Lieutenant Colonel Donald MacGregor of Glengyle. Colonel MacGregor appears to have served in the army previous to 1689—as in that year we find him taking an active part in those measures resorted to by the friends and adherents of James VII. He was probably in the battle of Killiecrankie, under Viscount Dundee; he was at the battle of Dunkeld, on the 21st August, and on the 24th we find him at Blair Castle with other Highland chiefs entering into a bond of association to support the cause of King James, and for mutual protection, after which they departed to their own homes. We find him entering on a contract of friendship, and for their mutual interests with John Buchanan of Arnprior, each engaging for that branch of their respective clans of which he was the head, dated at Buchanan and Glengyle on the 23d and 24th May, 1693. Rob Roy assumed the name of Campbell, that of his mother, and in a contract dated at Buchanan and Bardowie the 28th and 29th days of November, 1703, he is styled “Robert Campbell of Inversnait, and one of the Curators of James Graham of Glengyle” (Gregor Glun-du.) His history is too well known to require any lengthened account; after many changes of fortune we find him in 1715, at Sherifffmuir, but he took no part in the battle. He marched at the head of 150 of his MacGregors and took possession of Falkland Palace, laying the country around under contribution. Here he remained so long as it suited his purpose or convenience; we next find him seizing Broughty Castle near Dundee, so that though averse to joining either side at Sherifff-

muir, like *Hal of the Wynd*, he had no objections to "fecht for his ain hand." Prosecuted, persecuted—at times under hiding, at other times raising Black Mail, and suppressing the lawlessness of others—aiding friends—defeating enemies—hunted by the Duke of Atholl—protected by the Duke of Argyll—coming to the aid of the Laird of Grant against the Shaws—or sweeping the lands of Aberuchil—as the quiet tenant—the forgiving, though much wronged laird—or the turbulent and wandering chieftain—in all circumstances, under every change of fortune we find him exhibit much sterling worth—much that we cannot help admiring—so that however much we may deprecate his turbulence, to which he was often compelled, however much we deplore his faults, to which inclination led him, and to which opportunity opened the door, we must admire the man and give him credit for doing much towards the comfort and safety of those who entrusted to him the protection of their property—and for effectually curbing the wild lawlessness of marauders who were the pest of the Highland Borders and the dread of Highlands and Lowlands alike. He died at Inverlochlarigbeg in the Braes of Balquhiddier in 1733, and was interred in the Chancel of the ancient Church of Balquhiddier. His last resting place is marked by a blue rudely sculptured stone, with a sword in pale and without inscription.

NOTE XXIII. Page 146, line 2. GLENCAIRNAIG.

Robert Murray MacGregor of Glencairnaig, in the Braes of Balquhiddier, joined the rebellion of 1745, and commanded the principal branch of MacGregors in that rising throughout the campaign. He was at the taking of Edinburgh on the 17th September, leading the van. He also took a conspicuous part in the battle of Preston on the 21st, to the gaining of which he and his MacGregors greatly contributed. According to Duncan MacPharic, a MacGregor in Glen-Cairnaig's command, immediately after the battle Prince Charles "came and took Glencairnock in his arms, and Major Evan (Glencairnaig's brother), and told them to gather the whole clan of MacGregor upon the middle of the field of battle, where a table was covered, the MacGregors guarding him; and every man got a glass of wine and a little bread. The Major and Glencairnock sat down with him." A

highlander, hastening up Glendochard on horseback after the battle, was asked as to the issue; without abating his gallop he bawled out—"Glencairnaig has won!" Glencairnaig took part in the battle of Falkirk, and was actively engaged till the close of the campaign. He was not at Culloden, owing to his having been sent in pursuit of the Earl of Loudon. He returned with his men to Balquhider in good order in spite of all obstacles, but found his property wasted, his houses in ashes, and all his gear carried away. He surrendered himself in autumn to General Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll—was imprisoned for several years in Edinburgh Castle, and died in 1758. Immediately previous to the battle of Culloden the Duke of Cumberland, by one of the clergy in the neighbourhood of Inverness, sought to detach Glencairnaig from the cause he had espoused, promising that if he and his followers laid down their arms and returned quietly to their own homes, their surname of MacGregor, then proscribed, should be restored, and the countenance and support of the Government extended to them; or if they joined His Royal Highness, their commanders should have the same rank, and their promotion be his peculiar care. Glencairnaig, after consulting his followers, made reply, that "He and his clan thought themselves obliged by the honour His Royal Highness had done them, but that, having embarked in this affair, they could not desert it whatever they might suffer should it misgive; that, on the one hand, though His Royal Highness might love the treason, he must needs hate the traitors; and, on the other, they would justly incur the odium of the party; that, therefore, they chose rather to risk their lives and fortunes, and die with the character of honest men, than live in infamy, and hand down disgrace to their posterity." To officers and men taken prisoners during the campaign Glencairnaig manifested the utmost courtesy, humanity, and kindness, supplying their necessities, and even lending them money to enable them to obtain what they might most require. And it is to the honour of these men when he had fallen on evil times that they repaid these obligations and felt it their duty to intercede in his behalf. One of his officers at Preston, grandfather to the Rev. Alexander Murray M'Gregor, the present venerable and highly esteemed

minister of Balquhiddy, rescued Colonel Gardiner, (mortally wounded), from the infuriated attack of some highlanders that had clustered around him when gallantly defending himself at his own garden gate, got him laid in a plaid and conveyed to his house.

Sir Malcolm MacGregor, Bart., chief of the Clan Gregor, is the lineal representative of Robert Murray MacGregor of Glencairnraig.

NOTE XXIV. Page 146, line 10. THE VOW OF CLAN-ALPINE.

The Clan-Alpine embraced the MacGregors, the Grants, the MacKinnons, the MacNabs, the Macquarries, the Macfies, and the Macaulays. The term is frequently confined to the MacGregors, and it is so used in the poem. The circumstances which gave rise to what is called Clan Alpine's Vow are tragic enough, but in order to a better understanding of the facts of the case, we go back a few years. About the beginning of the sixteenth century Duncan Ladassach MacGregor, who was tutor to the young chief of MacGregor, and a man of very considerable power and influence in the clan, and who appears to have been a thorough Ishmaelite, was hunted through Lorne, Argyll, Menteith, and Breadalbane; sought shelter in Lochaber, but being hotly pursued by the Earl of Argyll, returned to Breadalbane, probably to *Ardchoill*, (from which the *slogan*, or war-cry of the MacGregors, is taken), where he was seized by Sir Duncan Campbell, the second laird of Glenurchay, and cast into the dungeon of Finlarig. Here he languished till the battle of Flodden in 1513, where Sir Duncan Campbell and the Earl of Argyll were amongst the slain. In the confusion consequent upon this disaster MacGregor made his escape, and collecting a strong body of followers, became the terror of the county for nearly forty years. What his injuries or wrongs may have been we know little. That he was guilty of daring crimes is quite apparent, and there is little doubt but his enemies were but too glad to find occasion against him. He and his followers are said to have massacred a number of the Clan Laurin, or MacLarens, at Invernenty, in the Braes of Balquhiddy, about 1550; and he is charged, on the 26th November, 1551, by the Queen's Advocate, with having, upon Sunday the 22d No-

vember, with Gregor his son, murdered and slain Alaster M'Gregor, "servant to Colyne Campbell of Glenurquhay;" as also at same time with having slain "Johne M'Bayne, pipare, at Killing." For these murders he and his son were charged, and "put to the horne" at the Market Cross of Perth, 28th November 1551. On the 11th March, 1552, Glenurchay took a bond of manrent or service from James Stewart of Ballindorran (afterwards of Ardvorlich), and two Drummonds, whereby these parties bound themselves "with their whole power, with their kin, friend, and partakers, to invade and pursue to the death Duncan Ladassach M'Gregour. Gregour his son, their servands, partakers, and complices . . . be reason that thai ar our deidlie enemies and our Soverane Ladie's rebels." By the month of May they were received to the Queen's peace and Glenurchay's favour; but from whatever cause, we are informed in the *Chronicle of Fortingall*, that on the 16th June, 1552, Duncan MacGregor, and his sons, Gregor and Malcolm Roy, were beheaded by Colin Campbell of Glenurchay, Campbell of Glenlyon, and Menzies of Rannoch; and Glenurchay received before the close of 1552 "a gift of the escheat of moveables and immoveables of *umquhile*—M'Gregor *alias* Ladassach, and Gregor his son . . . convict of certain crimes . . . and justyfeit to the death."

In 1588 some MacDonalds from Glencoe were found trespassing in the Royal Forest of Glenartney, and seized by John Drummond of Drummondernoch, at whose instance their ears were cut off, after which they were allowed to depart. In revenge a party of MacDonalds seized John Drummond while procuring venison for the king's marriage, and having cut off his head, carried it to the house of his sister, Mrs Stewart of Ardvorlich, and from thence to Balquhiddar Church, where the MacGregors convened on the following Sunday, and did in "ethnic and barbarous manner swear to defend ye authors of ye said murder."

Sir Alexander Boswell, in his poem entitled "Clan Alpine's Vow," thus describes the principal scene:—

(The head of Drummond of Drummondernoch is placed on the altar, covered for a time with the banner of the clan—the chief advances to the altar).



“ And pausing, on the banner gazed ;  
Then cried in scorn, his finger raised.  
This was the boon of Scotland's king ;  
And with a quick and angry fling,  
Tossing the pageant screen away,  
The dead man's head before him lay.  
Unmoved he scann'd the visage o'er—  
The clotted locks were dark with gore—  
The features, with convulsion grim,  
The eyes contorted, sunk, and dim ;  
But, unappall'd, in angry mood,  
With low'ring brow, unmov'd he stood.  
Upon the head his bared right hand  
He laid—the other grasp'd his brand.  
Then, kneeling, cried—“ To heaven I swear  
This deed of death I own and share,  
As truly, fully mine, as though  
This, my right hand, had dealt the blow.  
Come, then, our foemen !—one !—come all !  
If to revenge this caitiff's fall  
One blade is bared, one bow is drawn,  
Mine everlasting peace I pawn  
To claim from them, or claim from him,  
In retribution limb for limb ;  
In sudden fray or open strife,  
This steel shall render life for life.”  
He ceas'd, and at his bending nod,  
The clansmen to the altar trod,  
And not a whisper breath'd around,  
And nought was heard of mortal sound,  
Save from the clanking arms they bore,  
That rattled on the marble floor.  
And each, as he approach'd in haste,  
Upon the scalp his right hand placed.  
With livid lip and gather'd brow,  
Each utter'd in his turn the vow.  
Fierce Malcolm watch'd the passing scene,  
And search'd them through with glances keen,  
Then dash'd a tear-drop from his eye,

Unbid it came, he knew not why.  
 Exulting high, he, tow'ring, stood :  
 ' Kinsmen,' he cried, ' of Alpine's blood,  
 And worthy of Clan Alpine's name !  
 Unstain'd by cowardice and shame.  
 " E'en do and spare nocht " in time of ill,  
 Shall be Clan Alpine's legend still.' "

The odium and the punishment of Drummond's murder fell upon the MacGregors. A warrant to subsist for three years was issued in favour of certain noblemen and gentlemen to pursue the MacGregors with fire and sword. Many of them were butchered in cold blood, and their enemies proved untiring, unrelenting, and unspeakably cruel.

The Kirk of Balquhider, five miles west from Lochearnhead, amid beautifully romantic scenery, has undergone many changes. The Kirk of 1842 is now a mass of ivied ruins, and a very imposing and elegant new church has been erected by the liberality of David Carnegie, Esq. of Stronvar, a little to the north of the old site, and almost touching the base of a little mound or hillock called Tom-nan-aingeal—the *hillock of fires*—the sacred fires of the Druids having been preserved there anterior to the Christian era. It became afterwards of repute as a sacred spot on which angels descended; and on its sloping side the thousands that gathered to the tent-preaching at communion seasons listened with devout attention to the Gaelic services, which were there conducted by many able preachers of the word. This little mound was held in repute for other and most reprehensible purposes, for which take the following instance:—In a court, held at Killin, one Donald Taillour accuses a neighbour woman of the name of N'Vane of bewitching him. She had brought " a pock of earth from Tom-nan-aingeal to his house, since which his gear has not 'luckit' with him, and his corns grow not." The judge, sensible man, acquitted the woman for that time, but forbade the use of 'the pock of earth,' seeing it inclines to no good, but to an evil custom."

NOTE XXV. Page 146, line 15. A HOST OF THE HIGHLANDS.

The unbroken tradition of the country affirms that the

Caledonians, about the year 80 A.D., held a great council, as some say, on the *Law of Dundee*, at which it was resolved that all the men able to bear arms belonging to all the tribes should be called out and unite to oppose the advance of Agricola, whose progress northward had roused all to common action, and that by a certain specified day they should all join under Corbredus *Galdus*, the king, at Mons Grampius, prepared to dispute the further progress of Agricola, and to defend to the death their liberties, their homes, and their hearths. As circumstances favoured the arrangement they were to come to the appointed place from their respective districts in four great divisions, and making common cause against the common enemy, were to try the fortune of war in that union in which men and nations have ever found strength. As it happened, one division reached the place agreed on earlier than the others, and finding the Roman troops encamped in the distance to be much fewer than expected, they resolved on a night attack, and following out their purpose, cut the Roman force to pieces, pursuing the fugitives to the south, till Agricola, made aware of the state of affairs, hastened to their rescue with a numerous body of light troops. The Caledonians were compelled to retreat, and pursued along the Earn and south side of Loch Earn till they came in sight of the flat at the west end, they discovered to their joy another Caledonian division already in motion coming to their aid, felt it time to turn (from which Edinample), and falling upon their pursuers, with the help of their numerous friends, hurled them back in broken fragments, few being able to escape.

NOTE XXVI. Page 147, line 2.

THE BRAVE CLANS OF BALQUHIDDER.

The more ancient clans inhabiting Balquhiddier were the Clan Laurin or M'Larens, the M'Intyres, the Buchanans, and the Fergussons, and more recently, the MacGregors and the Stewarts. There was also a family of the name of Alpynsone, at Auchtow, as appears from the *Ragman-roll*, where we have "Duncan Alpynsone de Aughtunaghes" mentioned as one of those that swore fealty to Edward I.

## NOTE XXVII. Page 147, line 4. ARDVORLICH.

Robert Stewart, Esq. of Ardvorlich, a man of great worth, was at the head of the vast assemblage at Lochearnhead Inn when Her Majesty halted there to change horses (10th September, 1842), and had the honour of engaging in conversation with her and Prince Albert. His seat of Ardvorlich, a few miles down on the south side of the lake at the foot of Benvorlich, is a beautiful rural retreat, and at one time noted in the annals of feud and foray. The Stewarts of Ballindoran are descended of the noble house of Albany. Ardvorlich came into their possession by purchase about the middle of the sixteenth century.

## NOTE XXVIII. Page 147, line 12. ITS DUKE.

His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Kent, was also Duke of Strathearn.

## NOTE XXIX. Page 148, line 2.

## THE CANNON TAKE UP THE REFRAIN.

An artilleryman, whose duty it was to fire the parting salute from the little knoll to the south of Lochearnhead Inn, was very severely scorched by the accidental explosion of some powder when only a few rounds had been fired. Although the pain must have been great, he served his guns unflinchingly till the royal salute was fired.

## NOTE XXX. Page 148, line 2. ARDVEICH.

This farm has been in the possession of the Clan Laurin or M'Larens for at least 600 years. They held it first by military tenure under the Earls of Strathearn; but the earldom having vested in the Crown in 1346, the M'Larens were reduced to kindly tenants, as they had no charters for their lands. "The Lavernani" were led to the battle of the Standard in 1138 by Malise, Earl of Strathearn. In 1296 Laurin of Ardveich swears fealty to Edward I. of England. Mr Donald M'Laren, presently farmer, Ardveich, is the representative.

## NOTE XXXI. Page 149, line 3. THAT ISLAND.

The island at the east end of Lochearn became the retreat of the chief of the Clan Neish, and the remains of his tribe, about

the beginning of the sixteenth century. They had been defeated by their hereditary enemies, the MacNabs, and in a battle fought amongst the hills to the north-east, at the head of Glen-Boltochan, they were almost cut to pieces. Reduced to great straits, they became petty marauders, and having way-laid and robbed a servant of MacNab of Kinnel, they were that same night in revenge massacred by MacNab's sons, who had carried a small boat all the way from Loch Tay to Lochearn on their shoulders across the hills, to enable them to obtain the meditated revenge. All the Neishes perished but a little boy, who hid himself and afterwards settled peacefully in the neighbourhood. The island was afterwards used as an occasional residence by the Stewarts of Ardvorlich; but it is now a heap of ruins.

NOTE XXXII. Page 149, line 18. ST. FILLANS.

This quiet country village was but little frequented in 1842. It has for several years past been resorted to by summer visitors, and from its many attractions is well deserving the partiality shown to it. The site of the village, called the Eight Merkland, was an endowment of the Abbey of Strathfillan.

NOTE XXXIII. Page 150, line 2. THE HILL OF THE SAINT.

This is Dunfillan, about a mile to the east of Saint Fillans, an isolated conical hill, inaccessible on the south and east, and clothed with rich verdure. It was at one time fortified. On its summit Saint Fillan spent much of his time in prayer. Near it was his chapel and well, and from this same hill Sir Walter Scott takes up the "Harp of the North," as narrated in the opening canto of the "Lady of the Lake." Saint Fillan, a Culdee ecclesiastic, flourished in the seventh century. He had a church here, and also at Killin and Strathfillan.

NOTE XXXIV. Page 150, line 23. SIR DAVID.

Sir David Dundas, Baronet, the greatly esteemed proprietor of Dunira. A writing of the period thus narrates, "It had been Her Majesty's intention to have accepted the hospitality of Sir David Dundas, of Dunira, but the time spent on Loch Tay pre-

vented this honour being paid to the worthy Baronet." A letter to Sir David written by Her Majesty's own hand, expressing regret at her inability to do him the intended honour, sent through the Post Office did not reach him till the following Monday.

The scenery all the way from Lochearnhead to Drummond Castle is most varied and exceedingly magnificent. From St. Fillans to Dunira is another Trossachs in miniature.

NOTE XXXV. Page 151, line 6. MONS GRAMPIUS.

The language of the Country in Agricola's time and till within the last forty years was Gaelic, and the bold rocky hill to the north and east of Dunira has been always known to Gaelic speakers as MONADH NA CRAMPICH, Mountain of Crampich. Take away the *ch* in the termination, and substitute the Roman termination *us*, and as *c* and *g* are interchangeable you have the word *Grampius*. And hence it must be concluded that the great battle with Agricola was fought on the plain of Dalginross. The hill of Crampich stretches westwards from Comrie, the most imposing of all the surrounding hills to one standing where the Roman Camps were. The Caledonians own that they were defeated in the first engagement, but claim to have been reinforced next day, by the coming up of the other three divisions, and maintain that in the engagement which followed they were completely victorious, having chased the Romans for many miles and compelled them to seek safety in the country of the Horrestii. They also maintain that the 9th Legion was cut to pieces. See note 25.

The Learned Alexander Gordon in his great work "*Itinerarium Septentrionale*," published in 1727, thus writes in reference to the Caledonians, and the battle of *Mons Grampius*. "The Caledonians, however, were not much dismayed at the event of the former, either expecting slavery or revenge, and knowing by experience that the best way to preserve their liberties and country was to unite unanimously in the common cause. Upon which account they sent embassies and messages everywhere to excite the whole nation to take up arms in their own defence, so that above 30,000 warriors appeared in the field besides great numbers of their vigorous youth, and old men who had been famous in war, where among the other chieftains

Galgacus, the noblest and bravest of the Caledonians, harangued with such a strain of Patriotism and love of liberty, that Tacitus has not neglected to give his speech word for word, nor indeed has Lipsius, the greatest commentator that ever wrote on that Author, forbore to tell us that there is not such a glorious piece of eloquence committed to the Roman language.

"I am of opinion that the place where the battle was fought at *Mons Grampius* is in Strathearn (the famous Glacialis Ierne of which Claudius the poet makes so much mention), about half a-mile south of the kirk of Comrie. Here I found a noble square Roman encampment, divided into two partitions, each of them being surrounded by two aggeres, or ramparts, between which is a large fossa or ditch of an equal breadth, having both of them four distinct entries into the Camp, viz., the *porta Decumana* on the East, on the opposite the *Prætoria*, together with the *Dextra* and *Sinistra* gates. All which are fortified with little ramparts and dykes, forming on each side of these entries an half moon entirely analogous with those spoken of by Josephus, made by the Romans at the siege of Jerusalem. The southmost of these partitions or squares is very entire, having three turrets projecting from the area in a semi-circular form, very large, two of which are entire, the other flat and demolished, these squares are joined together with a vast agger or rampart of stone and earth, but a part of the northmost square is washed away by the torrent of the water Ruchel, but the three sides of the square which remains as yet, have ramparts still visible, above fourteen feet in height, and seventeen in breadth. Having calculated the number of men contained in the southmost camp, according to the allowance made by Polybius for each footman I was, though most agreeably, surprised to find it contained the precise number of foot, which Tacitus says Agricola had along with him at the Battle of *Mons Grampius*—viz., 8000 Auxiliaries, and in the other square where the horse lay, exactly 3000 horse. For Tacitus plainly informs us of the number of Agricola's army at that battle. Speaking of the disposing of his troops he says thus: "*Instinctos ruentesque ita deposuit, ut peditum auxilia, quæ octo millia erant, mediam aciem firmarent equitum tria millia affunderentur.*" He so disposed them, enthusiastic and rushing forward, that the auxiliaries of the infantry which amounted to 8000,

strengthened the middle of the line, 3000 cavalry were poured upon the wings.)

"The situation of this ground is so very exact with the description given by Tacitus, that in all my travels through Britain, I never beheld anything with more pleasure, it being directly at the foot of the Grampian hills, besides, there are the *Colles*, or rising grounds, on which the Caledonians were placed before the battle, and also the high hill on which the body of the Caledonians army lay, and from which they came down upon the Romans, nor on looking on this ground is it difficult to guess at the place where the *Covinari* or charioteers stood.

The Romans say that the Caledonians lost 10,000 in the battle while they set down their own loss as only 364. We would only ask if it be at all likely that in a battle so disastrous to a brave and not untrained enemy fighting from Chariots with spears, wielding immense swords, as well as other weapons, the Roman loss could with any probability be so small. The Ruchel has changed its course within the last two hundred years, instead of as formerly entering the River Earn two miles lower down than the site of Comrie Church, it now joins the Earn close to it, cutting the plain of Dalginross in two, while anciently, it flowed past its southmost verge, Galgacus, the Caledonian generalissimo, is understood to be the same as *Corbredus Galdus*, King of Scots or Caledonians. The ancient topography of Dalginross and neighbourhood, the unvarying tradition of the district, and its nearness to the Roman remains at Ardoch (ten miles distant) the ancient Lindum, appear to warrant the conclusion that here Galgacus by his speech and valour acquired a glorious immortality. Galgacus, known in our annals as Corbredus II., was brother's son to the famous Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, under whose leadership 70,000 Romans were slain and London burnt.

NOTE XXXVI. Page 152, line 2. ABRUCHIL.

The castle and lands of Abruchil were at one time the property of the Campbells of Kilbride, more recently that of the Drummonds of Strageath, and is now that of C. Dewhurst, Esq. It is a place of considerable interest from its beautiful scenery and historical associations. In 1612 a band of Mac-



Gregors was brought up for trial, charged among other crimes, with "burning and destroying of the whole houses and biggings upon the forty merk land of Aberuchil, pertaining to Colin Campbell; burning of three young bairns, daughters of John MacKessock; stealing and awaytaking of eighteen score cows, six score piece (or head) of horses; eight score sheep and goats, pertaining to the said Colin." The castle was built in 1602, repeatedly burnt, and having been frequently enlarged, is now an elegant and commodious residence. Dalchouzie, a little to the west, is a very charming retreat, a lovely foil to the wild scene in front, where appear—

"Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confus'dly hurl'd,  
The fragments of an early world."

NOTE XXXVII. Page 152, line 6. DUNDAS.

The monument on Dunmore, an abutment of *Crampich Hill*, was erected at a cost of £1400 to the memory of Henry Dundas, first Lord Melville, Baron Dunira, a distinguished senator, and held in high esteem for his public services and private virtues.

NOTE XXXVIII. Page 152, line 10. COMRIE.

This is quite a modern village, nestling at the south-east base of Mons Grampius, and within the last few years has become a favourite place of summer resort. It has been frequently visited by severe shocks of earthquake, to which it appears to be peculiarly liable.

Comrie House, immediately behind the village, was the birth-place of the late Under Secretary for Ireland, Thomas Drummond, Esq., inventor of the Drummond light. Behind Comrie House, some distance up the Lednock, is a waterfall of "tremendous beauty and grandeur." Those who know not the mountain tongue call it the "Deil's Caldron; but giving that personage his due, he can lay no claim to it. The true translation of the Gaelic name is—*The pool in the depth of the ravine*. "It is a black and boiling pool, girt with dark rocks, 'in pitiless horror set,' o'erhung by thick and clustering woods. Magnificent the scene, especially after a storm, when the waters are roused and raging, and white with foam of their madness, when the wind is bending the trees above and around them, when heavy drops are still falling, when the moan of distant and

dying thunder is heard upon the breeze, and the roar of the pool is as that of the angry ocean."

NOTE XXXIX. Page 153, line 22. LAW'RS.

The Mansion and Grounds of Lawers, the property of the warm-hearted D. R. Williamson, Esq., was at one time the property of the Campbells, and has many interesting and historical associations. Gilfillan says—"The scenery in the Park of Lawers is intensely English in its character, and contrasts well with the Alpine region amid which it has been flung down, like a fair maiden at the feet of a mailed warrior."

NOTE XL. Page 153, line 24. THAT MONUMENT TALL.

The monument so conspicuous on the top of *Tom-a-Chastle*, the Castle-hill, was erected by his sorrowing widow in 1832 to the memory of the gallant Sir David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam (the conqueror of Tipboe Saib), whose hardy endurance and pre-eminent valour in many a bloody field and well contested fight are written in the annals of his country.

This hill, as its name bears, was the site of an ancient castle, in all probability the royal Castle of "EARN," and is on the northeastmost verge of the royal forest of Glenartney. We read of it in the time of William the Lion, about 1184, in a charter given by that monarch to Gilbert, Earl of Strathearn, of the lands of Madderdyn (Madderty) in which this remarkable proviso appears—"That no part of the land should ever be sold to Gillecolm Marescall, or his heirs, or any one of his race, seeing the said Gillecolm forfeited the land for felony done against the king, in that he rendered up the king's castle of HERYN feloniously, and afterwards wickedly and traitorously went over to his mortal enemies, and stood with them against the king, to do him hurt to his power." It is presumed that the Gillecolm here mentioned is that Gillecolm, "the arch-tyrant and chief of robbers," of whom John of Fordun speaks—"Who kept all Lothian in fear, slew certain nobles and spoiled their lands, and was at length defeated and slain by Rolland of Galloway, acting as the king's lieutenant, on the 30th September, 1185." Professor Innes, to whose learned and discriminating industry and patriotic labours we are much

indebted for bringing to light many interesting facts recorded in these notes, thinks it likely that Gillicolm's two sons were the "William of Mariscal" and "Robert of Mariscal," who about 1237 plundered the English traders between Bristol and the Irish ports of Dublin and Drogheda, and for whose apprehension the English king ordered two galleys and a ship to be equipped by the port of Sandwich, and the other ports on the Sussex coast.

On this hill, and in the castle were imprisoned in 1320 Earl Warrenne and his wife, the Countess of Strathearn, for conspiracy against King Robert Bruce. By the Parliament held at Scone that year they were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. The castle appears to have been destroyed by fire, in which several ladies of noble rank are said to have perished. From its summit the beacon-fire would rouse the whole of Strathearn to arms, and give warning of impending danger to Fife and Angus on the east, and to Argyll on the west. The stone cross, which is used as the market cross of Crieff, was anciently in the neighbourhood of the castle, at the verge of the great plain which adds so much to the picturesque beauty and fertility of this romantic valley.

On the opposite side of the Earn is Strowan, the residence of the esteemed T. G. Stirling, Esq. On the lawn a great market used to be held, and in the ancient churchyard "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" beside the church in which they delighted to worship. To the west is Drummond-Ernock, noted as the residence of that John Drummond, murdered in the Forest of Glenartney by the MacDonalds. From the Bridge of Strowan is obtained one of the sweetest glimpses of magnificent scenery Scotland can boast, Saint Rowan, whose name is here retained, was a zealous and learned ecclesiastic of the Culdee Church, and flourished in the seventh century.

NOTE XLI. Page 154, line 6. MURRAY.

The late Sir William Keith Murray, Baronet, gallant, generous, patriotic, and highly distinguished, met Her Majesty with an escort of his tenantry at the western boundary of his estate, and as the turnpike was in one part rather steep, and turning at a sharp angle, he was successful in getting the Royal progress

to pass over part of his estate, which he considered a high honour. He is now worthily represented by his eldest son, Sir Patrick. His uncle, Sir George Murray, Knight of the Bath, six times elected Member of Parliament for Perthshire, a very distinguished military officer, Quartermaster-General under Wellington, successively Governor-General of Canada, Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Master-General of the Ordnance, well merits the grateful remembrance of his country.

The Murrays of Ochertyre are descended of Patrick, third son of the ninth Laird of Tullibardine of that name, and the present proprietor is the fifteenth in direct descent. The scenery of Ochertyre is exceedingly variegated and among the finest in Scotland. The loch, covering about thirty acres, affords sport to the angler and ample room to the curler; and the old castle rears aloft its sturdy walls in defiance of time, a memento of Comyn power, and an interesting monument of a long past age when the Red Comyn and Robert Bruce were rivals for the Scottish throne. This castle was inhabited by Sir William Murray, first baronet of Ochertyre during the Protectorate of Cromwell.

NOTE XLII. Page 154, line 15. KING KENNETH.

Kenneth IV. surnamed Grim, son of Duff, having defeated and slain Constantine IV. near the River Almond in Perthshire, in 995 ascended the Scottish throne, but his possession of it was disturbed by Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, son of Kenneth III. By the interposition of mutual friends, war was prevented for a time, and a treaty was concluded in which the contracting parties agreed that Kenneth should wear the crown during his life, and then, that Malcolm and his heirs should succeed as specially intended and ordained by Kenneth III. But this was only a truce, Malcolm again took the field and in a bloody battle fought at Monzievaird in Strathearn, proved victorious, Kenneth after a noble resistance receiving a mortal wound. He appears to have been carried off the field of battle, and to have died where a huge cairn has been erected to his memory a few miles to the north, which still bears his name. He died in 1003, or as

the *Register of St. Andrews* says in 1001. The battle was fought about two hundred yards to the west of the ancient church which is now used as the Mausoleum of the Murrays of Ochertyre.

NOTE XLIII. Page 154, line 16. THE CHURCH OF THE MURRAYS.

The ancient church of Monzievaird was the scene of a very distressing tragedy in the year 1490. George Murray, Abbot of Inchaffray, who, as head of that Abbey, was titular of the teinds on that part of Monzievaird and Strowan Parish which included the lands of Lord Drummond. The tenants had evidently withheld payment of these teinds, the Abbot sent word to his friends the Murrays of Ochertyre to enforce payment. This appears to have been gone about with some rigour, and in consequence, William the master of Drummond, had recourse to arms, a battle was fought at Knock Mary, two miles west from Crieff, on the south side of the Earn, near the road that goes to Drummond Castle, by Balloch, in which the Master of Drummond was like to be defeated, but being reinforced by the arrival of an additional body of retainers he completely routed the Murray's, who in their flight took refuge in the church of Monzievaird. The Master of Drummond was joined by Duncan Campbell, Captain of Dunstaffnage, who had come down with some of his retainers to avenge the death of his father-in-law, Drummond of Meovie, which had been caused a short time before by some of the Murrays. Following the Murrays in their flight, the Master of Drummond, not knowing where to find the fugitives was turning home when an arrow, shot from one of the church windows, killed one of the Dunstaffnage men, which so exasperated the Campbells that they set fire to the Church, preventing the escape of the inmates, in consequence of which eight score persons, including wives and children, perished. One escaped, David Murray, through the humanity of one of the Drummonds. James IV. then at Stirling, having heard of the tragedy, came at once to Drummond Castle with an armed force and sent the Master of Drummond, with a number of his followers, prisoners to Stirling where they were tried and executed. An assythment was granted to the wives and children of such as perished in the burning of Monzievaird Church.

A short distance to the north of the ancient Church stood the Castle of Toshach, whose name figures unfavourably in Celtic legend. He flourished in all probability in the thirteenth century, and as administrator of the crown lands, the collector of rents, the magistrate and head man of the district over which these crown lands extended, including of course the royal forest of Glenartney, he earned for himself unenviable notoriety from the severity with which he punished offenders, and the way in which he made the power delegated to him by his Sovereign subserve his own unrighteous ends.

NOTE XLIV, Page 134, line 23. CRIEFF.

Crieff is one of the most pleasantly situated towns in Scotland, one of the most salubrious, and if its civic rulers wisely guide its affairs, destined at no very distant date, to become one of the most prosperous, as it is already one of the most frequented of our country towns. In 1842 when Her Majesty passed through the town she received a most loyal greeting—splendid triumphal arches were erected on the line of route, and from the thousands assembled to do her homage, the welcome was most enthusiastic. So soon as Her Majesty passed through Crieff the carriage was closed as the evening rained heavily.

Crieff has been an important country town for many ages. In 962, a battle was fought at *Dorsum Crup, Druim Crubha*, or Drum-Crieff, between Duff, son of Malcolm I., the reigning sovereign, and Culen the son of Indulf, who claimed the sceptre which his father had wielded. Duff was victorious, Doncha, Abbot of Dunkeld, and Dubdou Maormor of Atholl, partizans of Culen were slain.

Montrose made Crieff his head quarters, and the town must have suffered greatly from the feuds and forays, and the distracting changes of that turbulent period. In 1715 Crieff was burnt by the Jacobites; and it escaped a similar fate in 1745, by the interference of the Earl of Perth—a Highlander, who evidently cherished a grudge against the sweet lying town, remarking "*She would pe a prau town, if she had another singe.*" Crieff has been the birth-place of many eminent men. Among others who have reflected credit on this Highland town may be mentioned David Mallet, the poet, and Dow the Historian of Hindostan.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT.—CANTO VI.

---

Her Majesty and Prince Albert at Drummond Castle—Drive  
to Abercainey—Departure for Dalkeith Palace—Farewell.

---

THE old rock of Concraig rings loud  
With glad echo and cheer,  
The keep of Drmmmond rejoices,—  
The Sovereign is near.

Come, not now with bow and with brand  
In swift vengeance to take  
Son or sire for evil deeds done,  
But in love to partake,

Of cheer so splendid and princely,  
And high homage receive ;  
Leal hearted as monarch may wish  
Or the Drummond can give.

---

And the thousands, here assembled  
In the park by the gate,  
Loudly welcome Queen and Consort,  
As they drive up in state.

The owners of Drummond receive  
Their lov'd guests at the door ;  
The grey rocks and the woods, the walls  
Shake with cheering once more.

We leave them to comfort and rest,  
As we bid them good night ;  
And gazing round in the darkness,  
Note our country's delight.

South, east, north, and west, near and far,  
See the bonfires ablaze !  
Proud height, hill, and mountain, with joy  
Leap on fire as we gaze !

See Moredun, to Perth and to Scone,  
And to towns far away,  
Is loyally telling " The Queen  
Came to Drummond to-day."

Benvorlich, Dunsinane, repeat  
The glad tidings again ;  
Craigrossie, Gask, Abercairney,  
Now take up the refrain.



From Ardoch and Turleum, Law'rs,  
Dunira, Ochertyre ;  
From Strowan, Monzie, Strathallan,  
Read their message of fire.

Cultoquhey, repeating the tale,  
Brings us nearer, more near,—  
See Crieff is ablaze ; how loudly  
They are voicing the cheer.

The fireworks careering their flight  
With gleam, flare, and rebound,  
Fling high their rejoicing, and speak  
To the valleys around.

And Crieff, were its lights not at rest,  
Would bear out the conceit,  
That 'tis a host with their lanterns  
Now in hurried retreat :

From the lowlands escaping, and  
Bent on gaining the hill,  
Ascending in orderly haste,  
Like true Highlanders still.

Now joy to Strathearn—to its Queen—  
To her Consort all joy.  
All joy to their dear ones—all bliss  
To their girl and their boy.

When the parents in slumber think  
Of their darlings at home,  
May whisp'ring angels, attending,  
To their comforting come,

May their fond hearts with sweet promise  
And with ecstasy fill :  
Secure in His love who exalts  
Kings and princes at will.

On the Sabbath of rest we leave  
Them to share its repose :  
Implore and wish them a blessing,  
Ere our eyelids we close.

And now again the night is gone,  
The darkness fled away ;  
The solemn sound of Sabbath bell  
Is echo's all to-day.

The day of hallow'd rest ! we love  
Its ev'ry solemn sound ;  
We worship Him, the King of kings,  
And earth is holy ground.

And all throughout the land, ascends  
The earnest loving prayer,  
That God would bless our gracious Queen—  
Make her His special care.

That she and Consort Prince may long  
The country's weal improve,  
And blessings manifold attend  
The darlings of their love.

The clouds of night, with soft'ning blush,  
Invite to rest again ;  
The morning beams shall soon be here  
With loyal cheers refrain.

Now mark and hear the joyful note  
The hunters's horn is wound !  
And soon the royal hunter seeks  
Glenartney's forest ground.

And there, beneath Benvorlich's shade ;  
Along those hills afar,  
The chase sweeps on, careering, swift,  
By rock, o'er fell, and scaur.

The Correi lends its smooth approach,  
The rock its rugged side,  
Till rifle notes are heard afar,  
In echoing rocks replied.

One stag, three hinds, are trophies brought  
From out the forest bound ;—  
The royal hunter hies him home  
To Drummond's honour'd ground.

---

And soon we see him come from out  
The grey ancestral hold,  
To view our heath-clad Highland hills  
'Neath clouds of burning gold.

But now he takes his wonted place  
Beside the Queen we love ;  
While loyal, cheering, clouds are near,  
The glowing sun above.

By Crieff the royal pair proceed  
To Ferntow's domain,  
And think of Wade and Cope, who here  
Some needed rest would gain.

Our country's hero, Baird, they prize,  
And cheer his widow's heart,  
And then pass on, while Cultoquhey  
Its legends old impart.

Inchbrakie, nestling low to right,  
Its varied beauties hide  
Their shine, since days of brave Montrose ;  
Of Graeme's the Chief and pride.

The Murray's home they reach and scan  
With pride its relics old ;  
We here in love and peaceful state,  
Strathearn's best blood behold.

Away again they come to where  
Monzie in beauty stands,  
A scene of wondrous grandeur this  
Amid this beauteous land.

By Ochtertyre they speed along,  
The Murray's shady home,  
From frequent joyous crowds the notes  
Of loyal cheering come.

And now they pass knock Mary's field,  
Where foemen fighting fell,  
A field of woe to Drummond's home,  
Of all fond hopes the Knell.

Now see the burning sun retire  
To rest in golden bow'rs,  
'Mid hues more varied, richer far,  
Than Drummond's gorgeous flow'rs.

And, lit in glory, see extend  
On every hand afar,  
The grand and splendid scenes, where writ  
Our Country's glories are.

Strathearn, in rich and gorgeous hues,  
Its evening dole receives,  
And gayly wears the checquer'd robe,  
Which bounteous nature gives.

---

On Drummond's ancient rock they stand,  
And gaze, with fondness gaze,  
On all those wondrous varied scenes,  
Reliev'd in sunlit blaze.

Strathearn, to all thy sons how dear!  
How lovely in thy pride!  
Grand, rich, and wondrous, passing fair,  
Thy glens and vallies wide!

Thy waving fields of golden grain,  
Thy woods of varied shine,  
Thy mountains high and frownig peaks,  
Thy lovely maids divine!

Who would not praise and bless thy homes,  
In loyal virtue rear'd,  
Who would not love thy glorious Queen,  
To thee, and thine endear'd.

We welcome her, and seek her weal,  
For her and hers we pray,  
Her gracious smile, we love it so,  
We would she'd longer stay.

But no, it must not, cannot be,  
To-morrow's sun shall see  
Her stately progress move and leave  
Us honour'd, grateful, free.

To Drummond's loyal Lord we leave  
The Royal Guests awhile,  
And wish all joy to him and his,  
Beneath the Royal smile.

To-morrow's sun shall see us here,  
In parting homage wait,  
And all untiring, voice our cheers  
At Drummond's ancient gate.

To peer and peasant now we fling,  
Our joyous, gay, good night,  
Assur'd we'll see them here again,  
When dawns the morning light.

The morning breaks, but darkly breaks,  
On peak, and crag, and fell,  
As if reluctant yet to hear  
The Queen repeat "Farewell."

But hark, the note of warning sounds,  
And all in homage wait,  
To see her leave those ancient halls,  
In pride of Queenly state.

And now the cheer ascends, she comes  
And smiles her fond adieu;  
O how our hearts would follow her,  
Our love's so deep and true.

---

The Royal progress moves, the crowds  
Repeat the ringing cheer,  
And loyal hearts fond blessings show'r,  
On Queen and Consort dear.

They pass without the gate and haste  
To Southern bow'rs away,  
Fresh crowds, new voices, lip the cheer,  
And loyal prove to-day.

Now Muthill homes are pass'd and here,  
On splendid arch, Culdees,  
Its handsome tribute sweetly flings,  
Upon the morning breeze.

"Fair Daughter of Strathearn, adieu" !  
So runs the legend there:  
The gay and joyous throng voice high,  
"Long live the Royal Pair" !

Now on, still on, they pass with speed,  
By Orchill pass, and on,  
Till Ardoch reach'd, the Roman Camp,  
And Roman lines are won.

By Braco, on, still hast'ning on,  
Amid the crowd's applause;  
They view each arch and pageant scene,  
And at Greenloaning pause.



Soon Sheriff-muir is left behind,  
And homes of Sweet Dunblane;  
By Keir and other noted seats,  
They pass—nor pace restrain,


Till Stirling's ancient tow'rs in front,  
Appear to bar the way,  
And eke that gory battle-field,  
Where Wallace won the day.

Now Stirling's honour'd rock sounds high,  
Its notes of grateful pride,  
And points to Bannockburn, and all  
Its ancient battle tide.

We wait not now to scan each field  
Of battle near and far;  
Our country's annals tell their tale  
Of cruel, wasting war.

In Stirling's tow'rs short stay was made,  
When Royal Progress mov'd,  
And loyal thousands cheer again  
Our Queen, rever'd, belov'd.

To proud Dalkeith she passes now,  
With gay and gallant train,  
And then to England's merry homes,  
In love and peace to reign.



Our task is done, though feebly done,  
And here we bid farewell :  
We love our Queen—and years could scarce,  
Her many virtues tell.

Farewell, we scarce can form the word—  
'Tis all we wish, adieu.  
God bless and keep the Royal pair,  
God bless their darlings too.

May, day by day, the people's love  
Increase, abound, and grow ;  
And, year by year, in grateful deeds,  
Its depths intensely show.

And as the tide of time brings down  
The years along its flood,  
Be hers to reign and live belov'd,  
A sovereign great and good.

Farewell, is all a humble bard  
May dare to sing or say ;—  
God save the Queen, and safely guide  
Her on her onward way.

God save and bless our Gracious Queen,  
Till life and labours close ;—  
God save the Queen, belov'd, rever'd ;  
A joy where'er she goes !

Her people's weal, the richest gem  
 That decks her earthly crown ;  
 And God's " Well done " her praise when cares  
 Are o'er and time hath flown.

---

### NOTES TO CANTO VI.

NOTE I. Page 190, line 4. CONCRAIG.

The ancient name of the elevated rock on which Drummond Castle is built. In 1473 Sir Maurice Keir Drummond, sixth *laird* of Concraig and steward of Strathearn, disposed most of his lands to Sir John Drummond of Cargill, his chief, and resigned into the hands of James III. the offices of steward of Strathearn, and Coroner, keeper of the Northern Catkend of Ochtermuthil, Forestries of Strathearn, escheats, forfeitures, and fees thereunto belonging for a new infeftment to be granted in favour of Sir John Drummond. In 1474 Winfrid Moray of Abercairney, sheriff-depute, upon a precept directed to him from the Chancery, gave seizin of these forenamed offices to the said Sir John, by deliverance of a white rod. The grant of James III. was confirmed by James IV. in 1488, whereupon Sir John changed his residence from Stobhall to Strathearn ; and there, in the year 1491, by a special licence from James IV., under his own hand and seal, he built a strong castle on the lands of Concraig, to which he gave the name of Drummond Castle.

A writer of the period thus writes :—" At best, Drummond Castle can be called little else than a ' Keep.' Part of the old building which has survived the explosion of the ' 45' stands, and forms an arched entrance to a half-moon court, by which the newer and now occupied part of the castle is approached. It forms two sides of a quadrangle, facing north and west, and has evidently been patched up at various times. Taken by itself, the building is indifferent, if not contemptible ; but it has many attributes for which the most magnificent noble homes in England and Scotland may be searched in vain.

---

Rising abruptly on a rock which towers in the midst of a splendid policy, redolent of all the external beauties of gentle hill and shelving dale, dotted by old clumps and lines which lengthen out long vistas, and alive with the kine and oxen which browse and fatten, and the red deer which in hundreds frisk on its pastures, Castle Drummond is in every sense of the word the most prominent and majestic object in a panorama, all parts of which are lovely. Overlooked by the Grampians, and overlooking the rural richness of Strathearn and Strathallan, all men would say that Castle Drummond, when inhabited by a Queen, was beauty's self. The policy extends to two miles every way, and contains, in addition to wood, glade, and fell, and timber of aged growth, attractions which one may ride over broad Scotland and look in vain for their parallel. On the north there is a beautiful artificial lake, with the foliage depending to the water's edge, and rendered animated and gaudy by the troops of swans that are constantly swimming on its waters. On the south side, and immediately fronting the principal face of the Castle, lie the matchless flower-gardens of Drummond, which, though situated in the north, are as well known by repute to every florist, and every man of cultivated taste in London, as the Lion of Northumberland at Charing Cross is to every veritable Cockney. We have no meaner authority than the Duchess of Sutherland for saying, that these gardens are unequalled in Europe, according to their scale. They have been called Dutch; but the fact is, that the old common garden of Drummond has been transformed by Lord Willoughby into the floral gem which it now is. Looking from the Castle esplanade, there is a lower terrace, the under parts of which are fringed with the dark green branches of the yew tree; lower still, a sloping embankment of beautiful shrubbery shelves away, and without much imagination it might remind one of the "hanging gardens of Babylon;" and lower still, there is the nearly level expanse of the Drummond gardens, laid out in every conceivable form of beauty, containing every floral treasure which is known to our clime, interspersed with beautiful pieces of statuary, and the walks shorn by the scythe and levelled by the roller till they have attained the *beau ideal* of a velvet sward. They contain a series of beautiful groups, mixed

like a fairy dance, but all squared with mathematical exactness, and among things worthy of note in this deeply-interesting parterre is a dial, which figures as a centre-piece, and has been planted there by one of the unfortunate nobles of Perth."

Dr MacCulloch considers Drummond Castle absolutely unrivalled in the Lowlands, and exceeded in the Highlands only by Dunkeld and Blair. "It looks over scenery scarcely anywhere equalled. With ground of the most commanding and varied forms, including water, and rock, and abrupt hill, and dell, and gentle undulations; its extent is princely, and its aspect that of ancient wealth and ancient power. Noble avenues, profuse woods, a waste of lawn and pasture, an unrestrained scope, everything bespeaks the carelessness of liberality and extensive possessions; while the ancient castle, its earliest part belonging to 1491, stamps on it that air of high and distant opulence which adds so deep a moral interest to the rural beauties of baronial Britain."

The ground now occupied by the artificial lake to the north of the castle was, in 1746, and for some years afterwards, the site of a formidable military encampment. It was a post of observation, and intended to overawe the county and to prevent communication, except as specially allowed, with the Highlands.

NOTE II. Page 190, line 10. SON OR SIRE.

See Note XLIII. to Canto V. To which it may be added that in 1514 the first Lord Drummond promoted the marriage of his grandson Archibald, sixth Earl of Angus, with Margaret Tudor, the widow of King James IV., and caused his brother Walter's son, Mr John Drummond, dean of Dunblane, and parson of Kinnoul, to solemnize the matrimonial bond in the kirk of Kinnoul in that year. The marriage gave great offence to the government of the day, and became distasteful to the Royal Lady, who some time thereafter succeeded in procuring a divorce, having proved a pre-contract between the Earl of Angus and a daughter of Traquair. The Earl of Angus was cited to appear before the council, and the Lord Lyon King-at-Arms was employed to deliver the charge. But Lord Drummond, thinking the Lyon King had approached the Earl with more boldness than discretion, gave him a box on the ear. This afforded his enemies an

occasion against him. He was imprisoned in Blackness Castle in 1515, tried capitally, found guilty, and his estates forfeited to the crown. But, in 1516, Parliament reversed this sentence, took off the attainder, and restored Lord Drummond to all his dignities, estates, and honours.

NOTE III. Page 191, line 6. THE OWNERS OF DRUMMOND.

Lord and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby made suitable preparation for the reception and entertainment of the Royal Guests, and when they drove up the grand old avenue, Nature's own triumphal arch, to Drummond Castle, on the evening of Saturday, 10th September, 1842, in spite of heavy rain, the welcome accorded was such as monarch could wish, or The Drummond could give. Drawn up in a semicircle near the gateway of the castle, a guard of honour, composed of the tenantry and sons of the tenantry on the extensive Drummond estates, "plaided and plumed in their tartan array," and suitably armed, awaited her Majesty's approach, and gave right hearty welcome. Lady Willoughby, as head of the Drummonds, made it a special condition in calling together the guard of honour that each one should be able to speak Gaelic. They were a fine body of men, and made a very imposing appearance. They were commanded by the Honourable Alberic Drummond Willoughby, Master of Drummond, Major Drummond of Strageath, the Master of Strathallan, and Captain Drummond of Megginch. Five hundred of the Perthshire tenantry on horseback lined the long and splendid avenue, and at the entrance to the castle upwards of a hundred Drummond Highlanders, and a body of the 42nd regiment, completed the cordon; while the fine band of the 6th Carabineers was stationed on the lawn. Lord and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby received the Royal Guests at the entrance, and welcomed them to Drummond Castle, while the cheering made the grand old keep ring again. When darkness had fairly set in, bonfires blazed on the most noted heights in Strathearn from far Dunsinane to Benvorlich; from Ardoch to Monzie; Crieff was illuminated, splendidly lit up, and threw out a display of fireworks.

The Sabbath was spent at the Castle.

## NOTE IV. Page 194, line 11. THE ROYAL HUNTER.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert left Drummond Castle at five o'clock on the morning of the 12th for the Royal Deer Forest of Glenartney, accompanied by Lord Willoughby, Lord Ossulston, and Mr Campbell of Monzie. Lord Willoughby's head forester, and Mr John White, head gamekeeper to Major Moray of Abercairney, lent their able and experienced assistance in the very difficult and exciting sport of deer-stalking. A fine buck of the first head and three hinds were trophies of his Royal Highness' success.

Her Majesty spent some time in the magnificent flower-garden. His Royal Highness returned at three o'clock. At half-past four her Majesty and Prince Albert left the Castle for a drive to Abercairney, making some calls by the way, passing through Crieff, and returning by Monzie and Ochertyre.

## NOTE V. Page 195, line 11. FERNTOW'R'S DOMAIN.

Ferntower, at that time the residence of Lady Baird Preston, the widow of the gallant Sir David Baird, formerly mentioned. In the park of Ferntower, in 1413, a hostile encounter took place between Patrick Graham, Earl of Strathearn, and Sir John Drummond of Conraig, Steward of Strathearn, in which the Earl fell mortally wounded. General Wade superintended the making of the military road that passes Ferntower; and Sir John Cope had an encampment here in 1745, where he was visited by the Duke of Atholl, Lord George Murray, and Lord Glenorchy. A well in the park, near the Crieff road, is known as Cope's Well.

## NOTE VI. Page 195, line 16. CULTOQUHEY.

The family residence of the Maxtone family for many ages. *Cuilt-a-Chatha*—the Battle Dell. Many battles were fought in the neighbourhood against the Romans and other foes. In its neighbourhood *Comhal*, the father of Ossian, was slain in fight by the Romans; and at *Findoch*, a few miles to the north, was the camp of the Caledonians, when the Romans occupied the lines of Ardoch and Strageath.

It is told of one of the Lairds of Cultoquhey that, fearing the

covetousness of his neighbours, he made the following addition to the Litany:—

- “ From the greed of the Campbells,  
 From the ire of the Drummonds,  
 From the pride of the Grahams,  
 • And from the wind of the Murrays,  
 Good Lord, deliver us ! ”

NOTE VII, Page 195, line 18. INCHBRAKIE.

Inchbrakie, the residence of Major Drummond Græme, now of his son, is a sweet spot. The ancient castle, the family residence, was destroyed in the 17th century. Patrick Græme was a staunch adherent and an active officer in the army of his cousin-German, the gallant Marquis of Montrose. The Inchbrakie family are descended of the same stock as the noble house of Montrose.

NOTE VIII, Page 196, line 10. THE MORAY'S HOME.

Abercairney, then the residence of Major Moray, descended of Sir Andrew Moray, Earl of Bothwell, and by the female side of the Celtic Earls of Strathearn, now of his nephew the respected Charles Home Drummond Moray, Esq., is a very charming place, full of rich beauty and varied loveliness. The family mansion is a princely residence. About three miles to the east are the ancient ruins of the once renowned Abbey of Inchaffray, founded by Gilbert, Earl of Strathearn, in 1120, and, not far off, the site of the ancient castle of the Earls of Strathearn.

About two miles to the north is Fowlis, with its remarkable old cross with its interesting legend, an antiquated country village, but capable of being made a place of considerable beauty. The ancient stewards of Strathearn held their courts here, and here the Lord High Justiciary, Lord of Brechin, on 7th December, 1391, indicted Sir Alexander de Moravia of Drumsergarth to take his trial for the murder of William de Spaldyne before his deputies, Sir John and Morice de Drummond. He appeared with his fore-speakers, and protested that as he had once before been called in judgment for that slaughter, and re-pledged to the clan MacDuff by Robert, Earl of Fife, he was not obliged to plead before any other judge to that charge, until the said law



of Clan MacDuff should have its privilege in regard to him thus repledged to it; and he demanded to be lawfully discharged. This law was to the effect that when any manslayer, being within the ninth degree of kin and blood to MacDuff, sometime Earl of Fife, came to Cross MacDuff, near Newburgh, claiming sanctuary there, and gave "nine kye and ane colpindach" (a heifer), he was free of the slaughter committed by him.

NOTE IX. Page 196, line 10. KNOCK MARY'S FIELD.  
See Note XLIII. to Canto V.

NOTE X. Page 199, line 20. ARDOCH—ROMAN CAMP.  
The camp at Ardoch is the most entire in Britain, and was for some time in the occupancy of the Romans. Her Majesty looked in upon it, and Prince Albert inspected it with much interest.

NOTE XI. Page 200, line 2. SHERIFFMUIR.  
Sheriffmuir was the site of the indecisive battle fought between the Royalist troops under the Duke of Argyll and the Jacobite forces under the Earl of Mar, 13th November, 1715.

NOTE XII. Page 200, line 3. DUNBLANE.  
Dunblane is a very ancient city. It became a bishopric in the 12th century, endowed by the Earls of Strathearn. It was the site of a Culdee institution at an earlier date, and even in 1238, the then Bishop went to Rome to make complaint to the Pope that, among other heavy grievances which required the interference of his Holiness, there was particularly this: that "in the unroofed church of Dunblane a certain rustic chaplain (probably a Culdee) performed divine service."

Dunblane was of considerable note when the principal nobility made it their residence while attending the Court at Stirling. On 10th April, 1655, Cromwell's soldiers dispersed by main force the Synod of Perth and Stirling, then in Session in the Church of Dunblane.

NOTE XIII. Page 200, line 4. THAT GORY BATTLEFIELD.  
This was the battle of Stirling Bridge, against the English, fought by the heroic Wallace, 13th September, 1297, when he gained a glorious victory.

## NOTE XIV. Page 200, line 12. BANNOCKBURN.

The battle of Bannockburn, between King Robert Bruce of Scotland and Edward II. of England, who commanded in person, was fought 24th June, 1314, and resulted in a complete and decisive victory for Scotland, and in the securing of its independence.

## NOTE XV. Page 200, line 18. STIRLING TOW'RS.

The rock of Stirling, about two hundred feet above the level of the plain below, was from a very remote period the site of a fortress, more or less formidable according to the character and appliances of the times. Whether the Romans or Britons first erected a fort here, or who were its original founders, we know not. In all probability a fortress crowned the summit of this commanding rock from the first century of our era; held now by native troops, then by foreign invaders; lost and won at frequent intervals; at all times of great strategical importance, and consequently keenly and anxiously defended and violently assailed.

Kenneth III. was at Stirling in 980, when word was brought that the Danes had landed in great force at Montrose, that they were wasting Strathmore, from the Sidlaws to the Grampians, with fire and sword; and that they were approaching the royal Castle of Bertha, threatening Perth and the royal city of Scone. Kenneth hastily collected an army and marched northward, taking post on Moredun, now Moncrieff Hill, near Perth, occupying the strong fort on its summit called "Carnac Fort," and awaiting the arrival of his levies. Having augmented his forces, he marched against the Danes, and defeated them in the bloody battle of Luncarty.

In 1175 Stirling Castle was given up to the English, as agreed on in the treaty for the liberation of King William the Lion, who had been taken prisoner by the English at Alnwick in 1174, and retained in captivity by Henry II. of England in Falaise in Normandy. It was restored to the Scots by the magnanimous and chivalrous Richard of the Lion Heart, Henry's successor on the English throne. William held a parliament in Stirling Castle after it was restored by the English, and he died within its walls in 1214. Here, also, in the reign of Alexander

II., the Parliament consolidated the laws and usages as to trial by jury, and established that enlightened institution upon a firm and liberal basis. Several conventions and parliaments were held here in the short reign of John Baliol. Edward I. of England issued an act at Stirling in 1292, as Superior and direct Lord of the kingdom of Scotland, enjoining all within that kingdom to come and swear fealty to him, and ordaining the enforcing of the act under severe coercive measures. At Stirling Castle, John Baliol, with the advice of the States of the Kingdom, wrote a letter to the King of France, proposing marriage between a French princess and his son. In 1296 the Castle was deserted by its garrison on the approach of the English under Edward I. In 1297 the English, finding enemies starting up on every hand, and having at the battle of Stirling Bridge received a crushing blow at the hands of Sir William Wallace (ostensibly acting in the interests of his country, in name of, and in behalf the imprisoned John Baliol), left the Castle in charge of Sir Marmaduke de Twenge, but it was in a short time captured by Wallace, and after the battle of Falkirk, 22d July, 1298, dismantled and destroyed. At the same time the towns of Perth, Stirling, and St. Andrews were burnt by their inhabitants and deserted, lest they should fall into the hands of the English.

Stirling Castle was rebuilt by Edward I., and in about a year afterwards seized by the Scottish Patriots. It 1300 it capitulated to the English after a siege of three months, during which it was valorously defended by Sir William Oliphant of Dupplin. In 1303, the Scots under Sir John Soules, made themselves masters of it, when its defence was again entrusted to the brave Sir William Oliphant. In a council of English and Scotch Barons, held in St Andrews in 1304, presided over by Edward I., a sentence of outlawry was pronounced against Sir William Wallace, Sir Simon Fraser, and *the Garrison of Stirling Castle*; and to give matters a thoroughly practical turn, Edward stripped the roof of the newly-erected Cathedral of St Andrews of the lead which covered its whole extent, to be converted into bullets, and used in the contemplated siege of Stirling Castle, the only Scottish fortress at that time held in defiance of his authority and power. After a siege of three months, in spite of a most determined and gallant defence, the greatly reduced

garrison offered to capitulate ; Edward would make no terms, took the Castle by storm, and sent its brave defenders to various prisons in England, and their valiant commander to the Tower of London.

In 1313 the Castle was blockaded by Sir Edward Bruce, King Robert's brother : Sir Philip Mowbray, governor of the Castle, seeing his supplies running short, offered to capitulate on Midsummer day the following year, if not previously relieved by an English army. Sir Edward agreed to these terms. As a consequence of this agreement the Battle of Bannockburn, so glorious to the Scottish arms, was fought at no great distance on the 24th June, 1314, between King Robert Bruce, at the head of a small but resolute army of little more than 30,000 Scots, and Edward II. at the head of about 100,000 English. The Scots were completely victorious, and Sir Philip Mowbray refused to receive the defeated and flying Edward into Stirling Castle, which, in terms of the previous agreement, he surrendered to the Scots next day. Scotland was thus rendered free and independent throughout its length and breadth.

In 1333 the Castle was yielded to Edward Baliol, the usurper of the throne, who appears to have again handed it over to the English. Edward III. repaired it in 1336, after which it was besieged by the adherents of David Bruce ; but Edward came to the relief of the garrison, and raised the siege. In 1337 it was blockaded by the adherents of Bruce, and again relieved by Edward. In 1339 the Scottish Patriots captured it. In 1360 King David Bruce appointed Sir Robert Erskine Constable, Keeper, and Captain of Stirling Castle, and the high office became hereditary in his family, and continued to be filled by his descendants till the forfeiture of John, Lord Erskine, Earl of Mar, in 1715.

Stirling Castle was a frequent and favourite residence of the Scottish Kings of the Stewart line, and the successive sovereigns of that illustrious lineage gave it its present imposing form. James II. was born here in 1431, and, after the murder of his father, James I. at Perth, in 1437, was here placed under the care of Sir Alexander Livingstone of Callander. Within that part of the Castle called the Douglas's room (which was since that period burnt by fire), and which was visited by her

Majesty Queen Victoria and her Consort in 1842, James II. in 1452, in a fit of passion, assassinated William, eighth Earl of Douglas, because he refused to break off from certain treasonable associations which were endangering the public peace. The Earl fell covered by 26 wounds, inflicted by the King and his attendants; and his body appears to have been thrown out at the window into the Castle garden, and buried where it fell, as a skeleton was dug up there, conjectured to be that of Douglas, about the year 1787. James III. made Stirling Castle his favourite residence, in which he lived in great seclusion. He built the great hall and the Royal Chapel of the Castle. Many of his nobles, among others John, first Lord Drummond, formed a league against him; upon which, in 1488, he strengthened the fortifications of Stirling Castle, and entrusted its keeping to Shaw of Fintrie, with express orders that he was to allow no one to enter or to leave, and that he was on every account to keep the Prince, James, the heir apparent, in all safety. The King hastened to the north to raise forces to enable him to bring his rebellious nobles to their allegiance. Shaw, as Governor of Stirling Castle, was, soon after the departure of the King, bribed by the insurgents; and he delivered up the Castle and the young Prince to their power. James was not long in returning, with the Earl of Atholl and other nobles, at the head of an army of nearly 30,000 men; but, on demanding admission to the Castle, was refused by Shaw, who alleged that he had yielded the Castle and the person of the young Prince on compulsion, and that he could not now, however willing, render any aid to his sovereign till the wager of battle should decide the questions at issue. The battle of Sauchie-burn was fought on the 18th June, not far from the field of the famous battle of Bannockburn, and the King perished in Beaton's Mill by the accursed dagger of an unknown assassin.

James IV. gave Stirling Castle to his Queen, Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, as her jointure house, and resided within its walls so frequently and so long, that the poet Dunbar ventured to expostulate with him in a poem entitled, "A Dirge to the King bedaud (staying) oure lang (too long) in Stirling." James V. was born and crowned there, and by his many eccentricities succeeded in investing the Castle and

neighbourhood with a halo of romance. Queen Mary was crowned here in 1543, and the Convention of Estates appointed the Castle as her residence during her minority; and here she occasionally resided after her marriage with Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley. James VI. was crowned in the Church of Stirling in 1607, and on his return to the Castle, the Earl of Mar, as Governor of the Castle, carried his person; the Earl of Atholl, the crown; the Earl of Morton, the sceptre, and the Earl of Glencairn, the sword of state. Here he resided for thirteen years under the charge of the Countess of Mar and Sir Alexander Erskine of Gogar. His education was conducted by the learned and justly celebrated George Buchanan, by David Erskine, commendator of Dryburgh, Adam Erskine, commendator of Cumbuskenneth and Peter Young. James held a parliament in the great hall of the Castle in 1578. In 1651 General Monk, in the interests of Cromwell, besieged and took the Castle, in which he seized the national registers and archives of Scotland, which he sent to London by Cromwell's orders. They remained in the Tower of London till the Restoration, and when being restored to Scotland, in a mean spirit of short-sighted economy, were sent back in two ships; 85 hogsheads full of records being in the one, and an unknown bulk in the other. In their voyage to Scotland the ships were caught in a storm, in which both went to the bottom, and the national archives were irrecoverably lost.

By the Treaty of Union, 1707, it is expressly provided that Stirling Castle, as one of four national fortresses, is to be always kept in repair. It was held by General Blakeney, in 1746, and Prince Charles was baffled in his efforts to gain possession of it. It was visited by Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, and her illustrious Consort, on the 13th September, 1842.

Long may it shelter the *Sons of the Rock*, and may they ever cherish its hallowed memories.

The Church of Stirling, at the head of John Street, and near to the Castle, is entitled to some notice. It is an imposing structure, and, though now divided, formed at first but one church. It was erected by James IV., in 1494, for the accommodation of the shirtless and barefooted observantines of the

Franciscan Friars. It is a magnificent fabric in the Gothic style, of hewn stone, with arched roof supported by two rows of plain massive pillars. The chancel was added by Cardinal Beaton. In this Church, in 1543, the Earl of Arran, Regent during Queen Mary's minority, publicly renounced the Protestant faith. Within its walls James VI., then an infant of thirteen months, was crowned on the 29th July, 1567; the famous John Knox preaching the coronation sermon, and the Earls of Morton and Hume taking oath on behalf of the infant King, that he should reign in faith and fear of God, and maintain the true religion then preached in Scotland.

In 1651 General Monk took possession of the Church Tower, and erected batteries in the adjoining churchyard, exposing the Church to a shower of destructive missiles. The Church was divided into two, previous to 1656, and within its walls the devout inhabitants of Stirling have worshipped God for the last two hundred years.

In 1746, immediately after the battle of Falkirk, a number of Prince Charlie's men celebrated their victory by taking possession of the Church Tower, ringing its bells, and indulging in a jubilant display of firearms.

NOTE XVI. Page 200, line 22. DALKEITH.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert reached Dalkeith Palace at half-past five, P.M., September 13, 1842, where they spent the following day, embarking at Granton Pier a little after nine, A.M., on the 15th, arriving at Woolwich at ten on the 17th, and reaching Windsor Castle at half-past twelve.









II.

# SACRED POEMS.

---

“Go, preach the Word with all thy might,  
Till time and labours close ;  
And with thee still, in all thy ways,  
My guiding Spirit goes.”

### HYMN TO THE TRINITY.

WE come, O Father, sad and lowly,  
In sin and sorrow, faint, unholy ;  
    In trembling hope and fear !  
Great God, from out Thy throne on high,  
O hear, now hear our feeble cry ;  
    God of Sabaoth, hear !

Our souls we're to Thy mercy bringing,  
And to Thy cross and crown we're clinging,  
    Thy glorious love to share !  
Thy grace, O Lord, is rich and free ;—  
Our trust and hope are placed in Thee ;—  
    O Saviour, hear our pray'r !

We flee from sin, and death, and ruin—  
From wrath of God our souls pursuing ;  
    And vengeance just is near !  
O wash our sins and guilt away,  
And make us holy day by day ;—  
    O Blessed Spirit, hear !

## SONG OF PRAISE.

JEHOVAH—Father, Son, and Spirit !  
May we at length Thy peace inherit—  
    With Thee for ever reign !  
Thy grace abounding, full and free.  
Shall bless our souls with life in thee !  
    Haleluiah ! Amen.

---

## TO GOD.—A SONG OF PRAISE.

Most glorious God, Thy throne is set  
    With planet worlds, and thousand stars,  
    Whose glowing train, on varied cars,  
Aloud proclaim : " Our God is great."

Thy spangl'd footstool bright and high—  
    The soft and mellow milky way—  
    Where myriad stars, with gentle ray,  
Proclaim thy praise o'er earth and sky.

All worlds subsist, depend on Thee ;  
    And nature owns Thy hallow'd sway ;  
    While countless angels homage pay,  
Tri-une, eternal God, to Thee.

## SONG OF PRAISE.

THY Spirit moves throughout the spheres  
That people vast and boundless space ;—  
All beings own Thy bounteous grace,  
And ev'rywhere Thy pow'r appears.

For all within Thy knowledge live,  
And breathe their ev'ry breath from Thee ;  
Their joys, their all proceed from Thee—  
With all that life and hope can give.

Didst Thou withhold Thy gracious aid  
From all that people earth and sky ;  
Their life would cease, they all would die,  
And be in dust of silence laid.

O God, we praise Thy holy name,  
Almighty Father, King, and Guide ;  
To Thee we come—in Thee confide,  
To save our souls from sin and shame.

Our Saviour-God, we plead with Thee  
For pardon, grace, and living faith ;  
For hope in life—for peace in death—  
For bliss throughout eternity.

O Holy Spirit, now reveal  
Our need, our danger, and our sin ;  
In us Thy work of love begin—  
Our souls diseased in mercy heal.

---

O God most holy, good and wise,  
Send down to us Thy tender love ;  
Till, sav'd at length, in heav'n above  
Our grateful notes in triumph rise.

---

## HYMN TO JESUS.\*

THEE, God most high, Thou always near—  
Thee, Brother lowly, Saviour dear !  
Thee, mighty Lord, we praise and bless—  
Our Prophet, Priest, and King confess.

Thee, holy, just, and true, we sing—  
Thee, full of love, Almighty King ;  
In ev'ry clime, to ev'ry race,  
The Fountain Thou of faith and grace.

Thee, First and Last, of endless days,  
Thy changeless pow'r the seasons praise ;  
Each year anew, all years proclaim  
The good and great, and still the same.

O Jesus, now enthron'd on high,  
The Prince of Peace o'er earth and sky,  
We live in Thee—Thy pow'r confess—  
And joyful sing Thy righteousness.

\* For Music see last page.

To Thee Thy saints unceasing cry—  
To Thee the sinful lift their eye—  
In Thee the poor and faint confide,  
And find in Thee their Friend and Guide.

O Saviour, holy-Christ, our King,  
To Thee we gifts and off'rings bring,  
Of hearts made pure, and souls set free,  
From sin and death and misery.

---

#### PRAAYER TO JESUS.

O JESUS, blessed Saviour, come  
And save us from the fall ;  
Our sins and sorrows bearing—come,  
O come !—to Thee we call.

We cry to Thee, O Lord, and seek  
To tread the narrow way.  
O save us, Lord, in mercy save,  
And take our sins away.

Our souls are dark, unholy, vile ;  
Our sins, like mountains, great—  
Their guilt has weigh'd, still weighs us down,  
And now ourselves we hate.

---

Thy love, O Jesus, teach us now,  
In mercy come and save.  
Thy Spirit give—all ills for Thee—  
The scoff and scorn we'll brave.

Thy grace, Thy light, and all we need,  
To bless our souls in Thee,  
Dear Lord, most gracious give, and now—  
Thy truth shall make us free.

Along the thorny road we'll go,  
In duty's narrow way ;  
And enter in by life's strait gate,  
To realms of endless day.

Led on by Thee, redeem'd, upheld,  
Our fleeting life shall end  
In peace, and joy, and rest with Thee,  
Our Saviour-God, and Friend.

For death, the grave, and sin—the fall,  
By Thee are vanquished now :  
Our triumph, too, secur'd by Thee,  
Shall crown our ransom'd brow.

Then save, O Lord, our weary souls,  
Deny us not Thy grace :  
In Thee, the way, the truth, the life,  
Our faith, our hope, we place.



By Thee, the door that leadeth in  
To God, to bliss, and heav'n,  
O take us Lord, poor wanderers, in—  
To Thee the pow'r is giv'n.

We perish, Lord, without thine aid ;  
If die we must, 'tis here :  
Around Thy throne we fainting fall—  
Our cry, O Saviour, hear.

Thy hand of grace, Thy look of love,  
O may we feel and know ;  
And Spirit-led to heaven above,  
In Thee rejoicing go.

---

#### NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

We praise Thy name, O Lord our God,  
For all the love and grace  
Thou hast in times gone by vouchsaf'd  
To our unworthy race.

Throughout the year that now has clos'd,  
Thy watchful care bestow'd  
On us, on ours, what needful was,  
On this our pilgrim road.

Thou has preserv'd us in Thy truth,  
And in Thy holy fear ;  
And, by thy Spirit, train'd our souls  
Thy voice of love to hear.

With showers of blessing from on high,  
Our souls have water'd been ;  
And pardon we have freely found  
For all our load of sin.

Thy mercy still surrounds our path,  
Thy love insures our peace ;  
Thy faithfulness sustains our hope,  
And bids our murmurs cease.

Throughout the year, which now begun,  
Demands our songs of praise ;  
Be thou our God, and Guide, and Friend,  
And keep us in Thy ways.

In humble love, in holy fear,  
We would Thy voice obey :  
Our Saviour-God, in love draw near,  
And hear us when we pray.

Increase our faith ; with living coal  
From off Thine altar fire  
O touch our hearts ; with holy zeal  
Our fainting souls inspire.

With songs of joy, and hymns of praise,  
For all thy love supplied,  
Thy name we'll still exalt and praise  
While we on earth abide.

And when Thy love shall call us home,  
To realms of bliss on high,  
Thy grace and mercy we'll extol  
Throughout eternity.

---

#### A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

FATHER ! Almighty source of love !  
Eternal King ! send from above  
On us Thy Holy Spirit down  
With ev'ry blessing from Thy throne,  
Our sinful, needy souls require.  
Renew our natures and inspire  
Our hearts with grateful love to Thee,  
Whose boundless love hath set us free  
From sin and guilt—from fear of death—  
From shame and woe and endless wrath.  
Our Father ! lift our souls on high,  
To scenes of bliss that cannot die ;—  
On wings of faith, and hope, and love,  
We seek to near Thy throne above.

O may our prayers reach thine ear,  
God of our fathers deign to hear  
Our feeble voices—and to raise  
Our being to Thy truth:—Thy ways  
O teach Thou us, and still direct  
Our footsteps in Thy law : protect  
Our hearts from evil thoughts : us bless  
With wisdom, grace, and righteousness.  
Forgive our sins through Him alone,  
Who did for all our sins atone.  
In endless life our souls sustain,  
Through faith—in Christ—by grace. *Amen.*

---

### LORD JESUS, WE LOVE THEE.

LORD JESUS, we love Thee.  
For all Thou hast done ;  
Our peace and our pardon  
Thou nobly hast won.  
In leaving Thy glory  
Our ransom to be ;  
In bearing our sorrows,  
And setting us free.  
  
In Thy griefs and Thy joys,  
Thy cross, and Thy crown  
Thy death and Thy rising,  
Thy grave and Thy throne,

We see our salvation  
From sin and its woe.  
O Jesus, now teach us  
The way we should go.

Once ruin'd and wretched,  
All sinful and vile ;  
Now, sav'd in Thy favour,  
We bask in Thy smile.  
Our Guide and our Refuge,  
In years that are gone,  
Uphold now and bless us,  
And make us Thine own.

---

#### CHILDREN'S HYMN FOR NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

COME, children, and praise now  
Your Saviour and Lord,  
For His mercy abounding,  
His grace and His word !

Be earnest and trusting,  
All hopeful, sincere ;  
Be joyous this morning,  
The first of the year.

His love and His favour,  
His promises plead ;  
He says he will bless you,  
And help as you need.

His promises fail not,  
He does as he says ;  
Then love and adore Him,  
Be loud in his praise.

Be instant in duty,  
With soul all on fire,  
His glory proclaiming,  
In thought and desire.

This morning resolve now  
To serve Him alone ;  
And daily endeavour  
To live as His own.

---

### OUR HOME ! SWEET HOME.

WHERE, O where will we find our home, sweet home?  
Where pain is unknown and cares never come ?  
There, down by the stream, or up by the rill—  
In the sweet-scented glade, peaceful and still ;  
In the cot on the heath, 'mid flow'rets wild,  
Or in the halls of the great ? Tell me, my child !

Is it down by the lake, where soft and low,  
On its rippling waves, as they come and go,  
The thrilling notes of childhood waft along,  
In pleasing airs their holy ev'ning song ?  
Or away in the woodlands, lone and wild—  
Is it there we may find sweet home, my child ?

There may we find it in the city's strife,  
Where all so strain and strive for fever'd life ;  
Where sorrow weeps o'er blighted hopes ; where care  
Eats up and kills the young, the good, the fair ;  
Where wanton vice, with garments all defil'd  
High revel holds ? Is that sweet home, my child ?

Or ours the happy lot our home to find,  
Where holy ties of sweet affection bind  
Young loving hearts to parents and to friends—  
Where all is peace—where heart and head extends  
The pledge of love—where virtue, meek and mild,  
Is queen o'er all ? Is this sweet home, my child ?

We will find our home where God's own river  
On peerless bounty floateth ever ;  
On golden sands, 'mid blooming Eden bow'rs,  
Where joys abound through all the changeless hours ;  
For there our Saviour reigneth, meek and mild,  
Dispensing life to thee, to me, my child.

---

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"

ACTS, xvi. 30.

WHY, poor sinner, speak of doing,  
Who hast thyself undone ?  
Would'st thou still, vain thoughts pursuing,  
God's grace and mercy shun ?

As if thy deeds could e'er atone  
For sin—its stain remove ;  
Refusing still by grace alone  
God's boundless, changeless love ?

"What must I do?" is all thy cry  
When death and hell appal ;  
When all thy sins of crimson dye  
For speedy vengeance call.

"What must I do?" When all thy zeal  
Has gone to self and sin—  
Defying God—and hoping still  
*His* love would take thee in.

"What must I do?" Poor ruin'd soul !  
*Thy* help and hope is vain !  
Thou canst not now thy fate control,  
Nor peace, nor heav'n regain.



“What must I do?” One way—but one—  
Is open now to thee !  
By sin and death, thy soul, undone,  
May yet be sav’d and free.

Believe in Christ, who did atone  
For sinners vile as thou ;  
For He will save, and He alone,  
Believe—He’ll save thee now.

Believe as little children do,  
Nor doubt thy Father’s care ;  
His Spirit shall thy soul renew,  
And teach thee faith and pray’r.

---

### SAD HEART.

SAD heart ! thy lot, though lonely now,  
The live-long night and day,  
With sorrow laden—grieving long  
Must eat the heart away.

Sad heart ! thy pains are pulsing low,  
Thy throb uncertain too ;  
For fever-heat in joy or woe  
Will soon thy pow’r undo,

Sad heart ! thy tears are gushing o'er  
In streams that pity move ;  
Why mourn so sore thy lonely lot ?  
Here still are friends to love.

Sad heart ! on earth there's music yet,  
And life has many ties ;  
And here are joys and comforts still  
The wise and good may prize.

Sad heart ! shake off thy wearing woe ;  
Wring out thy pains—thy tears ;  
For God thy grief, thy need, must know—  
Wring out thy doubts and fears.

Sad heart ! look up, nor longer pine  
In sorrow's gloomy cave ;  
The bow of God shall gild thy tears—  
Sad heart ! look up, be brave.

---

“FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME.”

MATT. ii. 7.

To Thee, O Lord, at once I flee  
For pardon, peace, and joy ;  
No pow'r can tear my soul from Thee,  
Nor death, nor hell destroy.

My sins, how great ! Thou knowest all—  
Their deadly stain, how deep !  
O save me, Lord ; Thy terrors call,  
Nor let me longer sleep.

My soul, too long the thrall of sin,  
Is weary, faint, and vile ;  
Thy love I plead ; O take me in,  
And cheer me with thy smile !

For rest in Thee is all I need ;  
Once safe within Thy fold,  
My soul Thou'lt help, and helping, heed ;  
My goings all uphold.

Save me, O Lord, Thy wrath is near—  
I hear its words of doom ;  
Within Thy fold, my Saviour dear,  
O give me standing room !

Delay ! too long to sin a slave,  
In ruin, death, and woe ;  
To ways of sin my heart I gave,  
Nor ways of life would know.

Delay ! my sins with cruel hate  
Pursue me day by day ;  
Thy wrath would thunder soon *too late*—  
I cannot now delay.

On paths that lead to bliss above,  
My Saviour, Guide, and Friend,  
O take me safely home in love,  
And guide me to the end.

Once safe in Thee, by grace upheld,  
No fears shall e'er oppress ;  
My soul, with love to Thee impell'd,  
Shall sing Thy righteousness.

And day by day, in hope and faith,  
My life shall glide away,  
Till, in thy triumph over death,  
I reach eternal day.

My Saviour, hear my pleading cry ;  
To Thee alone I flee ;  
O hide—now hide my soul—and I  
Will safely dwell with Thee.

The wrath to come I fear no more,  
With Thee my Shield and Guide ;  
Through life, dear Lord, when life is o'er,  
For evermore me hide.

“LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD ;  
*But go thou and preach the Kingdom of God.”*

LUKE, ix. 60.

So spake the Lord of Life and Light,  
And bade the wav’ring one  
Forego all human ties—all cares,  
And follow Him alone.

An aged father claim’d his love,—  
His feeble steps his care :  
His change once come, the son would then  
The solemn rites prepare.

The last sad tribute paid—the dead  
To darksome grave consign’d,  
This loving son would follow Christ,  
With his whole heart and mind ;

And in His holy work and ways  
Take pleasure day by day,  
In undistracted love rejoice,  
And Christ’s behests obey.

Till then he fain would stay at home,  
And nurse with pious care  
A father’s few remaining hours,  
And heed his ev’ry pray’r.

All love he reckons due to him  
Who watch'd his tender years,  
Whose character and helpless age  
Each pious thought endears.

Such honour now he pays his sire,  
And would awhile delay  
To follow Christ alone, till comes  
A more convenient day.

But Christ, who weighs in wisdom's scale  
Each grain of love and truth,  
Who knows the world and all its ways,  
The pride and snares of youth,—

Has higher, nobler duties still,  
Than earthly ties may claim,  
He lays on those who follow Him,  
And bear his honour'd name.

All His commands a holier sanction bring  
Than human laws may plead,  
And His rewards, far-reaching, crown  
Each pious thought and deed.

His elevating love transforms  
The meanest child of clay ;  
His Spirit fits the vilest soul  
For bliss in endless day.

High honour and a just reward,  
The ties of kindred claim ;  
But Christ in God demands all hearts  
To glorify His name.

Whatever care or earthly tie  
May turn the heart from Him,  
Must all be left behind—though tears  
Our eager eyes bedim.

A higher hope and holier zeal,  
With pow'r of deathless love,  
Inspire our ev'ry thought and word—  
We seek our home above.

To this half-willing, wav'ring one,  
The Master said : " Go thou,  
And leaving off all other cares,  
God's kingdom preach, and now

" My holy purpose, grace, and truth,  
Declare to dying men,  
That in my pow'r and love they rise  
From death to life again.

" I save from sin the dying dead—  
Make known how full and free  
My promises and glorious grace  
Abounds for them—for thee.

- 
- “ Go, tell the weary, woe-worn heart  
Of rest and peace above,  
And teach the outcast, ruin'd souls.  
To know My boundless love.
- “ Go, guide the thirsting, fainting ones  
To life's own living stream ;  
And those in darkness bring to share  
In love's all-healing beam.
- “ Go, break the bread of life to all—  
The love of God proclaim ;  
And urge the sinful soul to flee  
From wrath, and sin, and shame.
- “ The dying dead are all around,  
Then leave to them their dead ;  
Let deeds of holy love and joy  
Bring blessings on thy head.
- “ Go, preach the Word with all thy might  
Till time and labours close ;  
And with thee still, in all thy ways,  
My guiding Spirit goes.”



## WHY SIT REPINING SAD AND LONE ?

WHY sit repining, sad and lone ?  
Why droop and mourn, poor sinful one ?  
As if nor Christ, nor God could raise  
Thy heart and soul from sinful ways.

Why brood so long in sorrow's cave ?  
Know Jesus came thy soul to save ;  
Up, up, while God and duty call ;  
Be free, and now, from Satan's thrall.

For sorrows overmuch must kill  
The heart, and eye they greatly fill ;  
The soul, all-blind with grief and fear,  
May die, though help and hope are near.

Those hands remorse have nerveless wrung.  
To anchor'd hope could ill have clung,  
When tides of sin the soul assail,  
And demons rule the rising gale.

The past, a blurr'd and blotted page,  
May well thy serious thoughts engage :  
While penitence and pray'r demand  
Most watchful care on ev'ry hand.

Yet now, the past forget and leave—  
To Jesus cling, in Him believe—  
Now live to Him—be strong—arise,  
And run the race—attain the prize.

His Spirit, Holy—grace and faith  
Shall bless thy soul and raise from death,  
Shall crown thy brow with life and peace,  
And give thee rest where Jesus is.

Come, then, abhor, forsake thy sin,  
And Christ shall deign to take thee in :  
To Him thy halleluiahs raise,  
And sing thy song of ceaseless praise.

---

#### THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

*"God be merciful to me a sinner."*—LUKE, xviii. 12.

To God's own temple long ago,  
In Salem proud and high,  
A sinful man of lowly mind,  
In penitence came nigh.

A Publican, whose smitten heart  
The plague of sin defil'd,  
Whose looks his sense of sin betray'd,  
Whom Jews with scorn revil'd.

The Temple Court before him lay,  
And he to prayer came ;  
With timid step he ventur'd near,  
In sorrow, sin, and shame.

A Pharisee, puff'd up with pride,  
With stately step precedes ;  
Who, lifting up his eye to God,  
Recounts self-righteous deeds.

He points with scorn to him who there  
So humbly owns his sin ;  
Though now within the Temple gate,  
Who fears to venture in.

Alas ! and he could ill afford  
To sneer at sin and woe ;  
For his self-righteous, harden'd heart,  
No lasting peace may know.

The pray'r of pride no blessing brings—  
Nor faith nor hope is near ;  
The words that own—nor need, nor sin,  
Nor God nor Christ may hear.

Not thus the lowly Publican  
Approach'd the throne of grace ;  
The sense of guilt, of danger, need,  
All other thoughts efface.

His ruin—death by sin—he feels—  
He sighs in want and woe ;  
Nor shall he now, from Christ in God,  
Away despairing go.

His sins, his guilt, his ev'ry need  
But urge him on to God,  
Whose high behests and holy law  
He owns exceeding broad.

“ O God, be merciful to me,  
A sinner vile, undone,”  
He said, and smote his weary breast,  
As there he stood alone.

His prayer, read at length, implies,  
In words of holy faith,  
That penitence the ransom'd feel—  
The faithful unto death.

“ To me, O God,” he trembling says,  
“ To me shew mercy now ;  
And justified by grace, with life  
My sinful soul endow.

“ 'Tis pardon, Lord, I ask of Thee,  
For each and ev'ry sin :  
The refuge of Thy love I seek,—  
In mercy take me in.

“ O shield me now from death and woe,  
And all my footsteps guide;  
From guilt—from pow’r and love of sin  
My soul in safety hide.

“ Thy Spirit give, O Lord, to me,  
To teach me how to live;  
That I may daily prove and prize  
The blessings I receive.

“ A humble heart to own Thy grace,  
A soul to love Thee still—  
I ask of Thee, my God;—a mind  
To know Thy holy will.

“ O lead me now to peace in Thee,  
And needed comfort send;  
That in Thy holy way Thou guide  
Me safely to the end.

“ For I, a sinner, ask Thee, Lord,  
For mercy—mercy now;  
Thou knowest, in Thy love, the time  
To save my soul—and how.

“ I leave it all to Thee—I plead  
Thy love—Thy truth—Thy grace,  
And seek in Christ to live to Thee,  
In joy to see Thy face.

“O help me now aright to run  
The glorious Christian race,  
That, seeing still the prize in view,  
I reach the goal apace.

“And all I have, or hope, or know,  
Thy gifts so rich and free,  
I daily seek with thankful heart  
To consecrate to Thee.”

---

### THE FINDING OF MOSES.

Suggested by the words of Pharoah's daughter to Jochebed, the mother of Moses; and written immediately after hearing the Rev. N. M. MacNaughton of Kinclaven, preach from these words in Exodus, ii. 9,

*“Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will  
give thee thy wages.”*

#### PART I.—THE TEXT.

RIGHT royal words:—the weeping babe  
In bulrush cradle hid,  
Hath mov'd thy heart—thy willing hand  
Lifts up the shading lid:

And there, a goodly Hebrew child  
Bespeaks thy tender care;  
His meek, imploring looks—his cries,  
Are eloquent in pray'r.

Thy queenly heart and instincts keen  
Adopt him as thine own;  
With thee he'll stand in Pharoah's court,  
The heir to Pharoah's throne.

At thy command a Hebrew nurse  
Takes up the goodly boy—  
A nurse who feels, unknown to thee,  
Twice told a mother's joy.

For in that child—her darling child,  
Exceeding fair to view,  
She sees her nation's hope—her faith  
Reads God's appointment true.

Her race, whom Pharaoh's hand enslaves,  
In cruel bondage pine;  
But God, who over-rules and saves,  
Shews forth His love in thine.

That child whose tears have mov'd thy soul,  
Shall rise to great renown;  
And train'd by God and thee, shall spurn  
Proud Egypt's wealth and crown.

His hand shall lead the tribes of God  
From Pharaoh's coasts and thrall;  
And at his feet opposing foes  
Shall all imploring fall.

No sacred scribe—no arm of man,  
Shall o'er his life prevail ;  
Jehovah guides, defends—nor may  
His holy purpose fail.

The priests of Egypt know right well  
Their country's doom is near :  
The arm of God and thine uphold  
The child they hate and fear.

His star ascending, shines undim'd,  
Till lost in realms of bliss ;  
Proud Egypt's planet pales and wanes—  
Her glory lost in his.

Thy star in glorious deeds shall shine,  
Enthron'd in love and light ;  
Thy country's sun goes down at noon,  
And Pharaoh's sets in night.

---

PART II.—THE APPLICATION.

To Christian parents, God says, now  
(In words of grace and truth),  
“ Come, take this child away ; protect  
And train his op'ning youth.



“ For children are my heritage.  
All lent in trust to you ;  
My Providence shall guide your way,  
And prosper all you do.

“ These children take, and nurse for me,  
With zealous tender care ;  
And train them up in all My ways,—  
In love, and faith, and pray’r.

“ Just wages I will give to you,  
As all My words you heed ;  
As to your trust you faithful prove,  
In thought, in word, and deed.

“ But should your heart My words despise,  
And slight My love and grace ;  
Ah ! should you nurse, but not for Me !  
You ne’er may see My face.

“ The wages you have earn’d shall then  
Debar you from My throne ;  
Your children too shall share the doom  
You make of choice your own.”

*Note.*—Josephus in his *Antiquities* (Book ii., chap. 10, sec. 7), informs us that Thermuthis, Pharoah’s daughter, “ adopted Moses as her own son, having no child of her own.” And when one time she had carried Moses to her father, she showed him to him, and said she thought to make him her father’s successor,

if it should please God she should have no legitimate child, and said to him—"I have brought up a child, who is of a divine form and of a generous mind; and as I have received him from the bounty of the river in a wonderful manner, I thought proper to adopt him for my son and the heir of thy kingdom;" and when she had said this she put the infant into her father's hands. So he took him and hugged him close to his breast, and, on his daughter's account, in a pleasant way put his diadem upon his head. But Moses threw it down to the ground, and in a puerile mood he wreathed it round and trod upon it with his feet, which seemed to bring along with it an evil presage concerning the kingdom of Egypt. But when the sacred Scribe saw this (he was the same person who foretold that his nativity would bring the dominion of that kingdom low), he made a violent attempt to kill him, and crying out in a frightful manner, he said—"This, O king! this child is he of whom God foretold, that if we kill him we shall be in no danger. He himself affords an attestation to the prediction of the same thing by his trampling upon thy government, and treading upon thy diadem. Take him, therefore, out of the way, and deliver the Egyptians from the fear they are in about him, and deprive the Hebrews of the hope they have of being encouraged by him." "But Thermuthis prevented him and snatched the child away. And the king was not hasty to slay him; God himself, whose providence protected Moses, inclining the king to spare him."

This Pharaoh, Rameses the Great, or as he is frequently styled Rameses III., had three daughters and many sons. Moses was born about the thirtieth year of his reign, and it is probable that by that time all the surviving members of the royal family were grown up and settled in life. The successor of Rameses the Great was his thirteenth son, and with him the dynasty became extinct; so that we are led to conclude that he alone survived his father of all his family. Pthah-men-Septhah, the next king, was of another family. Moses was alive when he succeeded, and was the acknowledged heir of Pharaoh's daughter, and as such entitled to succeed to the throne. According to Egyptian laws, it became necessary for him either to

assume the place and state of a prince-expectant, or formerly to resign his pretensions. He adopted the latter alternative, as we infer from Hebrews xi. 24, 25, and as profane history credibly informs us.

---

### THE FATE OF ELI.

*"Eli sat on a seat by the wayside, watching: for his heart trembled for the ark of God."*—I. SAM. iv. 13.

"I tremble for the ark of God"—

So said the High-Priest-Judge, who trod  
So long doom'd Shiloh's courts—whose voice  
In joy made Israel's heart rejoice—  
Whose grief the nation felt and shared,  
When age his princely eye impaired,  
As by the wayside watching lone,  
With fear in every look and tone,  
He longs to learn sure tidings brought,  
How Israel—how his sons have fought;  
And most of all, if priestly care  
God's sacred ark in triumph bear.

"I tremble for the ark of God:—

The holy light burns dimly now,  
And deep'ning fear clouds every brow—  
God's heritage is full of woe,  
Though Shiloh's bravest front the foe,  
When thousands gorge Philistia's sword,

They seek the ark—why not the Lord ?  
'Tis He—and He alone can save,  
With triumph crown the strong and brave.

“ I tremble for the ark of God :—  
Of late, my darling prophet boy,  
Elkanah's child—meek Hannah's joy,  
Hath breathed such words of grief and fear,  
As crushed this aged heart to hear,—  
Words full of woe to me and mine,  
To all our house and priestly line;  
The smitten tribes the doom must own,  
And weeping, seek Jehovah's throne.

“ I tremble for the ark of God :—  
My lips are parch'd with thirst and pain,—  
Oh! could I now true tidings gain,  
That Israel's hosts have kept the field—  
That Israel's God hath been their shield ;  
Then would I soon rejoice to see,  
The ark of God in triumph free ;  
Nor hands unholy dare profane,  
When once restored to Shiloh's fane.

“ I tremble for the ark of God—  
For I, its guardian, should have gone  
For counsel to my God alone ;  
And knowing Israel's sin and fall,  
In death should yield—if yield at all.

Alas ! my sons would have it so,  
And I allowed the ark to go—  
I hear of woe the footfall near,  
My swelling heart will burst with fear.

“ I tremble for the ark of God :—  
My eyes are dim with grief and pain ;  
Oh ! could I see in Shiloh's fane  
The ark of God once more restor'd,  
I'd bless and magnify the Lord !  
God's will be done :—I've err'd—I leave  
To God my cause :—from Him receive  
Whate'er his outstretch'd hand may bring :  
For Him I own my God and King.

“ I tremble for the ark of God :—  
What mean those cries of bitter wail ?  
Oh ! could my wish o'er age prevail,  
Mine ears and eyes would soon descry  
What evil brings that piercing cry !  
Who calls ? come near to me, my son—  
Thy tidings tell—with-holding none.  
Have Israel won the hard fought fight ?  
Our foes—are they in headlong flight ? ”

Thus Eli, trembling for the ark of God—  
Was pain'd in thought—and thought aloud,  
Till louder shriek'd the wailing crowd.  
A Benjamite came rushing on,

To tell how ill the war had gone ;  
His clothes all rent—his head bestrewn  
With dust ; in sorry flight—alone  
He came, to tell of Israel's fate  
'Neath vile Philistia's vengeful hate.

Thus yearning, trembling for the ark of God—  
The aged Eli heard the tale,  
'Mid sobs and cries of bitter wail.  
The fated message once begun,  
The words in mournful numbers run :—  
“ Our squadrons fled before the foe ;  
Philistia's sword laid many low :  
Our slaughter'd thousands strew the field—  
The brave, who would not flee, nor yield.  
Thy white-robed sons—they too are dead ;  
Cut off the priestly band they led :  
The ark of God—all red with gore—  
Is Israel's now, alas, no more ! ”  
When Eli heard the tale he fear'd,  
His hopes rolled back and disappear'd ;  
With God's own ark, his all was lost—  
He, falling back, gave up the ghost.

“BUT THEY MADE LIGHT OF IT.”

MATT. xxii. 5.

“But they made light of it”—those near  
To Eden and the fall ;  
Eve’s pleading voice they would not hear,  
Nor Adam heed at all.

Yes, they made light of it, for all  
That angels said or sung ;  
And all their seeming goodness died,  
When yet the world was young.

“But they made light of it,” in all  
That wicked world of old ;  
And Enoch, Noah, preached in vain—  
In vain God’s love extolled.

Yes, they made light of it throughout  
Those six-score years of grace ;  
Until the flood destroyed them all—  
That impious, godless race.

“But they made light of it,” those men  
Whom God in mercy spared :  
They would not spread abroad, but all  
To build a tower prepared.

Yes, they made light of it, and lost—  
Small loss—their native tongue ;  
By Babel's tower, on Shinar's plain,  
Confusing accents rung.

“ But they made light of it,” those crowds  
Of Abrahamic race,  
Whom God had forth from bondage led,  
To share his love and grace.

Yes, they made light of it—those guests  
Invited first of all ;  
God's messengers they would not hear,  
Nor heed his gracious call.

“ But they made light of it,” for all  
His mighty hand had wrought,  
When safely through the sea, by night,  
Their hosts dry-shod He brought.

Yes, they made light of it, who saw  
His wondrous works of old ;  
And, at Sinai's awful mountain,  
They made them gods of gold.

“ But they made light of it,” who strove  
With Moses and the Lord,  
When Korah and his company  
Rebelled against His word.



Yes, they made light of it—that crowd  
Of haughty, daring men ;  
They went alive where scorers go—  
Their fate—how awful then !


“ But they made light of it,” who came  
By strange and devious ways,  
From Egypt up to Canaan’s land,  
In Israel’s ancient days.

Yes, they made light of it, though led  
By pillar’d cloud and fire ;  
And God condemn’d those rebels there  
To perish in his ire.

“ But they made light of it,” who still  
Despis’d the goodly land ;  
Though God would bring them safely in  
By his upholding hand.

Yes, they made light of it—and none  
Could then to Canaan go,  
Till all that rebel host had died  
In weary, wasting woe.

“ But they made light of it ” full oft,  
And would not hear His call ;  
His people He afflicted sore,  
And let His anger fall.



Yes, they made light of it—and felt  
How hard the lot of those  
Who, leaving God, have sold themselves  
To sin and all its woes.

“ But they made light of it,” who ceased  
To fear God’s holy name,  
Though love and grace to them were writ  
In characters of flame.

Yes, they made light of it, in all  
Their tribes in Canaan’s land ;  
God’s prophets they misused, and He  
Made strong the spoiler’s hand.

The golden calves and Baalim shared  
With other gods their love ;  
Their faithless hearts Jehovah spurned ;  
They mocked at heav’n above.

In vain Elijah’s tongue of fire  
Their sinful ways reproved ;  
In vain Isaiah’s louder tones  
Denounced the gods they loved.

“ But they made light of it ”—their kings—  
Their priests—the people all ;—  
Nor would they hear his messengers,  
Nor heed his warning call.

Yes, they made light of it, though God  
Had proved their constant friend ;  
And now their hearts defiant, proud,  
In captive chains must bend.

They bent the knee to idol-gods  
So fondly and so long,  
That few by Babel's streams could weep  
When asked for Salem's song.

But captive years brought down their pride,  
And wrought an inward change ;  
A remnant sought the Lord with tears,  
Nor deemed his judgments strange.

Their sins had found them out, but still  
God's love unchanged they find ;  
In penitence and prayer they leave  
Th' oppressor's land behind.

God wiped away their captive tears,  
And filled their soul with joy ;  
Restored to Judah's land, God's praise  
Their every thought employ.

" But they made light of it," so soon  
As all their scars were healed ;  
Their worship and their praise a form  
Of soul-less clay revealed.

Yes, they made light of it, those guests  
Invited long ago ;  
And all the messengers of God  
Away despairing go.

“ But they made light of it,” nor would  
Repent, nor leave their sin :  
Heav’ns gracious kingdom they despised  
They would not enter in.

Yes, they made light of it, for all  
The Baptist’s fiery tone,  
Who dared denounce their deeds and doom—  
But thereby sealed his own.

“ But they made light of it,” when God  
Had sent His only Son—  
Their proud, rebellious, sinful, hearts,  
His grace and mercy shun.

And Herod fear’d the Baptist might  
Have come to life again,  
Whom he had into prison cast,  
And there most foully slain.

“ But they made light of it,” who saw  
Those proofs of love and grace,  
The miracles which Jesus wrought,  
’Mong Israel’s favour’d race.

Yes, they made light of it, who heard  
His teaching—saw his tears ;  
To them nor cures nor spotless life  
His character endears.


With wayward hate they spurn the call  
His words and works convey ;  
For they despis'd His messengers,  
Nor light nor life would they.

His claims as King—as Son of God,  
They hear with scornful smile ;  
With harsh and bitter words they scoff,  
Accuse, oppress, revile.

With crafty hate they Judas bribe  
To give their band a sign,  
By which his Master might be brought  
Within their grasp malign.

To prison and to judgment led,  
Behold the Prince of Life !  
Should he his angels call, what foe  
Could conquer in the strife ?

“ But they made light of it ”—they come  
And move the judge for doom :  
Proud Pilate yields—nor he, nor they  
Believe “ There still is room.”



Yes, they make light of it, and drag  
The Saviour forth to die ;  
They would not come to Him and live,  
Nor seek His home on high.

“ But they made light of it ”—rejoiced  
To hear His piercing cry :  
With cruel words and deeds they still  
His rightful claims deny.

Yes, they made light of it, and chose  
The world, and sin, and death ;  
And God o'erwhelm'd with awful doom  
Their want of will and faith.

Thus they made light of it, those guests  
Invited long ago ;  
And they have perish'd quite, though God  
Is still to anger slow.

O let us ne'er make light of it,  
Or we are doom'd as they ;  
Now let us heed our Father's call—  
Our Saviour's voice obey.

O may we daily walk with God,  
In earnest, lively faith,  
And in true wisdom, Spirit led,  
Be faithful unto death.

And then as God is just and true,  
He'll crown our hopes with bliss,  
And give us evermore to live,  
And reign where Jesus is.

O may we now so heed and hold  
Our onward, upward way,  
That in the end, in robes of praise,  
We reach eternal day.

The Saviour's praise we'll ever sing,  
With him for ever reign,  
And share the triumphs of our King :  
So let it be. Amen.

---

“THUS SAITH THE LORD.”

EXODUS, iv. 22.

“Thus saith the Lord,” till time shall close  
The seal of Holy Writ,—  
Hath hedg'd the path of those  
Who sin refuse to quit.

“Thus saith the Lord ”—th' ungodly fear  
These words of peace and love ;  
And scornful men profess to sneer  
At God, and heav'n above.

---

“ Thus saith the Lord ”—the sinner’s knell,  
Who feels his want and woe ;  
And justly feels that into hell  
His soul right soon may go.

“ Thus saith the Lord ”—in sorrow read,  
Bring comfort to the heart ;  
Bring life to those in sin long dead,  
And aids of grace impart.

“ Thus saith the Lord,”—to all who mourn,  
The guilt and power of sin,  
“ Come, weary souls, to me return,  
And I will take you in.”

“ Thus saith the Lord—My grace I give  
To all who feel their need ;  
The dead in sin in Me shall live ;  
And I their souls shall feed.

“ Thus saith the Lord—My grace is free,  
And rich for you—for all ;  
Then hear My words, and come to Me—  
To you, in love, I call.

“ Thus saith the Lord—I save from death,  
And sin—from want and woe ;—  
Whoever comes, though faint his faith,  
My saving grace shall know.



“ Thus saith the Lord—though hating sin,  
My name is always LOVE ;  
The sinful, vile, I make them clean,  
And lead to heav’n above.

“ Thus saith the Lord—I know your need ;—  
To save you is my care :  
And all I free are free indeed,  
From every sinful snare.

“ Thus saith the Lord, I give so free,  
My Spirit unto you,  
To bring you safely home with me :  
Be steadfast, faithful, true.

“ Thus saith the Lord, no pow’r shall e’er  
My grace prevent, defy ;  
Your names upon my hands I bear ;  
Your souls shall never die.

“ Thus saith the Lord, to all who groan  
Beneath the load of sin,  
There’s room for you—no longer moan—  
To share My grace come in.

“ Thus saith the Lord, to me return—  
Your griefs, your conflicts tell ;—  
Nor longer thus despairing mourn,  
But flee from death and hell.

“ Thus saith the Lord—have faith in Me,  
And triumph o’er the grave :  
From guilt and sin I set you free,  
My life for you I gave.

“ Thus saith the Lord ”—to all who come—  
“ Abide in Me and live ;  
In Me, your Saviour-Prince, o’ercome ;—  
My peace to you I give.

“ Thus saith the Lord,” when griefs oppress,  
And death itself is near,  
“ In Me, your life—your righteousness—  
Shall evermore appear.

“ Thus saith the Lord—your home on high  
Is now prepared for you ;  
You ransom’d, Spirit-led, come nigh  
That bright abode to view.

“ Thus saith the Lord, for ever there  
Eternal joys shall cheer ;  
For left behind are grief and care,  
And wiped is sorrow’s tear.

“ Thus saith the Lord, through endless day,  
In song, and life, and light,  
The saved, supremely blest alway,  
Shall walk with Me in white.”

## JESUS AT THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

*"Never man spake like this man."*—JOHN, vii. 46.

IN Judah's land, long, long ago,  
In Zion's later days,  
They sung, in cadence soft and low,  
The holy ancient lays.

And still ascending, wound along  
To God's own holy hill,  
Till trembled 'neath the tide of song  
At Siloah's gentle rill.

All hast'ning to the joyous feast,  
The people crowding come :  
The grand old temple, fronting east,  
Uprears its lofty dome ;

Reflecting back, in golden rays,  
The joyous morning beam,  
Till dazzled in its splendid blaze,  
The gazing eye grows dim.

And there, on Zion hill, they stand,  
When comes the festal day,  
With Jews from every clime and land,  
And chant their solemn lay.

---

The great Messiah, come to reign,  
They there expect to find ;  
And hope to leave each grief and pain  
For evermore behind.

In Him they trust and fondly dream  
Of glory, wealth, and fame ;  
And seek, beneath His sabre gleam,  
An everlasting name.

Messiah's kingdom they believe  
Shall reach from sea to sea ;  
And they, His chosen ones, receive  
Whate'er its blessing be.

A glorious earthly kingdom they  
Expect with Him to rise,  
To feast with triumph day by day  
The nation's eager eyes.

The Roman eagles soon must yield  
To his far-reaching sway ;  
And Gentile nations, 'neath His shield,  
His high behests obey.

Till earth and ocean, sea and air,  
All people far and near,  
To Him their humble tribute bear,  
His voice with gladness hear.

Till Jews, a holy nation, reign,  
In pride—supreme o'er all ;  
At Zion's gates—their holy fane—  
All people prostrate fall.

Till pomp and pride, and wealth and pow'r,  
Be theirs—and theirs alone ;  
And theirs ambition's costly dow'r  
Around Messiah's throne.

Such splendid worldly hopes enchain  
That eager, crowding throng ;  
For Him they seek, they look in vain,  
The temple courts along.

The films of pride obscure the eye,  
And prejudice the mind,  
To true Messiah, standing nigh ;  
Their worldly eyes are blind.

Their fond desires and hopes may ne'er  
To full fruition rise ;  
Nor may Messiah's kingdom bear  
The gross rewards they prize.

Though in the world His kingdom be,  
It owns nor pomp nor pride ;  
The lowly share its blessings free  
In full, exhaustless tide.

With heav'nly hopes he fills the mind—  
The soul with heav'nly peace ;  
And, where true rest and joy they find,  
Their own Messiah is.

Nor honour, wealth, nor fame, nor pow'r,  
Nor aught the world can give,  
May aid the soul in death's dark hour,  
Or bid the sinner live.

The pomp and pride of worldly men,  
A fleeting phantom flies ;  
For die they must, they know not when,  
And leave whate'er they prize.

In pow'r of death they fear to dwell,  
Which they nor theirs may foil ;  
Nor youth, nor age the time can tell  
When he may claim his spoil.

And when his quiv'ring arrows speed,  
The world grows dark and drear ;  
To help them in their utmost need,  
No friendly hand is near.

For death his shadow darkly flings  
Or all they feel and know ;  
Away from earth and earthly things,  
They all despairing go.

The valley drear they're passing through  
Is full of death and sin,  
Which bring the soul and body too—  
Where endless woes begin.

Despair—with shrieks unnerving hell—  
Is tossed in frantic hate ;  
And dreadful pangs no tongue can tell—  
Hiss out the words, " TOO LATE."

For broken vows, delay, the grave,  
The sinful, lost, revile ;  
And Evil chained, and Mammon rave,  
In torture's ghastly smile,

Black horror sits on every brow,  
Fear feeds on every heart ;  
And ruin'd souls all anguish now,  
In darkness chains depart.

The wrath of God—Love's other side,  
Fills hell with pain and woe ;  
Ah! who would there its power abide,  
Or court its burning glow?

The place of doom for long prepared  
For Satan and his crew,  
Shall in its wasting woes be shared  
By human sinners too.

Hell and the Grave were moved to hear  
The great Messiah's name;  
And evil words in Satan's ear  
Good angels whisp'ring came.

Truth—love—were evil words to him  
Whose very soul is hate ;—  
Nor sense, nor eye obscure, or dim—  
He meets his coming fate.

For one short, sharp, decisive rush  
He summons all his pow'r,  
In hopes Messiah's might to crush,  
E'er comes his triumph hour.

His sneering legions, tempting, file,  
With mocking laughter loud ;  
And evil thoughts and passions vile,  
A motely, shameless crowd.

Whate'er may move the heart to sin,  
In man, or angel breast,  
Is now with Satan falling in,  
Obeying his behest.

The final field must soon be fought,  
Ere man redeem'd can be ;  
The pow'rs of hell opposing brought  
To yield, ere man be free.



The strong man arm'd must keep the field,  
And safely hold his own ;  
Or, all his squadrons beaten yield,  
Their shatter'd pow'r o'erthrown.

But if Messiah's pow'r could now  
Be crush'd, or turn'd aside,  
One smile of joy would wreath the brow  
Of hell's proud chief, defied,

His legions, too, would laugh outright,  
If hostile pow'r were foil'd ;  
But now Messiah heads the fight,  
And Satan's hosts are spoil'd.

Beneath Messiah's heel, his head  
Receives a crushing wound ;  
But yet, nor hate, nor venom dead—  
He coils that heel around,

As if despairing throes could e'er  
Undo the King of kings,  
Or hurl to earth and pinion there  
The victory He brings.

What dreadful pangs the fiend must feel,  
As all his hosts retire  
When shatter'd squadrons scarce conceal  
Their leader's pow'r expire.

His baffl'd rage and hopeless hate  
Astound the realms of woe ;  
Nor he—nor death—may change the state  
Of those God's love who know.

But this he may, and can perform,  
In Judah's favour'd land ;  
Implant his hate—with sin deform  
The scribes and priestly band.

He gives the mask of pious zeal  
To Pharisees to wear,  
And bids them hateful sins conceal  
'Neath lengthy, public pray'r.

Though widows' houses they devour—  
The heart be foul within ;  
Their seeming goodness wields a pow'r  
The vulgar mind to win.

Religious pride, the idol god  
To whom they bend the knee ;  
And those true wisdom's paths who trod,  
Had better silent be.

These have the will—and, if they dare,  
They'll crush opposing creeds ;  
Their proselytes they teach with care  
To emulate their deeds.

And haply, too, they train so well,  
Whoe'er may join their creed,  
That tenfold more a child of hell  
He'll prove in word and deed.


The Pharisees, self-righteous, proud,  
With priests and elders strive,  
To lead and rule the vulgar crowd,  
And keep their hates alive.

Of God's own holy word, they speak  
With zeal and rev'rence too ;  
Their outward mien, and bearing meek,  
Enhances all they do.

And God and godliness receive  
The outward man's regard,  
When all they do 's a make-believe  
For blinded men's reward.

'Tis theirs to teach the vulgar throng  
Religion's sacred name ;  
But for their speaking much and long,  
Applause is all they claim.

Deceiv'd themselves, by Satan taught,  
They other men deceive ;  
With lying hopes their words are fraught—  
Unhallow'd peace they give.



Their worship, too, 's a formal thing,  
Which God disdains to own ;  
And when Messiah reigns as King,  
He'll spurn them from His throne.

Ah ! little reck those blinded men  
Messiah stands so near,  
That in their temple courts, e'en then,  
His sacred voice they hear.

That, foremost 'mong the festal crowd,  
His teaching proves His claim,  
And sinners sav'd with praises loud  
Confess His holy name.

Ah ! little reck those Pharisees.  
Who vaunt their deeds and worth  
That in their midst Messiah is—  
The lowliest on earth.

That lowly Nazarene excites  
Their jealous, watchful care ;  
His harmless, open way invites  
The worst their hate may dare.

They cannot bear to hear His praise  
On ev'ry festal day ;  
They feel that He's in many ways.  
Far more belov'd than they.

His meek and gentle words, and mein,  
His sympathies attest ;  
For human woes those sighs have been,  
That wrung His guileless breast.

The sore diseases'd have felt His pow'r,  
And ruin'd souls His love ;  
While those He taught, in death's dark hour,  
Finds bright rewards above.

His character and works proclaim  
Him wise, and good and pure ;  
The crowds He heal'd applaud His name,  
And thousands come for cure.

Despis'd—from Nazareth He comes—  
And all through Galilee,  
He gladdens many hearts and homes.—  
The fiend-possessed sets free.

Samaria heard His voice of love,  
And joyous ones are there,  
Whose hopes are center'd now above,  
Beyond this world of care.

Judea hears His pleading call—  
Her day of grace has come ;  
He now invites the people all,  
To share His heav'nly home,

The promises He gives unfold  
His aim and high design,  
And His rewards, more choice than gold,  
Secure in love divine.

The name He bears an index is,  
Which willing souls may read ;  
He came to save—to heal disease—  
And He is Christ indeed.

The festal throng, with voices loud,  
To-day high praises sing,  
And reach with mirth—a joyous crowd—  
Siloah's sacred spring.

Isaiah's lofty tones inspire  
Their joyful, holy lay ;  
With souls expectant—all on fire—  
They for Messiah pray.

The priest, in garments spotless, white,  
A golden pitcher bears,  
And drawing water with delight,  
To God's own house repairs.

The water pure he mingles there,  
With consecrated wine,  
And shadows forth to faith and pray'r,  
The sacrifice divine.

The altar-sacrifice receives  
Salvation's joyous dole ;  
And so, whate'er the Spirit gives,  
Thus sanctifies the soul.


The cleansing pow'r of grace how great  
The wounded soul to heal !  
How full of joy the happy state,  
The sav'd by grace reveal !

The sacrifice of joy is o'er,  
And offer'd up the pray'r ;  
Was prayer answer'd so before ?  
Behold Messiah there !

Within that temple-court, on high  
He lifts His winning voice ;  
With loving heart and beaming eye,  
He bids the crowds rejoice.

Rejoice, that now at length the pray'r  
Of faith hath answer'd been ;  
That their Messiah, standing there,  
Their eager eyes have seen.

With earnest voice He pleads the while  
That all would heed His call,  
Lest ruin waste the sacred pile,  
And woe prevail o'er all.



Lest all their boasted joys depart,  
And hope itself decay,  
If now they lay it not to heart,  
Nor His behests obey.

Their day of grace shall soon decline.  
And death's dark hour appear ;  
The fiery folds of wrath divine  
Their holy house is near.

And Judah's land, and Zion hill,  
Shall soon in heaps decay ;  
O'er stones of emptiness at will  
Confusion's lines shall play.

Jerusalem, the holy, lie,  
Beneath the Gentile's tread,  
The scorn of ev'ry passer by,  
Profan'd, detested, dead.

The list'ning crowd are mov'd to hear  
Unsparring words of doom ;  
And yet, again, that voice they fear  
Proclaims, " There still is room."

The great Messiah's pleadings there  
To God and duty call ;  
Nor may one word, or silent pray'r,  
Unheard, unanswer'd fall,



“ O come to Me,” He says, “ and live  
In rest, in peace, in love,  
Ye weary souls, and I will give  
You crowns and thrones above.

“ The sinful soul, though vile it be,  
I cleanse, renew, and save !  
From sin and death, and ruin free—  
I spoil the loathsome grave.

“ Go, seek no more Siloah’s wave  
In sacrifice to blend,  
For you the Holy Ghost may have  
From Me, the Sinners’ Friend.

“ The unbelieving throng may ne’er  
My ways and works explore,  
But, all who come in faith shall bear  
My yoke, and sin no more.

“ The faithless crowd shall seek Me soon,  
And mourn with tearful eyes ;  
But then no pow’r can give the boon  
Their harden’d heart despise.

“ And where I am they cannot come.  
For mercy shuts the door ;  
Enrich’d are all who share My home—  
The lost alone are poor.

“ All ye who thirst, come now to Me,  
Life's healing, loving tide ;  
Drink on—your ev'ry need shall be  
For evermore supplied.

“ The stains of guilt I wash away,  
Atone for ev'ry sin ;  
The vilest sinner here to-day  
The goal of hope may win.

“ All ye astray on devious ways,  
Which sin and death have trod,  
Turn now and come to me—I raise  
From self and sin to God.

“ Salvation, full and free, I give,  
And life that cannot die ;  
Ho ! ye that thirst—Come, drink and live,  
And share My bliss on high.

“ When time and death are past and gone,  
And work and toil are o'er,  
In heav'n above around My throne,  
Your joys shall cease no more.”

The Pharisees, afraid the crowd  
May own that gracious voice—  
Afraid that with hosannahs loud  
They raise the cry, “ Rejoice ”—

Afraid that now, Messiah come,  
In power and love shall reign,  
And babe and wife, from every home,  
Make haste to swell His train :

Afraid their power be quite o'erthrown,  
The Sanhedrim convene  
Lest now the heaving throng may crown  
The lowly Nazarene.

That court supreme for good or ill,  
In solemn conclave met—  
Declare it is their sovereign will,  
“ Messiah comes not yet.”

This Jesus, be He who He may,  
Their officers must bring ;  
They'll judge His claims without delay—  
His teaching silencing.

The officers approach, and hear  
His words of truth and love ;  
They nearer come, and yet more near,  
And all His words approve.

Their souls have felt a void—but He  
That void with grace hath fill'd,  
And in His every word, they see  
The prophets words fulfill'd.

They go and tell the Sanhedrim  
The joy of soul they feel,  
And own "Man never spake like Him—  
Nor man like Him could heal."

That solemn court with hatred turn  
From truth and right away;  
Their officers reproach and spurn—  
They heed not what they say.

Their whole desire, to immolate  
The lowly man they fear'd,  
But Nicodemus moves them yet,  
Not to condemn unheard.

They taunt Him too with Galilee,  
That land of evil fame,  
They ask, if any their can be  
Of either note, or name.

"From Nazareth who ever heard  
Of any good thing come?  
That man 's too mean for our regard—  
Arise, and let us home."

*Note I.*—The Feast of Tabernacles was celebrated from the fifteenth to the twenty-third day of the first month of the Jewish civil year, in solemn commemoration of the forty years' sojourn of the Israelites in the wilderness, dwelling in tents. It was one of the three great annual festivals prescribed by the

law, on which all the adult males in Israel were required to appear at the sanctuary (Exod. xxiii. 14-17). Booths were constructed of branches of trees in all parts of Jerusalem (so soon as the sanctuary was set up therein), and in them the people resided during the festival. It was the most joyous of all the feasts, and was in consequence called "the great Hosanna," being distinguished by extraordinary sacrifices and offerings, public and private (Numbers, xxix. 12-38; Leviticus, xxiii. 34-43; Deuteronomy, xvi. 13-17). In later times a variety of ceremonies were superadded to those commanded in the Scriptures.

The twenty-third was "the last day, the great day of the feast," and was distinguished by services peculiarly imposing and joyous. On the morning of that day the priests, ascending from the temple-courts to the sanctuary to offer up the appointed sacrifices, and to carry out the special services peculiar to that day, sang the Psalms of Degrees (Psalms, cxx-cxxxiv.) One of the priests, after a short interval, came forth from the sanctuary, bearing a golden pitcher, and went down to the pool of Siloam (or Siloah), accompanied by the joyous multitude, and (in all probability after reading the 12th chapter of Isaiah) with great rejoicing drew water from the pool, and, carrying it into the city with every demonstration of joy, brought it into the temple, where it was mixed with wine, and poured upon the sacrifice, already offered up to God, which lay upon the altar, while the people, standing in the courts of the temple, sang in concert the Hallel, a song of joy, consisting of Ps. cxiii., cxviii. So great and imposing were the rejoicings with which these ceremonial rites were accompanied, that the saying passed into a proverb: "He that never saw the rejoicing of the drawing of the water, never saw rejoicing in all his life."

The Lord Jesus having come up to the Feast of Tabernacles on the occasion of which we have an account in John, vii., availed himself of the opportunity thereby afforded, and preached the Gospel of the Kingdom to the people. "On the last day, the great day of the feast," after witnessing the rejoicings of the drawing of the water, and the imposing ceremonial of "the Great Hosanna," He sought to raise the minds of the assembled

multitude from types and symbols and ceremonial observances to what these things signified and symbolized—pointing out to them the only fountain of salvation, which is full, and free to all—the only way to true peace and everlasting felicity—the only satisfying portion of the needy soul—the rejoicing which cometh from God, maketh not ashamed; and that grace of God, bringing salvation, which maketh rich, and to which no sorrow is ever added.

On this last day of the feast a special prayer was offered up for the coming of the Messiah, who was expected to appear, and to show Himself in great splendour, surrounded by unparalleled pomp and power, “to restore the Kingdom of Israel,” and to rule the nations with a rod of iron.

*Note II.*—THEY TAUNT HIM TOO, WITH GALILEE—p. 283, line 14.

“Art thou also of Galilee?” John, vii. 52. The inhabitants of Galilee enjoyed an unenviable notoriety for ignorance, rudeness, and irreligion, and were held in great disrepute and contempt by the dwellers in Judea, among whom it was a proverbial saying, “Can anything good come out of Nazareth?”

The Sanhedrim, composed chiefly of Scribes and Pharisees, were actuated by feelings maliciously hostile to the despised Galilean, Jesus of Nazareth, and wilfully suppressed historical truth to favour their own malevolent ends when they averred: “Out of Galilee ariseth no prophet.” Galilee could claim Elijah the Tishbite, and Jonah of Gath-Nepher, if not also of Nahum and Hosea.

---

## THE FATE OF NADAB AND ABIHU, SONS OF AARON.

*See Leviticus, ix. 23, 24; and x. 1, 11.*

WHILE in the wilderness of Sin,  
The tribes of Israel lay,  
Jehovah gave His holy laws,  
And bade them there obey.

The tribe of Levi set apart,  
To serve Him day by day,  
And Aaron's house in holy things  
To honour Him alway ;


By sacrifice and offering they  
Were taught to seek His face,  
To glorify and praise His name,  
Within His holy place.

Each ceremonial rite, and all  
They should observe and do,  
Were plainly write by Moses hand ;  
And all that law they knew.

When Aaron, and his sons, ordained  
To stand before the Lord,  
Were sanctified and sprinkled o'er  
According to His word.

They saw the cloud of glory come  
Upon the holy place ;  
And felt assured that God was there,  
With His approving grace.

The altar-sacrifice was laid  
With every legal rite,  
Before the tabernacle door—  
The priests to left and right.



The fire of God came down—consumed  
The sacrifice in flame ;  
And all the people worshipping,  
Bless'd God's most holy name.

That sacred fire, the priests were told,  
They evermore must use.  
And carefully maintain—for God  
Will other fire refuse.

All off'rings made by fire to God,  
By it must offer'd be ;  
To sin is death—if son or sire  
Should e'er forgetful be.

Yet Nadab and Abihu sought  
Jehovah's holy throne,  
With censers lit with common fire,  
Ere many days were gone.

From out the cloudy pillar fell  
The wasting light'ning brand,  
And these presumptuous priests consumed—  
Their censers in their hand.

They died before the Lord,—cut off  
In act of heinous sin,  
Ere they could reach the holy place,  
When scarce its courts within.



They knew how incense should be brought—  
The sacred fire was near ;  
Then why defy the jealous God,  
They failed to love or fear.

For all who come to worship Him,  
Must glorify His name ;  
And He'll assuredly be praised,  
And sanctified in them.

To all who come and Him adore,  
Who seek to know His love,  
He freely gives His sure rewards—  
Eternal life above.

True peace and joy He giveth now,  
In providence and grace ;  
And evermore His watchful care,  
The eye of faith may trace.

But all who come with thoughts impure,  
Offending in desire,  
Who offer sacrifice to Him  
With strange unholy fire ;

Who rashly near His sacred throne,  
Puffed up in self and sin ;  
Nor think of that consuming fire  
Where all their woes begin,—

---

Incur His anger, swift and sure,  
Nor know when it may fall;  
For He will vindicate His law  
Before the people all.

Severe, and stern, and just is God,  
When on His vengeful path;  
Nor pity, love, nor grace may move—  
Relentless in His wrath.

Nor jot, nor tittle comes to nought,  
Of any law He gave :—  
“The soul that sinneth, it shall die”;  
The body’s doom, the grave.

Who would not fear and glorify  
This great and dreadful name,  
The Lord our God—nor give to Him  
Whate’er His love may claim?

Ah! who presume to seek His face  
With strange unholy fire;  
Nor come on His appointed way,  
In feeling and desire?

Let Nadab and Abihu’s fate  
Its warning voice upraise;  
Let ministers of God be meek,  
And watchful all their days.

Let all in holy rev'ence bend,  
Who come before the Lord ;  
Who minister in holy things,  
And preach His blessed word.

The statute giv'n to Aaron and his sons,  
Applies to ev'ry one,  
Who comes to praise and worship God,  
Before his awful throne.

For they are all required to come  
In His appointed way ;  
Or He will let His anger fall,  
And they must pass away.

Strange fire calls down His wasting wrath,  
And off'rings lightly giv'n ;  
For all who come not near in faith,  
May find nor life, nor heav'n.

The ministers of God must know,  
In every clime and land,  
That life and gifts—their all, they owe  
To His upholding hand,

And though they know Him slow to wrath,  
And ready to forgive,  
Some sins so heinous are, that they,  
Nor He, may own and live.

For all who disregard that law  
Of sacred fire—and wine;  
And who presumptuous off'rings bring,  
May fear the wrath divine.

The fountain pure of grace is free,  
And love as freely giv'n;  
The Spirit's joys inspire the soul  
With views of God and heav'n.

God's holy altar-fire transforms  
The vilest child of sin;  
Makes fit to stand with Christ in God,  
His temple courts within.

All other fires degrade the soul,  
And leave their guilty stain;  
They spurn the heart—an empty thing,  
Dishonoured and profane.

Why look for wrath sent down from heav'n,  
Or light'ning from the cloud;  
When conscience speaks within,  
In thunders long and loud?

When terrors of the law repeat  
The echoing notes afar;  
And passions, fierce and strong, maintain  
A constant wasting war?

When fires within burn up the soul,  
In woes no tongue can tell,  
Who so unwise as not to knew  
If these be flames of hell ?

Who dare dispute the truth of God,  
Or doubt His holy word ;  
When scorching proofs of power and wrath  
Their inmost hearts afford ?

When to their guilty eyes appear,  
In characters of flame,  
On all they see on every side,  
God's great and dreadful name ?


The Lord our God is just and true,  
And faithful to redeem,  
In vengeance swift, relentless, sure—  
Then fear and honour Him.

---

#### AARON'S INEXPRESSIBLE GRIEF.

*"And Aaron held his peace."*—LEV. x. 3.

God's chosen High Priest, Aaron, stood,  
Struck dumb with grief and fear,  
When Nadab and Abihu, slain  
By fire from God lay near.



These thoughtless men, who dared profane  
God's courts with common fire—  
Cut off in act of heinous sin—  
Had perished in His ire.

From out between the cherubim,  
The eye of God look'd down ;  
And all the people trembling, quail'd,  
Beneath His awful frown.

His presence in the pillar'd cloud,  
Was hid from mortal eye ;  
But in the lightning, voicing loud,  
His wasting wrath came nigh.

The trembling tribes, in terror, turn'd  
To God their upward gaze ;  
Ah ! who could feel that fire and live,  
Or dare its awful blaze ?

Ah ! who would now presume to come,  
With strange, unholy fire,  
In sacrifice to Him ;—or brave  
The kindling of His ire ?

All hearts are struck with sudden fear.  
And ev'ry lip is dumb ;  
As o'er these thoughtless, sinful souls,  
The throes of judgment come.

God's law demands—His statutes claim,  
The soul's entire regard ;  
And all who serve obediently,  
Shall share His high reward.

But they, who fail to glorify  
His great and holy name,  
In all He is, commands, and does,  
Must bare the sin and shame.

And all who dare presume to come,  
Save on His way of grace,  
Are held within His vengeful hand :—  
They never see His face.

When Nadab and Abihu fell,  
In death before the Lord,  
Their father, Aaron, saw it all,  
And silently ador'd.

His throbbing heart could scarce control  
Its anguish deep and keen—  
As there he trac'd, in dust of death,  
Where fire of God had been.

As there in ghastly silence lay,  
In robes of office clad,  
His sons, whose deeds but yesterday,  
Their father's heart made glad.

But now, a mass of loathsome clay—  
Each line of beauty fled—  
These sons—are for their sins to-day  
Cut off—accursed—dead.

Of Aaron's agony of soul,  
Oh who may rightly tell !  
For grief no keener pang may know,  
Than sorrow's mute farewell.

He may not weep nor rend his robe,  
To evidence his woe ;  
But, dumb with silence, bear the grief  
His anguish'd heart must know.

Nor he, nor his, may raise the while  
The notes of bitter wail ;  
O'er kindred ties and claims of home—  
The claims of God prevail.

For he and his remaining sons  
Have consecrated been,  
To stand and serve before the Lord,  
The sacred courts within.

The Lord's anointing oil on them  
In holy fragrance lay ;  
Nor sons, nor brothers—dying—dead,  
May wile their hearts away.



The service of their God demands  
Their undivided care ;  
And they must serve Him day and night,  
In earnest faith and pray'r.

Of wine—strong drink of ev'ry kind,  
They must not touch nor taste,  
When they come near to God—lest fire  
From Him devour—lay waste.

To all who serve before the Lord,—  
A binding statute this ;  
For them who heed, observe, and do,  
Much joy reserved is.

But all who disregard this law  
Which God Jehovah gave,  
May fear the kindling of His wrath,  
And dread a fiery grave.

For Nadab and Abihu dead,  
The cry of bitter wail,  
By Israel's thousands raised on high,  
Repeats the doleful tale.

And young and old, in sackcloth clad—  
Their heads with ashes strewn—  
With weeping seek the Lord, and mourn  
Before His awful throne.

They look upon the pillar'd cloud,  
Which they had deem'd their guide,  
As charg'd with fiery vengeance now,  
From which no sin can hide.

In broken accents, wailing loud—  
With sobs of heartfelt woe  
They mourn the sin and fall of those,  
The fire of God laid low.

And then they seek the Lord their God,  
In penitence and tears,  
And worship Him right rev'rently :  
Their cry Jehovah hears.

No soul the lightning of His eye,  
No sins His glance elude :  
But all may feel, may share His love,  
By being—doing good.

And though He treasures His rewards,  
With more than miser care,  
The wealth His lib'ral hand bestows,  
The wise and good may share.

## NOW SAD IN SOUL, WITH BROKEN HEART.

*"The floods compassed me about, all Thy billows and  
Thy waves passed over me."*—JONAH, ii. 3.

Now sad in soul, with broken heart,—  
Alone, in tears and woe ;  
Oh ! must I sorrow's burden bear,  
Nor friend nor helper know ?

Shall time relief nor respite lend,  
Nor aught of grief remove ?  
And may no morrow bring the smile  
Of those I truly love ?

The pleasing dream of youth's bright day,  
Like morning cloud is gone ;  
And life's fierce battle leaves no ray  
Of hope—of comfort—none.

Oppress'd, revil'd, and hated still,  
By heartless, cruel foes ;  
And wrong'd the more, the more I feel  
The smart of all my woes.

For coward malice, sneaking low,  
Gives out assassin stings ;  
The tongue of slander, false and foul,  
Its hateful poison flings.

And men, unholy, breathe my name,  
With curse, and threat, and frown,  
And tighter draw their evil bond,  
To thrust and keep me down.

For right and truth are hateful things,  
Unworthy their regard ;  
But He who rules on high looks down,  
And portions their reward.

Alas for me ! how sad that now  
In dark'ning doubt I pine,  
And keenly feel the need, the loss  
Of joys which once were mine.

For shatter'd hopes and blighted love,  
On angry breakers roll ;  
My bark, so near the treach'rous shore,  
I cannot now control.

My voyage down life's stormy sea  
Has full of peril been,  
And darkly round my onward way,  
May reef and shoal be seen.

A dreadful gale has swept away  
My joys and peace of soul,—  
Would now that faith were pointing true,  
As magnet to the pole !

The past, a soil'd and blotted page,  
Is fill'd with doubts and fears ;  
Emblazon'd round with toils and grief—  
With agonies and tears.

My mind is held in deep'ning gloom—  
My soul in keenest pain,  
Which fill the heart with anguish still,  
And bid its griefs remain.

Ah ! is there then no balm ? can none  
This gloom and sadness cure ?  
And must I still, and day by day,  
These pangs and griefs endure ?

Can time, nor change, nor death itself,  
Remove the poison'd sting,  
That wears and kills my ebbing life,  
Nor ease, nor refuge bring ?

My Father-God, for Jesus' sake,  
Do Thou my helper be ;  
Dispel my fears, this gloom remove ;  
My soul from sorrow free.

My sins forgive, my will renew,  
And make me all Thine own ;  
Through life, in death, be Thou my guide,  
Send help from out Thy throne.

Thy peace bestow, Thy love vouchsafe,  
Thy Spirit's aid impart ;  
And, of Thy grace most free, uplift,  
Sustain my fainting heart.

May Jesus live in ev'ry thought,  
Each act by grace control ;  
And of His love, in faith, support  
My weak and weary soul.

At Thy command I'll rise anew  
To life, and light, and joy ;  
And in Thy holy work and way,  
My heart and soul employ.

To Thee, my God, I lift my soul,  
And plead Thy promis'd grace ;  
And in Thy love I'd fain behold  
The brightness of Thy face.

Thus, onward still, through life's dark way,  
I peace and hope shall find ;  
And glory, when I leave this world  
For evermore behind.

## OUR FRIENDS ARE GOING.

A MOURNFUL ELEGY.

*Days*—are the pulse-notes of Time,  
*Moments*—the throbs of his heart ;  
*Years*—are the breath of his prime ;  
*Ages*—in sighing depart.  
Our friends are going, going ;  
Our friends are going away ;  
They're like autumn leaves going—  
Going and fading away.

Time *Past*—its footfall we hear ;  
„ *Present*—we had it but now ;  
„ *Future*—'tis coming—how near !  
Hope is the star on his brow.  
Our friends are going, going, &c.

*Change*—runs along at his side ;  
*Decay*—behind him attends ;  
*Death*—sweeps the path of his pride ;  
*The Grave*—the home of its friends.  
Our friends are going, going, &c.

*Voices*—are near us—how nigh !  
Mark we how loud is their call ;  
*Flow'rets*—but blossom to die ;—  
Death is the garner of all.  
Our friends are going, going, &c.

*Infants*—are wailing, wailing ;  
*Childhood*—is sobbing in tears ;  
*Youth*—alas ! how unfailing  
Sorrows keep pace with its years.

*Manhood*—escapes not the pall—  
Nor *Pride*—the touch of decay ;  
*Beauty*—must bow at his call—  
*Age*—must the summons obey.  
Our friends are going, going, &c,

Mark we on cottage and hall—  
Read we on home and on hearth ?  
“ Death is the heirloom of all ;—  
Changes are frequent on earth.”  
Our friends are going, going, &c.

Heed we the beacons that guide  
Our barque when toss'd on the wave ?  
Mark we the surge of the tide ?  
Hear we the moan of the grave ?  
Our friends are going, going, &c.

Ah ! these, were we but knowing,  
Are voicing loud the refrain ;  
Like our friends, we are going ;  
Like them, we come not again.  
Our friends are going, going, &c.



Angels attending us wait,  
Till TIME shall vanish and die ;—  
And DEATH but opens the gate,  
That leads to our home on high.  
Our friends are going, going ;  
Our friends are going away :  
They're like autumn leaves going,  
Going and fading away.

---

#### A PILGRIM SONG.

*" Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."*

PSALM, CXXX. 1.

A cottage lone—a cheerful home,  
And freedom's priceless boon,  
I sought in sombre shady wood,  
Hard by an old lagoon.

The dream of life small promise gave  
Of all I fain would feel ;  
And fitful hope, illusive, sought  
My aching heart to heal.

For dire misfortune's levin brand,  
Its dreadful scars had left  
Within my soul ; and pain and woe  
Had all my joys bereft,

A horrid cloud of dark'ning doubt  
Had held my mind in thrall ;  
And sorrow link'd to blighted hope,  
Let down its gloomy pall.

Bereavement lent its keenest pangs,  
While friendship with'ring died ;  
And love, so true in life, in death,  
Had turn'd its hating side.

My house and home an empty name,  
For aught I saw or knew,  
Till all the weary hours again  
Brought hope and health to view.

When days of darkness fled—and doubt,  
Alarm'd, took fitful wing ;—  
Oh ! how I fondly hop'd and pray'd,  
That light would gladness bring.

That former friends, and joys long gone,  
Would cluster round again ;—  
That loving hands and hearts would strive  
To banish all my pain.

That in my home, at hearth and board,  
The love of God would dwell ;  
And those I love, in holy deeds  
Of kindness excel.

That peace would fan my aching brow,  
With noiseless golden wing ;  
And love into my weary soul,  
Its holy comforts bring.

That growing grace, efficient still,  
Would all my joys prevent ;  
And strength divine uphold my heart,  
In faith and meek content.

That God and glory, Christ and joy,  
Would guide and claim my all ;  
And God's own Spirit move my soul  
At duty's sacred call.

Till all my fleeting, waning years,  
Would end in bliss above ;  
And all I am, and all I do,  
Be lost in endless love.

Till earth and earthly cares, no more  
Disturb or mar my joy ;  
And wisdom—glory—Christ in God—  
My grateful praise employ.

Yes—I have pray'd—I still pray on—  
For grace, and faith, and love ;  
And seek to gain my home afar,  
In that bright land above.

For God's upholding, shelt'ring hand,  
I ask each day I rise,  
To lead me on in duty's path,  
And guide me to the skies.

My daily thanks each night ascend,  
To Him who loves my soul,  
For all He gives in providence—  
For care and wise control :—

For rich and large provision made,  
In grace, for me, for mine ;—  
For mercy, pardon, peace and joy ;—  
For all His gifts divine.

Thus day by day, the knee I bend,  
And raise to Him the heart:  
In active hope, and earnest faith,  
I choose the better part.

But oh ! how much I feel my need,  
Of all His grace supplies :—  
Of all His Spirit gives—to make  
Me holy, rich, and wise.

And O ! I oft adore His love,  
Who came to seek and save  
The dead in sin—the lost—the vile ;  
Who braved for me the grave.

I magnify and bless His name,  
To sinners ever dear,  
Whose praises fill the ransom'd soul,  
On high, as well as here.


I love to trace that plan divine,  
Which seeks my soul to save ;—  
Which tells how, in the Father's love,  
His only Son He gave ;—

And how the Son, for sinful men,  
A ransom price became,  
That all who come to Him might live,  
And glorify His name ;—

Which speaks of lowly deeds approv'd,  
By God's own seal impress'd :—  
Which shows the Spirit's perfect work,  
In God's eternal rest.

And then I strive the more to win  
The prize—the crown—the throne ;  
And seek to have my life—my all—  
In Christ—in Christ alone.

My thoughts I know, inconstant rise,—  
My efforts falt'ring fail ;  
And many sins, affections vile,  
My weary soul assail.



Like Peter on the waves I feel,  
However pure my aim,  
For want of faith I sink, until  
The aid of Christ I claim.

Until His hand I feel in mine,  
I doubt and sin, and fall ;  
By Him redeem'd, upheld,—He'll prove  
My strength, my life, my all.

I daily say to Him, when doubts  
And fears my soul assail ;  
“ I perish Lord—O help me now :  
Rebuke the rising gale.

“ To me and mine, O lend Thine aid,  
And shield us from the storm ;  
Increase our faith—and to our need,  
Thy promises perform.

“ As trials come, and troubles rise,  
Like waves that seek the shore,  
Our hands we place in Thine, O Lord,  
And part from Thee no more.”

## THE ABUSE OF LIFE.

“ Our tiny being springs to life,  
Like willows by the stream ;  
With joyous thoughts our youth is rife,  
Which manhood proves a dream.”

THIS life is but a fleeting thing,  
A diamond in a mountain spring ;  
A boon the fool disdains to prize.  
Till death in mercy seal his eyes.

Of life he never thinks, or cares,  
So long as God his being spares ;  
And when his race is almost run,  
He often thinks it but begun.

His joys and his delights have been,  
Amid this fleeting, shifting scene,  
To bask in pleasure's blighting smile ;  
To trust in hopes that still beguile ;—

To lean on reeds that pierce the hand ;  
To build his home on shifting sand ;  
To follow on and seek to know,  
Forbidden joys which end in woe :—

To laugh at woes which others feel ;  
To peril his eternal weal,  
For grovelling things of time and sense,  
In scorn of high Omnipotence.

He hopes, and yet he knows not why,  
That all shall mend before he die ;—  
He knows not, cares not what is faith ;  
Prepares not for the hour of death.

He seeks a life of wish'd-for ease,  
But seeks in vain when nought can please ;  
Nor his to find the gold of truth,  
He lov'd but tinsel from his youth.

In wisdom's ways true joys are found,  
But penal pangs his soul surround ;  
The worm undying, shame, remorse,  
His state removes from bad to worse.

The wrath of God reveal'd from heav'n,  
Its threats with scorpion stings hath giv'n ;  
And conscience flings her fiery dart,  
Right down into his perjur'd heart.

---

MY PILGRIM DAYS ARE WANING FAST.

My pilgrim days are waning fast,  
And life will soon be done ;  
And toil and grief, and pain and woe,  
Have all my joys outrun.



The vale of tears I travel through,  
And length'ning shadows glide ;  
The vale of death, so dark and drear,  
My lagging footsteps chide.

My soul is weary-worn and sad,  
I fain would rest and wait ;  
But time is going—death is sure,  
For all my loit'ring gait.

And O for nerve and strength, and grace,  
My daily work to do ;  
That I may strive and conquer still,  
This darksome valley through.

That I may feel my aching heart,  
In God's appointed way,  
Repose in peace, and joy, and rest,  
On God, in Christ, alway.

That, day by day, my Saviour's love—  
The Spirit's wise control—  
May guide my faith and hope in God—  
May bless and cheer my soul.

That in the end, when death is o'er,  
And sorrows past and gone,  
I rise to live and reign on high,  
With Christ upon His throne.

Thy glorious grace most freely give,  
Jehovah, God and King ;  
And I, Thy praises harping loud,  
Through ages all shall sing.

---

### MAMMA, I LOVE TO HEAR THY VOICE.

MAMMA, I love to hear thy voice,  
In soft and gentle tone,  
Bid all Thy children dear rejoice,—  
Rejoice in Christ alone.

I love to hear the words of grace  
The Saviour speaks to me ;  
“Come near, dear child, receive, embrace  
Salvation full and free.”

Mamma, I love to hear again  
Those loving words and true ;  
The good old story, short and plain,  
So dear to me, to you.

Where Jesus smiles on children's glee,  
Bids infant fears depart ;  
And welcomes little ones like me,  
To fondle next His heart.

Mamma, I fain would reach with thee  
That glorious land afar,  
Of which you oft have talked to me,  
Where ransom'd children are.

Each day I live, I'll strive to prove  
My love to Christ and thee,  
And joyous seek my home above,  
When Jesus comes for me.

---

#### G O L G O T H A.

*"A place called Golgotha."*—MATT. xxvii. 33.

COME now to Golgotha and read  
Its holy legends old ;  
And great as human sin and need,  
The love of God behold.

On Golgotha, in sin defil'd,  
The world's first father sleeps ;  
And for his sin each newborn child  
Lifts up his voice and weeps.

Some hoary son may there have strewn  
His grave with new-cull'd flowers ;  
His home primeval, now unknown,  
Unknown his Eden bow'rs.

---

An ancient world has perish'd quite,  
The flood has swept along,  
Since there he sleeps in death's dark night,  
Repeating still—"How long!"

And near that spot the friend of God  
His only son would slay,  
When by divine command he trod  
Moriah's mountain way.

Jehovah claim'd a lamb instead,  
Held fast and crown'd with thorn ;  
An emblem meet, as we have read,  
Of Him who should be born.

The world's first father died in faith  
Of promis'd grace and truth ;  
And when he lay in dust of death,  
The world was in its youth.

But then when ages came and fled,  
As God before decreed,  
The Lamb of God was upward led  
In sacrifice to bleed.

The Second Adam's cross they say,  
Was placed on Adam's grave,  
That in the Son of God alway,  
We life and light might have.

For us He bore the crown of thorn,  
And in His death we died ;  
With Him we rose that hallow'd morn :  
Our life THE CRUCIFIED !

And as in Adam all have died,  
So all in Christ may live ;  
And Jesus now, our King and guide,  
Shall grace and glory give.

On Golgotha, brought out to view,  
There's sin and grace combin'd ;  
And death and life's exemplars too,  
The ages have conjoin'd.

Behold the cross of grace upreared  
Upon the grave of sin ;—  
See conquer'd now the foe we fear'd,  
Whose slaves we long have been !

The Lamb of God's atoning death  
Removes each guilty stain ;  
And when we cleave to Him in faith,  
We Paradise regain.

But death and life are still at war,  
Beside the cross of grace ;  
And dying thieves meet emblems are  
Of Adam's wayward race.

The one repents and is forgiv'n,  
A rescued sinner sav'd !  
The other mocks at God and heav'n,  
And dies undone, deprav'd.

In life, in death, let us beware  
Of harden'd, wilful sin ;  
And while we may, in earnest pray'r  
The life of faith begin.

Let Golgotha its lessons teach,  
Of humble hope and fear ;  
And while we may its blessings reach,  
To God in Christ draw near :

That in His cross we refuge find,  
From ruin, death, and woe,  
And when we leave this world behind,  
To heav'n rejoicing go.


*Note.*—There is a very old tradition that Calvary, or Golgotha, is the place where Adam was buried. According to *Cornelius a Lapide*, Origen, Tertullian, Athanasius, Augustine, Epiphanius, Cyril, and others held the opinion that the tradition was well founded. It was enough for my purpose that such a tradition existed, without entering upon the hopeless inquiry of what may have given rise to it.

## SING YET AGAIN THAT EDEN SONG.

A mavis on a tree,

Sat warbling down to me.—

“ The joyous spring is here,  
My world is wide and fair,  
In all things good I share,  
Nor storm nor blight I fear !  
Has God no care for thee ?  
See how He cares for me !  
To Him I tune my song,  
And praise Him all day long !  
I float and fly,  
Up, up, on high ;  
Where'er I will I roam :  
And full and free,  
On highest tree,  
I sing my Eden song ;  
And then, secure and strong,  
I build my joyous home.  
My God I praise,  
In cheerful lays ;  
For all is bright and free,  
And full of joy to me !  
Then, up and sing  
To God the King ;  
Nor cease thy lay,  
Till close of day,



In sweet repose  
Thine eyelids close.  
My song awakes  
When morning breaks :—  
Come sing with me,  
Full strong and free !  
My God defends,  
My God befriends !  
And all thy need supplies !  
Now raise to Him thine eyes,  
And thankful notes prolong  
With me, till even-song ! ”  
So sang the bird :—  
The wild winds stirr’d  
The shelt’ring tree ;  
Nought heedeth he,  
As up aloft he trills,  
And song his bosom fills !  
And as he sings his holy lay,  
From dawning morn till close of day,  
My soul would still these notes prolong—  
Sing yet again that Eden song !

*Note.*—The foregoing lines were written in the Manse of Balquhiddy on the 15th of March, 1868. After preaching I had fallen into a meditative mood, when the shrill but pleasing notes of a bird caught my ear. A mavis had taken up his position in a tree opposite the manse window, and raising his tuneful voice, poured out in thrilling notes his song of praise to the God of the Sabbath.



## THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

THE PRODIGAL'S CAREER.—PENITENT RETURN AND  
GRACIOUS RECEPTION.—See LUKE, xv. 11-24.


COME, hear the voice of Jesus now,  
In tones of gentle love ;  
Bid sinners turn and seek again,  
The Father's home above.

Come, see the photogram of sin,  
Unveil'd in heav'nly light ;  
And trace the Prodigal's career  
From home, till ruin'd quite.

The free and healthy joys of home,  
Where angels stand and wait,  
Have lost their charms for him :—he fain  
Would pass the barrier gate.

He fain would roam beyond the reach  
And tender ties of home ;  
And where to check his words and ways  
No father's love could come.

He asks his share of worldly goods,  
Of all he is and knows ;  
And taking these from home and good,  
His heart rejoicing goes.



He feeds his weary, panting soul,  
On riot's sinful sound,  
And whirls along by night and day,  
In folly's senseless round.

His love of sin removes him far,  
And farther still from God ;  
He wastes his little all, and runs  
On ruin's crowded road.

He finds no rest—he knows no joy—  
His soul is hungry still ;  
The burning thirst of fever'd woe  
Consumes his changing will.

In fear and hate he pines by turns,  
And hugs the galling chain  
Which sin has round him cast :—nor seeks  
To turn him home again.

And when he hears the voice of God  
Proclaim his sin and woe,  
He hurries on—to deeper guilt  
His stumbling footsteps go.

He tries to drown the voice within,—  
To crush remembered joys ;  
And wilder still his efforts prove,  
When wasted passion cloy.

All husks—all empty husks he finds  
What seem'd so fair untried ;  
He feels as though his empty soul  
With hunger would have died.

Deep down in sin and wasting woe,  
He feels his utter need—  
He thinks with pain of joys long gone :  
Oh ! how his heart must bleed.

The ways of sin are bitter ways,  
With want and woe beset ;  
And wasted life, with scorpion stings,  
Now arms each vain regret.

He left his father's joyous home,  
A fretful wayward child ;  
And follow'd on, where sense and sin  
His willing heart beguil'd.

Far down into the mire of sin  
Each sinking footstep falls,  
And oh ! if die he must, and now !  
The dreadful thought appals.

The path he trod for weary years  
Its deeper ruin brings,  
And to him still the thoughts of home  
In faint remembrance clings.

And as the mind ashamed, displeased,  
Upon itself returns ;  
His kindling heart aglow again,  
With eager longing burns.

His higher self asserts his need—  
His inmost soul is moved :—  
He now abhors what yesterday  
His sinful heart approved.

His soul must perish now, unless  
He leave at once for home ;—  
He feels his need—resolves, and tries,  
In tears and rags to come.

“ I will arise at once,” he said,  
“ And to my Father go ;  
I’ll humbly own my sinful ways,  
My guilt and all my woe.

I may not hope— I cannot ask  
My former honoured place ;  
I’ll gladly serve in lowest room,  
To feel and share his grace.

I grieved my father’s heart, and spurn’d  
His counsel, laws, and love ;—  
’Gainst him I’ve sinn’d, and madly dar’d  
The wrath of heav’n above.”

In tears and rags—with wasted frame,  
He turns his footsteps home ;  
To meet him now, though yet afar,  
He sees his father come.

These weary years his anxious soul,  
His tender, holy love,  
Have watched for him whose sinful ways  
His deep compassions move.

He breathes no word of sad reproach,  
Nor chides his spendthrift son ;  
The running feet and welcome look—  
The Prodigal's outrun.

In spite of rags and sin—of guilt  
And wretched wearing woe,—  
He takes the weary hands in his ;  
In love's all tender glow.

He falls upon his neck, in tears  
Of soul endearing joy ;  
And fondly welcomes home again  
His long lost darling boy.

The spendthrift son can scarce believe  
The Father's fond embrace :  
That one so vile and mean as he  
Should share such wondrous grace.

Repentant, gushing tears obscure  
His sinful melting eyes ;  
And, helpless as a weakly child,  
In loving arms he lies.

His father's voice, and looks, and love,  
Reviving hopes have giv'n ;  
And now he stands in peace and joy,  
A penitent forgiv'n.

The father calls, and willing servants run,  
The splendid robe they bring ;  
His feet adorn with costly shoes,  
His hand with matchless ring.

Thus clad in joy, the father brings  
His long lost darling home ;  
And glad at heart, with songs of praise,  
The joyous servants come.

They come with welcome loud and long,  
They know the father's love ;  
And as in grief, so now in joy,  
Their hearts responsive move.

The door of mercy, open wide,  
Receives the joyous throng ;  
The gorgeous halls and corridors,  
Give back their tuneful song.

The father's voice the keynote gives,  
The choral strain to guide,  
And willing voices proudly swell  
The anthem far and wide.

“ Come, spread the joyful feast—let all  
Our mirth and gladness share ;  
My long lost son, at last return'd,  
Up in our arms we bear.

“ Rejoice with me, for this my son  
Was dead, long, long ago ;  
But now he lives his father's joy,  
His father's love to know.

“ Rejoice with me, for this my son  
Was lost for many days ;  
But now he's found again ! swell high  
The grateful song of praise ! ”

So, Jesus tells, there's joy in heav'n  
When sinners mercy share ;  
God welcomes all who turn to Him  
In penitence and pray'r.

His watching eyes observe afar,  
Till once they leave their sin ;  
His Spirit bids them live again ;—  
God meets and takes them in.

---

*Note.*—Written after hearing the Rev. John Stewart of St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, preach an eloquent sermon on the parable of "The Prodigal Son," in Balquhiddy Church in June, 1868.

---

### HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.

FROM the mire of a wasted life,—  
From the deep of a deathless woe,—  
From a heart in its dying strife,—  
Oh where, where may the weary go?

From the soul, unholy, undone,  
Its fond longings for mercy flow ;—  
One alone, and there is but one  
Can roll back and remove its woe.

The Sinless—the Holy—He can  
Uplift and redeem us from thrall ;  
He came to our world, and as man,  
He suffered and died for us all.

We would hide—Oh, knew we but how—  
Though hopeless the path we have trod ;  
We perish, O Jesus, and now—  
Oh save, reconcile us to God.



Afar off in sin we have died,  
But Thou wilt revive us again :  
Oh now, be our comfort and Guide ;  
Our hope and our Refuge remain.

Dear Jesus, the Rock of our love,  
Is ever the Faithful and True ;  
He sends from His bright home above  
Choice blessings for me and for you.







III.

## POEMS IN MEMORIAM.

---


"Death rides on every passing breeze,  
He lurks in every flower ;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour !  
Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
And fate descend in sudden night  
On manhood's middle day !"

HEBER.

## LINES IN MEMORY OF PRINCIPAL HALDANE.

The Very Reverend Robert Haldane, D.D., F.R.S.E. &c., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, after a lingering illness, departed this life on the 9th March, 1854, full of age and honours ; revered by his students and people, and deeply lamented. At the moment of his death, in his residence within the college, the Rev. Dr. Buist was lecturing to the Senior Church History Class, in sorrowful expectation of the venerable Principal's decease. So soon as the looked for event took place, a message was conveyed to Dr. Buist, who announced the sorrowful intelligence to his class, and, letting fall the tear of heartfelt sorrow for his departed colleague, dismissed the students. To this reference is made in the two opening stanzas.

How silent the Court of Saint Mary's now !  
How sad sits the thought on the woe-worn brow !  
How calm is the sage as the footfall nigh,  
Speaks of a time when the living must die ;  
Declares by the notes of its eerie tread,  
“ Our chief has join'd the mighty dead !



The messenger nears—the tidings—forbear,  
The sage lends an ear—his dark brow of care  
Is clouded with woe, as in falt'ring tone,  
Th' announcement he makes: "Our Principal's gone."  
In sadness we gazed on his tear-lit eye,  
And shared in his grief as he passed us by.

Our Principal's gone from this vale of tears,  
Encompass'd with honours, laden with years ;  
His warfare accomplish'd, his life-work done,  
His laurels unfaded, the goal now won !  
And ages unborn shall honour his name,  
For his Christian course, with undying fame.

Let the youth whom he train'd, who mourn his fall,  
Be active and zealous at duty's call ;  
For onward and upward our Chief hath gone,  
To mansions of bliss, where change is unknown.  
He beckons us onward,—points to the crown  
Patient endurance may yet make our own.

He bids us with patience endure like him,—  
Stand fast in the faith, and serve the Supreme ;  
Ever earnest,—true to our Lord,  
Adorning His doctrine, preaching His word.  
Then let us follow, and walk as he led ;  
His precepts observe, and speed as he sped.

## OUR CHILD THAT DIED.

IN MEMORY OF H. A. F.; BORN 3D AUGUST, 1857 ;  
DIED 7TH AUGUST, 1858.

THE tear-drop falls, affection sighs,  
The heart is cloth'd with woe ;  
For death has call'd our babe away,  
And sin has aim'd the blow.

But God in His unceasing love,  
Our fainting souls supplied  
With lively hope, that *now*, with Him  
Still lives our child that died.

We fondly love to think anew  
Of that fair form and face,  
And dwell with miser care on all  
The memory can trace.

Of what we thought but promise gave  
(That death so soon belied),  
Of happy days and joyful years  
To our sweet babe that died.

Too soon, with stealthy step, disease  
Its rapid inroads made ;  
And 'neath its hateful pall, our child  
In dust of death was laid.

What love could prompt, and skill devise,  
With earnest care we tried,  
And offer'd still the frequent pray'r,  
For our dear child that died.

And while we hop'd the bloom of health  
Would clothe that form again,  
We sought, with all our hearts, to soothe  
Each agony and pain.

No word of sad regret we breathe  
That something left untried,  
Might help to lengthen out the life  
Of our dear child that died.

The Sovereign King who rules on high,  
Who orders all below,  
Hath call'd our child to realms of light,  
From sin and all its woe.

And now should days of trial come—  
Should griefs be multiplied,  
We'll think of sorrows that are past,  
And of our child that died.

It was our Father's will, and we  
Would meekly bend the head ;  
Nor at His chast'ning hand repine,  
As if our hopes were fled ;



For well we know our Saviour dear  
His kingdom ne'er denied  
To infant souls, nor will He e'er  
Disown our child that died.

---

SHE HATH GONE TO HER REST.

IN MEMORY OF J. A. F. ; BORN AUGUST 2, 1862 ;  
DIED SEPTEMBER 6, 1864.

SHE hath gone to her rest,  
Unheeding our sorrow,  
Where her beauty shall know  
No changing to-morrow.

Now softly reclining  
In the bosom of bliss,  
Retaining in glory  
The fond seal of our kiss.

She is basking in joy  
With the lambs of the fold,  
Where the gates are all pearl,  
And the streets are all gold ;

Where Jesus is feeding  
His dear ones immortal,  
Brought home to His glory  
Through death's gloomy portal.

.

In garments all shining,  
And happy for ever ;  
Her harp is all golden,  
Her joy like a river.

In anthems high sounding,  
His praises the voices ;  
With ransom'd in glory,  
In Jesus rejoices.

Like flow'ret unfading,  
She is blooming above ;  
Unfolding in beauty,  
'Mid the sunshine of love.

O, who would not leave her,  
In glory abounding !  
O, heal now, dear Jesus,  
The hearts Thou art wounding !

We may not recall her,  
Though our tears swiftly flow ;  
How dearly we love her  
Our great Father must know.

O Jesus, Good Shepherd,  
Take our lambkin to Thee ;  
We yield her in sorrow,  
But we yield her to Thee

She hath gone to her rest,  
And none now can sever  
From Jesus in glory  
Our dear one for ever.

---

THOU HAST LEFT US TO MOURN.

IN MEMORY OF D. A. F.; BORN 20TH JULY, 1860;  
DIED 23D JUNE, 1865.

THOU hast left us to mourn,  
In the valley of tears ;  
With but last looks and smiles,  
Which our fondness endears.

With the toys of thy choice,  
With thy books and thy chair ;  
The trees thou hast planted,  
And the flow'rs of thy care.

As each object recalls  
Thy lov'd image to view,  
We think thou art near us,  
Our sad loss is so new.

But no—thou hast left us  
All in sorrow, to sigh  
For gladsome re-union  
In the mansions on high.

---

Thy short span is ended,  
Thou hast enter'd the fold  
Where the lambs of the flock  
The Great Shepherd behold :

Where thy love shall expand,  
In its knowledge and joy,  
And the grace He has won  
Thy high harpings employ.

We cherish with fondness  
The dear look of thy love,  
And dream of thy glory  
In thy bright home above.

How long we may linger  
In our sorrow below,  
God hides from our vision,  
And we seek not to know.

But we strive to live on,  
In our hopes and our faith,  
Till, watching and waiting,  
We shall triumph in death.

And wafted to heaven  
With our Saviour to reign,  
In happy re-union  
Meet our darlings again.

## TO AN ORPHAN BOY.

THE following lines owe their origin to a very affecting incident. An amiable young man belonging to the Parish of Kinclaven, near Perth, had fallen into consumption, and thinking his native air would have a salutary effect, came to reside for a time in his father's house. His expectations were not realized : in spite of the most unremitting attentions of his faithful and loving wife, and the kindly affection of his beloved parents, he breathed his last on the morning of the 30th November, 1864. His little boy, scarcely two years of age, could hardly be expected to realize his sad bereavement. In the expectation that near friends from the neighbourhood of Glasgow would come to the funeral, the remains were not coffined till the funeral day. When the body was laid in the coffin, with all due solemnity, the little boy, who was to all appearance an unconcerned and unaffected spectator, was standing beside his mother, but so soon as the remains were laid in their place, and before the coffin-lid could be fastened down, he broke the sad and painful silence, by saying : " Pa there, lift up Pa's head." He could not be pacified or prevented from insisting on this till the funeral *cortege* moved away from the house. It was a sad scene which few could witness unmoved, and the mournful incident must retain its hold on the reflecting mind so long as memory is faithful to her trust.

WITHIN a lone moorland dwelling,  
By the side of a babbling stream,  
From young hearts sad tears were welling,  
And aged eyes with grief were dim.

For orphan child and widow'd wife,  
Parents and friends were standing there,  
Around the bier of one in life  
Beloved—but now beyond their care.

Death's clammy, cold, unfeeling touch,  
Had chang'd into mould'ring clay,  
The manly form they lov'd so much,  
And chas'd their cherish'd joys away.

And now they look on that wan face—  
A last sad look of tearful woe ;  
But there, with eyes that bear no trace  
Of grief (his heart to young to know);

With sunny eyes that look amaze,  
The little child begins to plead,  
And breaks the silence as they gaze,  
Or seek to fix the coffin lid.

Ah, me ! the widow'd heart must feel  
Her early loss with keener pang,  
Which sobs and sighs and tears reveal,  
As in her ear those accents rang.

Ah, me ! the child can scarcely tell  
His little wants ;—but hear him now !  
His father's face he knoweth well—  
He would not hide that clay cold brow.

“ Pa there—lift up pa's head,” he says,  
Nor will he turn his eyes away :  
He looks at all with wild amaze ;  
Ah, me ! who there unmov'd could stay?

Lift up thy father's head ! ah, no ;  
No pow'r to change his state have we ;  
He left us wailing here below ;  
He went where many mansions be.

Nor would he now resume his place  
With us, with ours, again to live ;  
He now enjoys, through Sov'reign grace,  
What soul could wish, or God can give.

How sad ! that death should wield his spell  
At will, o'er all of human kind ;  
Nor one to know, or surely tell,  
Whom next he takes or leaves behind.

How sad ! nor tears nor pray'rs may turn  
The keen edg'd dart of doom aside ;  
Nor may his victims e'er return,  
To mother, child, or weeping bride.

How sad ! that a little child like thee  
Should stand and plead so long in vain !  
Thy wishes may not granted be ;  
Thy loss is now thy father's gain.

Thou little child with sunny eyes,  
'Tis hard for thee to lose thy stay :  
But God knows best, for He is wise ;—  
Look up to Him to guide thy way.

For He, thy father's God, will take  
Thy hand in His, and lead thee on  
To His bright home above ; and make  
Thee meet to stand before His throne.

To Jesus look—He hears thee now,  
And He alone may answer thee ;  
He'll raise on high that clay-cold brow,  
And set the death-bound captive free.

Trust Him : His love supplies thy need ;  
His brotherhood thy feelings gain ;  
His sympathies thy fears exceed ;  
His healing pow'rs thy keenest pain.

Love Him—and in His holy fold  
A bosom-carried lambkin be ;  
Sweet converse with Him daily hold,  
And He will save and shelter thee.

In sorrow's tears—in smiles of joy ;  
In all this world may give or lend,  
To Jesus be His darling boy,  
And He will prove thy constant Friend.

Affliction's storms He'll greatly bless ;  
In grief He'll comfort meet impart ;  
His Spirit sanctifies distress ;  
He'll cheer with hope thy fainting heart.



He'll teach thy soul to rise above  
The things of earth, and time, and sense ;  
And bid thee seek in light and love,  
Thy Rest—thy Home—thy sure Defence.

Then lisp thy pray'r to Him who hears  
The faintest cry thy soul may raise ;  
He says He'll dry the mourner's tears,  
And clothe the sad with robes of praise.

---

### SIRS, WE ARE DYING.

At the meeting of the Joint Committee of the Established and Free Churches on the Gaelic Scriptures, held at Edinburgh on the 5th March, 1867, some of the members were for delay, alleging that the revision and correction of the Gaelic Scriptures would be done time enough, and that *festina lente* was desirable in the circumstances. The Rev. Dr. Smith of Inverary, convener of the Established Church Committee, chairman of the meeting, with much earnestness urged the necessity of hastening on the work. He directed the attention of the Joint Committee to the fact that three members had died since the previous meeting, and concluded with some warmth, saying :—  
“ We must go on, sirs. Don't you see we are dying.” The touching incident, rendered still more touching by the lamented death of Dr. Smith, on the 13th of July, 1867, suggested the following lines :—

“ SIRS, we are dying, don't you see !  
Nor half our work is done,  
Our meeting here, since last we held,  
Of members three are gone.

- “ Why ask or move delay, as if  
Our time would linger on—  
As if nor death, nor grief, nor cares  
Our energies outrun.
- “ When duty loudly calls us still,  
And much remains to do,  
Be ours, with ready hand and will,  
To prove resolv'd and true.
- “ Our country claims our earnest toil,—  
The truth our gifts of mind ;  
Shall humble hearts expect in vain,  
Nor, trusting, comfort find ?
- “ Our people look to us, to guide  
Their souls to peace and heav'n ;  
Shall we the lamp of truth uphold,  
With hands oppos'd, uneven ?
- “ Come, friends, devote your time and toil  
To God's own holy Word ;  
The sacred text with clearness give,—  
Your helper is the Lord.
- “ Your God will lead your hearts to know,  
His Word of truth and love ;  
Then seek no honour here below,  
Expect rewards above.

“ When time and toil and work are o’er,  
God’s Word shall speak your praise ;  
And Gaelic souls shall bless your name,  
Through all the Gaelic days.”

So spake the good old man, rever’d,  
And urg’d his brethren on ;  
But soon he too had pass’d away,  
His life and labours done !

His kindly, earnest words, like oil  
On troubl’d waters fell ;  
And all confess’d how well he knew  
The art of guiding well.

Good, honest, true, and faithful man,  
He now enjoys above,  
The rich reward the Master gives  
The servant of His love.

---

IN MEMORY OF W. T.

We mourn the loss of one held dear,  
And still belov’d, though dead ;  
His early grave drinks up the tear,  
By fond affection shed.

Alas ! we've mark'd the waning moon,  
In soft and slow decline !  
And we have heard that soothing tune,  
Her fading beams enshrine.

For thus the lov'd one sigh'd away  
Life's fever'd, fitful glow ;  
And pining, faded day day,  
From out this scene of woe.

And thou hast watch'd his languid eye,  
His pale and waning cheek ;  
And list'ning, heav'd a mournful sigh  
Which language could not speak.

We fondly breath'd a silent pray'r,  
Which God alone could hear,  
That Heav'n would still in mercy spare,  
The one we held so dear.

But Heav'n has call'd his soul away,  
His weary hours are gone ;  
And his is now an endless day,  
Before Jehovah's throne.

Thy brother lives ! he heeds not now  
The toils and cares of earth ;  
A wreath of joy entwines his brow,  
He hears but heav'nly mirth.

Why mourn for him ? he reigns on high  
With Christ, his Saviour King ;  
No joys of earth with his can vie,  
Nor years may changes bring.

And there he sings the anthem loud,  
To Him who sav'd his soul ;  
His days are now without a cloud,  
While ceaseless ages roll.

Then dry affection's ling'ring tear,  
And tread the path he trod ;  
And let your life of faith sincere,  
Be hid with Christ in God.

---

LINES IN MEMORY OF THE REV. JOHN  
CAMPBELL OF KILLIN,

WHO DIED SUDDENLY AT ROTHESAY ON THE 3D JUNE,  
1867.

AND thou art dead ! thine end hath come,  
To thee as to thy chief—from home :— \*  
'Twas sudden too ;—with softest tread  
The grim king came—his arrow sped !

\* The late Marquis of Breadalbane, who died at Lausanne,  
November 8, 1862.

Thy sorrowing people mourn thy fall ;  
All ranks deplore thy sudden call ;  
With them I join in grief sincere ;  
None deeper mourn than I do here.

Thy years, unlike most other men,  
Had reach'd the threescore years and ten,  
And, 'spite the toil, and care, and strife,  
Of plodding, earnest, useful life,

Had worn the bloom of middle age,  
Till death threw down his ghastly gaze :  
His trumpet call rung out thy knell :  
Departed brother ! fare thee well !

A week,—but one short week ago !  
I saw thee hale and strong, and lo !  
So soon, I mourn thy sudden fall :  
God help, prepare and shield us all !

In early life thine upward way,  
Through toilsome hardships devious lay ;  
With fervent, persevering mind,  
Whate'er opposed was left behind.

New heights were gain'd ; but higher still  
Lay rich rewards for heart and will ;  
And digging hard in life's rough mine,  
Success ! approv'd success was thine.

As step by step, and hour by hour,  
Thine hopes aspir'd, ambition's pow'r  
Ne'er died within thy panting breast,  
Till death took all, and gave thee rest.

---

IN MEMORY OF MAXIMILIAN I.,  
EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

BESIEGED by the Juarists in Querataro, the Emperor was sold into the power of his enemies under Escobedo, by Lopez, one of his most trusted generals. Colonel Lopez, on the night of the 14th May, 1867, admitted the Juarists into the Citadel-Convent of La Cruz, thereby putting the Emperor and his cause entirely into their power. Next day the Emperor surrendered, and with his generals, Miramon and Mejia, was on the 3d June condemned to be executed on the 16th. The execution did not take place till the 19th; but Juarez, the quondam president of Mexico, refused to listen to the entreaties of the Representatives of the United States of America, and of most of the European powers, to spare the life of the illustrious prisoner, thereby committing a grave political blunder and a most detestable crime—a judicial murder—as was decided upon appeal by the Supreme Court of Mexico, a twelve month after the civilized world was shocked by the horrid deed. The following lines were written on the 18th July, 1867:—

FROM out Querataro sad echoes are sounding,  
Of treason triumphant, the bravest surrouding :  
And whispers electric,  
From out the Atlantic,  
Are tidings repeating,  
How vainly entreating,  
Nations, protesting, for clemency pray,  
And Europe aghast, turns sadly away.

The blackhearted Lopez, the stronghold betraying,  
So cunning, ungrateful, dark passion displaying,

Has, for handfuls of gold,  
The brave Emperor sold,  
In doom'd Querataro,  
To harsh Escobedo ;—  
Nor night, with its darkness, base deeds could foil ;  
And infamy revels on Mexican soil.

Alas for the gentle, the brave Maximilian !  
Betray'd by no injur'd or vengeful civilian ;  
But basest dishonour  
To legion of honour,  
The black deed of Lopez  
(T' excuse it is hopeless),  
Hath dragg'd down and soil'd that cordon of flame  
Blurring its blazon with deep blush of shame.

Fouly betray'd, both empire and Emperor fell :  
The nations in horror held their breath at the knell ;  
For Juarez decreed  
To Lopez, God speed ;  
To his victim a tomb :  
Though short shrift was his doom,  
Brave Maximilian, condemned to be shot,  
Serenely submitted, nor shrunk from his lot.



Nor justice, nor country, nor freedom demanded—  
The crime :—its foul stain hath eternally branded  
    The proud Mexican name,  
    And Juarez, with shame.  
    But brave Maximilian,  
    As subject, civilian,—  
As Emperor, soldier, husband, and friend,  
Was true, unselfish, high-soul'd to the end.

Thy rest be it peaceful—steep'd in fragrance thy  
    name !  
While the traitor accursed shall rot in his shame.  
    At thy death-echo's call,  
    When they heard of thy fall,  
    All the bravest on earth  
    Turn'd aside from their mirth !  
Hated and cruel—the Mexican sway—  
Thy blood as a curse shall melt it away.

---

“ THE ONE SHALL BE TAKEN, THE OTHER  
LEFT.”—MAT. xxiv. 40.

WRITTEN in memory of Miss M'Intyre, Gartnafuaran, Balquhidder, who lost her life in a brave attempt to save a little boy from drowning, in the river Balvaig, on the 27th June, 1868.  
Written July 2, 1868.

"THE one shall be taken, the other left,"

So ran the warning words of Holy Writ,—  
So spake the Lord, whom they of life bereft,  
Who dar'd in Moses's chair unaw'd to sit.

There warning words, we know, referr'd at first  
To Jews, and to the favour'd Jewish land,  
And tell how quickly clouds of wrath would burst,  
And fall in broad-cast woe on ev'ry hand.

And after days brought down that fearful woe,  
When God in direst vengeance swept away  
Those unbelieving men, whose overthrow  
Doth evidence His truth to this our day.

But oh! how oft we find these words apply  
To what we see burst in upon our view,  
When falls upon the ear the sudden cry  
Of death and danger near, swift, sure, and true.

When fire, or water, trusty servants both,  
Have caught within their cruel whelming fold,  
Fair forms with whom kind friends and all are loath  
To part,—whose end has come while we behold.

All human aid—all human skill, how vain!  
When life's last sands have run—when on the  
heart

The seal of death is set ;—when past all pain :  
And quiv'ring hangs the keen and fatal dart !

How full of life, of promise, hope, and health !  
We oft have seen a brother, sister seem !  
How full of joy at noon ; but death by stealth,  
Ere eve, with sudden stride, dispell'd our dream !

The form we lov'd, the friend we greatly priz'd,  
Cut down at once, and quick as thought, laid low !  
Dissolv'd each fond connecting link, despis'd,  
Down trod by him, who liv'd not long ago.

Alas ! what could we do ? what can be done ?  
Or who can snatch from death his destin' prey ?  
Ah ! who may check his pace when once begun,  
To us, to ours, his hast'ning onward way ?

His errand speeds ;—his summons all must hear :  
To him the proudest, greatest, lowly bend :  
He will not turn for look, or cry, or tear ;  
He owns nor father, mother, child, nor friend.

And does he mar our joys in mere caprice,  
And spoil our homes in wanton love of ill ?  
And ah ! can he decide to strike amiss,  
To take or leave, who, how, and when he will ?

He cannot, dares not ;—no, he must obey  
The high behest and holy will of God ;  
Our lives are in God's hand from day to day ;  
Without His leave e'en death may not abroad.

A wise and holy purpose rules our life,  
For good and righteous, great and glorious ends ;  
And though at last we yield us in the strife,  
His love, for all our ills, shall make amends.

No evil can approach, no harm attend,  
But as our God, the Sovereign Lord, permits ;  
And having Him, our sure defence and Friend,  
We strive the more, the more our purpose flits.

As willing, earnest, loving ones, we pray  
For grace and faith, for hope, and strength, and  
peace,  
And seek in Christ to live from day to day,  
As if each day our life at once might cease.

God's will be done ;—in life, in death, we'll find  
His gracious, guiding hand—His love and truth ;  
And leaving earth and earthly cares behind,  
We'll rise and reign in joy and changeless youth.

A few short days ago our eyes have seen  
A sister well-belov'd in death laid low :  
A noble purpose hers—to come between  
A little boy and death, our common foe.

His foot had slipp'd within the river bound ;—  
The current swept him on to yonder pool ;  
She sought his side—her hand in his she wound,  
As when she led her brother home from school.

But strong the current prov'd with eddies strong ;  
And deeper far than she could safely dare :  
They parted, one to either side,—nor long  
Could strive to keep afloat or struggle there.

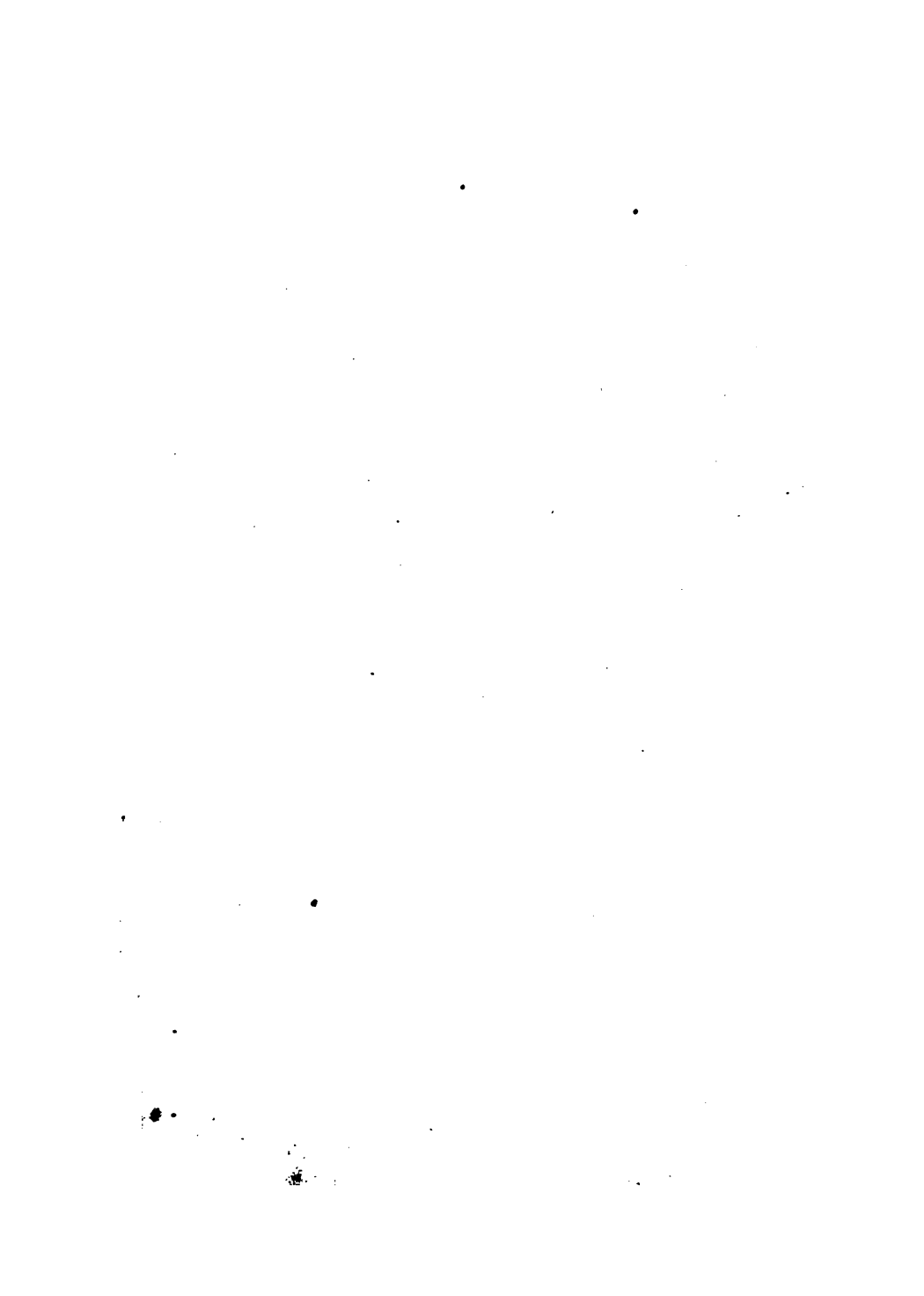
They sank beneath the flood—but other two  
Kind friends were near, whose shrill and piercing  
cries  
Brought willing help—brought help and rescue too :  
The boy came round—in death our sister lies.

Alas ! the brave and gentle heart is still,  
And on that speaking brow, defying all,  
Death sits, nor will remove, do what we will ;  
God grant we heed this warning trumpet call.

The one has been taken, the other left !  
O God of grace—now greatly comfort those  
Whom Thou hast thus so suddenly bereft,  
And lead them still where mercy overflows.







JY.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

Need holy deeds and holier hopes offend,  
On lower heights, the distant gazing crowd,  
Who, following on, deny their forward friend,  
Refusing still to speak his praise aloud,  
Though now he sleeps in peace, unheeding sun or cloud.



M A L A V E E N. \*

---

THOUGH winter clouds with murky sweep,  
Hold land and sea in thrall ;  
Though winter storms convulse the deep,  
And wield their sway o'er all :—  
Though heart and home the smart betray  
Of anguish deep and keen,  
Though fortune brings no cheering ray ;—  
My own dear Malaveen.

Though trembling hope with eager joy,  
Not now our souls caress ;  
Though griefs and cares our peace alloy,  
And doubts and fears oppress :  
Yet as in nature's fiercest mood,  
Some genial streaks are seen,  
So clouds of woe bring show'rs of good,  
My own dear Malaveen.

\* For music, see last leaf.

The storm's fierce wasting blast will soon  
Its giant strength expend,  
And all our wôes when past their noon,  
In calm of eve shall end.  
At eve the clouds high tipp'd with gold,  
Come earth and sun between ;  
They shine with blessings manifold,  
My own dear Malaveen.

The spring relieves chill winter's reign,  
And summer both transcends ;  
So joy succeeds to gnawing pain,  
And grief in gladness ends.  
The troubles, toils, and cares that come  
Our hearts and joy between ;  
To realms of love, but call us home :  
My own dear Malaveen.

To meet and bear our common woes,  
Let all our aims combine ;  
Let constant love in calm repose,  
Still link thy heart to mine.  
Let faith and truth our hearts uphold,  
All through the chequer'd scene ;  
And blissful hope her stones unfold ;  
My own dear Malaveen.

Should fortune still refuse to smile,  
And friends unfaithful prove,  
We yet rejoice as hop'd erewhile,  
In fond rewards of love.  
And travelling on to heav'n our home,  
We'll leave this mortal scene,  
To live in love beyond the tomb :  
My own dear Malaveen.

---

### ELEGY ON THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP LONDON.

THE steamship London, commanded by John Bohun Martin, Esq., a brave, skilful, and experienced officer, sailed from the port of London for Melbourne, Australia, on the 29th of December, 1865. On her way down channel she experienced somewhat stormy weather, but reached Plymouth at daylight of the 5th January, 1866. Having completed the shipment of coals, and taken on board 55 passengers in addition to 125 who had embarked before leaving the Thames, she left Plymouth on the 6th, and entered upon her ill-fated voyage. After encountering fearful weather she was overtaken by a violent hurricane and foundered in the Bay of Biscay, off Ushant, on the 11th, and two hundred and twenty human beings shared her melancholy fate. Nineteen (sixteen of the ship's company and three passengers) who had left the ship in a small boat shortly before she foundered, having weathered the storm, were picked up by the Italian barque, Marianopolis, Gion Batta Cavassa, master, and landed at Falmouth on the 16th January.

THEIR fate I sing, with tearful eyes,  
Who perish'd 'mid those stormy waves,  
That bore the "London" as their prize  
To ocean caves.

We weep for those we knew so well,—  
Their melancholy and lament :  
Who unmov'd could hear their knell ?  
Who tears prevent ?

Alas ! no pow'r could e'er prevail  
To float their ship upon the tide,  
When death, behind that awful gale,  
Call'd her his bride.

The hurricane but sped his flight,  
The lightning flash his presence told,  
What matter'd then or day or night.  
Or skill, or gold ?

The crested messengers bore down  
The good, the beautiful, the brave ;  
Old ocean lov'd them as his own,  
And clos'd their grave.

Those death-bound captives knew right well  
Their end had surely, sadly come,  
They look'd aloft—death's awful swell  
But took them home.

Their sighs and pray'rs—their latest breath  
Went up to Him who prayer hears ;  
He by His grace vouchsaf'd, till death  
Remov'd their fears.

Admiring nations stood aghast  
To hear the melancholy tale  
Of dauntless courage foil'd at last  
Where all would fail.

Alas, how sad !—" the London's " doom  
Prevail'd o'er manly hearts and brave ;  
And lovely forms have found a tomb,  
Beneath the wave.

The dawn of life—the locks of age—  
Were there—and all are now no more :  
Borne down by elemental rage,  
Their warfare's o'er.

How full of health and hope they left  
Our shores ;—but mark their last sad cheer  
Of hope, and all but life bereft—  
Nor helper near.

One boat—but one—had left the side,  
Its almost hopeless course to speed ;  
They cheer it on, and view with pride  
The daring deed.

But scarce those notes amid the swell  
Had died on echo's tireless wing,  
When cries of fear and wild farewell  
Each bosom wring.

As down beneath the seething tide  
Sank ship and men, with gurgling sound,  
Laid out with gems of ocean pride,  
One grave they found.

The good ship sank into the wave—  
With all on board ! oh, sad to tell !  
She lies in ocean's yawning grave,  
Beneath its swell.

Weep then for them, nor heed the boast  
So vain :—" Britannia rules the waves :"  
Ah, think of them—the lov'd and lost,  
In ocean caves.

I knew "the London" in her prime,  
Rejoice in elemental war ;  
I sought in her my native clime,  
From lands afar.

Though calm and storm we safely clomb  
Our homeward, fretted, ocean way ;  
Our wake, aglow with bright sea foam,  
By night and day.

I've seen that stately ship expand  
Her wings to court the fav'ring breeze,  
And proudly seek a far off land,  
Across the seas.

I've trod her decks in shade and shine,—  
I've lov'd her as a faithful friend,  
When squall and storm at day's decline  
In vain would blend.

A sea boat trim and good was she,  
As ever cross'd the trackless wave :  
Her captain, too, high skill'd was he—  
All true and braye.

Clear head—good, honest heart—well tried  
For thirty years or more at sea ;  
And none, that gallant ship to guide,  
More fit could be.

His officers—a seaman's pride—  
Were cautious, choice, and skilful all ;  
Prompt, fearless, faithful men—they died  
At duty's call.

An able, daring crew was his,  
As ever set or reef'd a sail :  
Then who could dream mishap like this,  
In storm or gale ?

I've preach'd the Word to list'ning crowds,  
Who made that ship for months their home ;  
Nor thought those hands that rigg'd her shrouds,  
Would share her tomb.

The day of rest—we lov'd it well—  
As homeward bound we swiftly sped ;  
The sea which heard our Sabbath bell,  
Received our dead.

Our service, simple, earnest, brief—  
Of song, of Scripture, truth, and pray'r,  
So nerv'd our minds, dispell'd our grief—  
For God was there.

New strength we found for trials new,  
Our fears, and all our doubts were gone ;  
With brighter hopes, brought out to view,  
Our pathway shone.

And oh, that voice ! whose solemn swell  
We heard give forth responses there,  
'Twas, Martin, thine, that joined so well  
In fervent prayer.

We weep for thee, in death so brave,  
Thou wouldst not leave thy desp'rate post—  
With passengers thou couldst not save,  
Thou too wert lost.



Thy brave undaunted soul could brook  
No breach of trust, or coward's part,  
High honour nerv'd each word and look,  
And truth thy heart.


At duty's call, and unto death,  
Thou still wert faithful found ;  
Till time shall yield his latest breath,  
Thy fame shall sound.

And Harris, Ticehurst, Angell too,  
Demand affection's holy tear ;  
They did what daring men could do,  
Unmov'd by fear.

Surviving lips have told the tale,  
How all were true on duty's side ;  
And they who perish'd in that gale,  
Unstain'd have died.

There men of God, of faith, and pray'r,  
Were found with varied gifts and pow'r,  
Who led the van in pious care,  
In death's dark hour.

When death put forth his whelming might,  
They trod to heav'n the upward way ;  
To live with God in joy and light,  
Through endless day.



Aloft in glory, joyous sing,  
 Good, earnest Draper, Woolley, Kerr ;  
 No coming year may peril bring ;  
 No storms are there.

And Brooke, he played a noble part  
 Upon the London's wave-swept stage,  
 When death, within his bleeding heart,  
 Threw down his gage.

He set his "life upon the cast,"  
 And at "the hazard of the die,"  
 Could only stand aloof at last,  
 And meekly die.

How fell such sad disasters then ?  
 How were the brave so foiled and lost ?  
 The story 's short and sad as pen,  
 Or tongue can boast.

Well found and trim the London was,  
 And passed by men of noted skill ;—  
 The sea her solemn secret has,  
 And ever will.

Adown the Thames the good ship sped,  
 Her Channel course she safely found ;—  
 In spite of rising gales she made  
 For Plymouth Sound.

At moorings there short time she stay'd,  
And hastened on her fated way ;  
To signal cone no heed she paid,  
Find fault who may.

Her passengers and stores complete,  
She sought to breast th' Atlantic wave ;  
She tried for days its rage to meet,—  
Its storms to brave.

For storms across her pathway swept,  
That carried sails and masts away ;  
The storm-fiend laughed—good angels wept—  
At sea that day.

The wild waves dash'd in mad career  
Her decks along—her fires put out,  
And fill'd the stoutest heart with fear—  
The brave with doubt.

The engine hatch was wash'd away—  
The waves stove in her stern-ports too  
Who then the rushing floods could stay ?  
Her doom undo ?

The pumps were mann'd, each effort tried,  
That earnest men could try or dare ;  
But death was on the swelling tide,—  
With death, despair.

The lifeboats lost—what boat could live  
 Amid that surging, treach'rous sea ?  
 What pow'r could save ? who comfort give  
 From peril free ?

The captain, seeing hope had fled—  
 Sad task !—bade all prepare to die :  
 His words call'd forth no scream of dread—  
 No wailing cry.

For all with rev'rence heard their doom ;  
 Faith nerv'd each heart to meet and bear :  
 Nor storm, nor death, nor yawning tomb,  
 Could triumph there.

The end came soon : the good ship then,  
 Amid the waves was settling fast ;  
 And with its freight of living men,  
 Went down at last.

Two hundred souls, and twenty more,  
 High hearts and true—the weak and brave,  
 Who sought in her a far off shore,  
 Have found a grave.

As down they sank into the wave,  
 Engulph'd beneath its stormy swell,  
 One last, low moan—one sigh they gave  
 Of sad farewell—

One pray'r they breath'd to God—one cry—  
Their last—and unto them was giv'n,  
In death to find their Saviour nigh,  
And all was heav'n.

To tell how calm and brave had died  
All else—and how resign'd—sad tale !  
Nineteen were saved—their boat defied  
That awful gale.

And now, in Biscay's ocean caves,  
'Mid great and noble Argosies,  
Deep down beneath the wild, wild waves,  
"The London" lies

---

EPITAPH FOR THOSE WHO PERISHED IN  
THE FOUNDERING OF THE "LONDON."

To those who with the London died,  
The children of our love and pride,  
This humble cenotaph we raise ;  
All-worthy they a nation's praise !

A nation's loving heart beats high,  
For those who could so nobly die ;  
A nation's tears the loss deplore,  
Of those who come to us no more.

The sullen waves of Biscay's tide  
Their sacred relics deeply hide ;  
But in a nation's inmost breast,  
Their memories securely rest.

Brittannia mourns their cruel fate,  
But points on high, with soul elate :—  
She bids her children live like them,  
And dying, leave a deathless fame.

## NOTE I. Page 362.

The steamship, *London*, was the property of Messrs Wigram and Company of Blackwall to the extent of fifty-six shares ; Messrs. Alport and Morgan two shares each ; and Captain Martin, her commander, four shares. She was a screw steamship, built at Blackwall in 1864, and the materials used in her construction were of the best quality. She had two decks, three masts, was ship-rigged and clincher-built. She was double rivetted from keel to gunwale, and all her fastenings were sound and good. The bowsprits and lower masts were of iron and double rivetted ; the topmasts were of wood, with the yards, except the lower and topsail yards, which were of steel. The standing rigging was of wire, and her running gear was of hemp of the best quality. She was built according to Lloyd's rules and regulations, and of greater strength than Lloyd's rules required. She was said to be as fine a vessel as ever left the port of London, and declared by Lloyd's surveyor to have been in all respects a superior vessel, and entitled to class A 1 for an indefinite period. Her gross tonnage was 1752 tons, and her registered tonnage 1428. Her engines, of 200 horse-power, were constructed by Messrs. Humphreys and Tennant, Deptford, on the most improved modern principles, and were greatly admired at home and in the colonies. Her length was about 276 feet, her main breadth 35, and her depth in hold, from tonnage-deck to ceiling at Midships, 24 feet.

The "London" had completed two very successful voyages to Melbourne, Australia, and back, and had entered on her third voyage, which was so soon and so terribly terminated. She was licensed to carry 400 passengers, and had on board a valuable cargo, estimated at £124,785, 17s. 4d., and with her coals, supposed to amount to about 1900 tons. Mr Gladstone, surveyor to the Board of Trade, and senior surveyor to the Port of London, when examined on the 29th January, 1866, before the Court of Inquiry, which was appointed to take evidence and report as to the cause or causes that led to the loss of the London, deponed—"The last survey of the vessel I made was in December last, and I am of opinion that she was as fine a ship as ever left the port of London. She had seven boats."

Mr T. H. Wawn, surveyor to Lloyd's British and Foreign Association, concurred with Mr. Gladstone as to her superior qualities and seaworthiness.

NOTE II. Page 364, line 22.

"ONE BOAT, BUT ONE, HAD LEFT THE SIDE."

An attempt was made to launch the starboard pinnace—an iron boat—but, from want of due caution, or from being lowered too fast, or some other cause, she was swamped in launching. The port cutter was the only other boat launched, and the sixteen of the crew and three passengers who were saved escaped in her. Those who remained in the "London" raised a cheer when they saw the daring and success of the attempt; and Captain Martin, before the launching, gave steering directions and hearty good wishes. The boat had not gone far from the doomed ship when she was seen to founder stern foremost with 220 souls on board.

NOTE III. Page 365, line 18.

"I KNEW THE LONDON IN HER PRIME"

I was recommended in 1865 to take a long sea voyage for the purpose of re-establishing my health, which had been for some time in a very unsatisfactory state. Having made my arrangements, I engaged a passage in a ship bound for Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand, and having embarked in April, reached my destination about the end of July. Having spent a few weeks in the

Colony, I again took ship to Melbourne, Australia, with the view of returning to London in the steamship "London." On my arrival in Melbourne I found she did not sail for a week or two. I secured a berth in her, and we left Hobson's Bay on the 9th September, 1865, and after experiencing all kinds of weather, reached the port of London on the 20th November, having made a very good passage.

NOTE IV. Page 367, line 2.

"I'VE PREACH'D THE WORD TO LISTENING CROWDS."

On the voyage from Melbourne to London, at the request of Captain Martin, I conducted public worship on the Sabbath days for all ~~classes~~—forenoon either on the poop or on the main deck, according to the state of the weather—and in the second class cabin in the evening.

NOTE V. Page 367, line 20.

"'T WAS MARTIN, THINE, THAT JOIN'D SO WELL."

As the majority of the passengers were English we used the English prayer book, and the solemn manner in which Captain Martin gave the responses was truly impressive.

NOTE VI. Page 367, line 28.

"THOU WOULDST NOT LEAVE THY DESP'RATE POST,"

When entreated to leave the ship and endeavour to save himself along with those who were in the port cutter, he made answer—"God bless you—and safe to land; *I go down with the passengers.*" On Mr. Greenhill, the chief engineer, devolved the command of the port cutter. The Captain said to him immediately before leaving the ship—"Get into the boat; there is not *much* chance for the boat; there is *none* for the ship. Your duty is done; mine is to remain here. Get in, and take command of the few it will hold.

NOTE VII. Page 386, line 10.

"AND HARRIS, TICEHURST, ANGELL TOO."

Robert Harris, first mate; Arthur William Ticehurst, second mate; Arthur C. Angell, third mate of the "London"—good,



able officers, who to the last moment did all that men could to avert the impending calamity which found them at their post.

NOTE VIII. Page 369, line 3.

"GOOD, EARNEST DRAPER, WOOLLEY, KERR."

The Rev. Daniel James Draper, who had been sent by the Methodist Conference of Australia to be their representative at the British Conference in 1865. His brethren in Australia thus commended him to the conference:—"The Rev. Daniel J. Draper has our ready consent to visit the land of his fathers. By our unanimous wish he is commended to you as our representative in your next conference. You ~~had~~ not be informed of his valuable services to us; his intimate knowledge of our connection; or the high esteem and confidence in which he is held. We believe that from you he will receive a most affectionate welcome. He will be followed by our prayers that he may return to us in health, and in the fulness of the blessing of Christ."

Mr. Draper, so soon as the position of the "London" became perilous, was indefatigable in doing all he could to prepare his fellow passengers for the melancholy catastrophe which, with sure and powerful grasp, overwhelmed him and them. The survivors speak of his calm, loving, earnest, and persuasive exertions in terms of unqualified praise.

The Rev. John Woolley, D. C. L., formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford, and Principal and Professor of Classics and Logic in the University of Sydney, New South Wales, was conspicuous for his energetic efforts to bring up and encourage volunteers for the pumps, and in everything that might tend to keep the ship afloat so long as there was any hope. He had conducted public worship in the saloon on Sabbath. His success as Principal of the University of Sydney, and as Professor of Classics and Logic; his enthusiasm and untiring zeal and energy, are well known; and he will be long remembered in New South Wales as the "good man—John Woolley."

The Rev. James Kerr, M.A., was on his way to New South Wales, having been sent out to a charge in the Presbyterian Church of that colony, and, with the two reverend gentlemen

previously mentioned, interested himself in the welfare of his fellow passengers, and bore an earnest part in the solemn scenes which terminated in the foundering of the ill-fated "London." He had been an assistant in various parishes in the home country, and was an amiable young man, a good student, and an acceptable preacher.

NOTE IX. Page 369, line 6.

"AND BROOKE, HE PLAY'D A NOBLE PART."

G. V. Brooke, the well known tragedian, greatly distinguished himself in *working* the pumps and doing everything that appeared likely to contribute to the safety of the ship. His conduct throughout was spoken of with unqualified praise.

NOTE X. Page 369, line 10. "HE SET HIS LIFE UPON THE CAST."

In Belfast, on the 23d December, Mr. G. V. Brooke sustained the character of Richard III., and, as it proved, made his last appearance upon the stage. The reader is referred to Shakespeare's Richard III., Act v., Scene 3, and to Richard's last speech—

"Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die."

NOTE XI. Page 370, line 4.

"TO SIGNAL CONE NO HEED SHE PAID."

The storm signal was hoisted at Plymouth before the "London" sailed, and the barometer was falling; but no heed was paid to the warning. The size and capabilities of the ship may have been judged by Captain Martin as sufficient to cope with any storms that might arise.

NOTE XII. Page 370, line 11.

"THAT CARRIED SAILS AND MASTS AWAY."

On the 9th January the lifeboat stowed on the port quarter was washed away; the jib-boom, foreroyal mast, foretop gallant mast, and mainroyal masts, with all the spars, sails, and other gear, were carried away. On the 10th the lifeboat and cutter stowed on the starboard quarter were washed away, and several sails blown to ribbons.

## NOTE XIII. Page 370, line 18.

"THE ENGINE HATCH WAS WASH'D AWAY."

This was the crowning disaster—the waves rushing down into the engine-room put out the fires, and so filled the ship that her after fate seemed almost inevitable. Noble and daring efforts were put forth to repair the damage, but without success. The large bilge pumps, capable of throwing out 4000 gallons of water per minute, and which were worked by the engines, became useless the moment the fires were extinguished by the waves, and the main pumps, worked by hand and by the donkey engine, were not sufficient to relieve the ship of the enormous quantity of water which had entered by the wrecked hatchway and by the sternports which had been stove in.

## NOTE XIV. Page 372, line 8. "NINETEEN WERE SAVED, &amp;c.

Sixteen seamen and three passengers who had escaped in the port cutter survived, having been picked up by the Italian barque previously named; and when they left the ship all were brave and prepared to meet their doom. Mr. Angell, the third mate, still at the pumps, was seen at his post when the ship was in the very act of foundering.

## NOTE XV.

I knew the captain and officers and several of the crew, as well as some of the passengers, having been fellow voyagers from Melbourne. I, in common with all who heard the melancholy tidings, deeply mourn their disastrous fate, and at the same time admire and heartily commend their calm bearing and subdued courage, their great efforts, and their unshrinking steadfastness when death was by their side; and I feel satisfied that "the faith which is in Christ Jesus" is that alone which nerves the soul in peril, which fits us for great and sustained effort, and at death makes us more than conquerors through Him who is our Life.

---

As few would feel interested in the Log of the "London," it has been omitted.

A SONG OF EVENING:

A FRAGMENT.

GRAY twilight the prelude had play'd  
 To the shadows of even ;  
 Auroræ, like banners display'd,  
 Danced in the glow of heaven.

And the stars, no longer afraid  
 Of the sun's pure, peerless light,  
 In their sparkling glory arrayed,  
 Sang out their song of delight.

The moon, though pale with borrow'd ray,  
 Glad, high-toned responses gave ;  
 And, hasting on the star-lit way,  
 Rais'd aloft the chorus wave.

Approving nature cheer'd the song,  
 Thus high-harp'd on beams of light ;  
 And echo chased the notes along,  
 Far, far down into the night.

So sweet the lay, and so divine,  
 Breathing ev'ning's soft repose,  
 That 'neath its influence benign,  
 Toil-worn man forgot his woes.

The distant stars, with twinkling ray,  
Lull'd to rest the peaceful earth ;  
And shed on regions far away  
Tuneful joys of heav'nly mirth.

---

## Y O U T H .

Our youth is like the flow'r,  
Just op'ning to the sun ;  
Courting the gentle pow'r,  
That, smiling, draws it on.

Its tiny leaves unfold  
New beauties to the eye ;  
And in their fairy fold  
The sweets of Nectar lie.

Glad youth enchains the mind,  
With guileless, happy art ;  
And there the joys we find,  
That captivate the heart :

Joys of holier mould  
Than aught we else possess,  
Which wide dominion hold,  
In simple loveliness.

A heart of gleeful mood,  
Is ours in youthful years ;  
With gentleness endued—  
Unsteel'd by griefs or fears.

How dear the days of youth !  
Their pastimes never pall ;  
Days of undoubting truth,  
Enjoy'd and lov'd by all.

But swiftly these have flown,  
Replac'd by riper years,  
Which former joys disown,  
And all that youth endears.

Our rip'ning hope extols  
The joys of coming days ;  
But time that hope controls,  
And proves how false its praise.

Our youth when pass'd away,  
May never more return ;  
Nor age may brook delay,  
However much we mourn.

We would improve with care  
The moments ere they fly ;  
And instant still in pray'r,  
Our varied duties ply.

May God blot from His book,  
Our ev'ry youthful sin,  
And of His grace o'erlook,  
Our follies which have been.

May He His grace impart,  
That we may be forgiv'n ;  
And may we lay to heart  
Each call of mercy giv'n.

O may our souls at last  
A happy entrance find,  
When earth-born woes are past,  
And earthly cares resign'd.

To mansions fairer far  
Than Eden ever knew,  
Beyond each sun and star,  
Where youth is ever new.

---

#### WINTER : A FRAGMENT.

THE summer is gone, and autumn hath flown,  
All nature contends with decay ;  
The forest now grieves the loss of its leaves,  
And the flow'rs have faded away.

The mountains that vie with the clouds on high,  
 Are depriv'd of their fairy hue ;  
 A russety red pervades them instead ;  
 No herbage adorns them anew.

When mists lash their sides, like high surging tides,  
 By frantic hurricanes driven,  
 The far-reaching cloud keeps out like a shroud,  
 The joy-bearing light of heaven.

The skies, all o'ercast with the coming blast,  
 Bid nature prepare for the scourge ;  
 The wild winds that run eternally on,  
 The clouds to their destiny urge.

High noon's trying hour may witness the show'r,  
 Hurl'd from its cloud-bed of air,  
 And dash'd to the earth though of heav'nly birth,  
 To revel in ravages there.

The rock-rooted trees are ill at their ease,  
 Each hour their firm hold extending ;  
 The forest's tall form now rocks in the storm,  
 And the giant oaks are bending.

And then through the rift in cloud rack and drift,  
 The proud glories of heav'n appear :  
 The halls of the sky all turmoil defy,  
 When night with its starlight is near.



The moon and the stars in their glowing cars,  
Shine brighter the longer their sway ;  
They shine and they burn till morning return,  
Then yield to the splendours of day.

The sun in the sky is fainter when nigh,  
For distance enhances its light ;  
When farthest away more genial its ray,  
And its shine more fraught with delight.

Swift speeds the daylight, and long is the night,  
The breath of the morning—how keen !  
The cold laughs outright in frozen delight,  
On lake and on river serene.

The shrubs and the trees in summer that please,  
Now languish in frost and in snow ;  
The aspect they wear, akin to despair,  
For their life-blood ceases to flow.

The warblers confess in tuneless distress,  
How sad is their lot, and how cold ;  
The robin alone still sings on his throne ;  
No lawless intruder more bold.

When springtime is near, with joyous good cheer,  
Its coming shall languor dispel ;  
Rejoicing and mirth shall reign upon earth,  
When winter shall bid it farewell.

THE MOUNTAIN CHILD.

WHERE winds the tempest rock to sleep,  
And headlong torrents roll ;  
Where rocks resound in echoes deep,  
The thunders of the pole :

Where Alpine hills their summits rear,  
In pride and grandeur wild,  
Was nurs'd in beauty's form so dear,  
The lovely mountain child.

Where primrose sweet and gowan gay,  
Are found in forest waste,  
And tassel'd broom on sunny brae,  
In garb of nature drest :

Where heath-clad mountains breathe perfume,  
And daisies deck the wild ;  
Where Canna \* nods its snowy plume,  
Grew up the mountain child :

Where murm'ring streams to sleep incite,  
And charm the passer by,  
There first my fair one saw the light,  
There op'd her infant eye.

\* Canna, cotton grass ; Gaelic, canach,

As rarest flow'rs their fragrance breathe,  
So fortune blandly smil'd ;  
And nature's was the chaplet wreath  
That deck'd the mountain child.

'Mid scenes sublime and grand as these,  
Her days of childhood sped ;  
But fortune, fickle as the breeze,  
Turn'd round and swiftly fled.

Though friendly hands were near to bless,  
With pity meek and mild ;  
They could not heal her heart's distress,  
Nor calm the mountain child.

The hand of death remov'd her sire,  
Like lightning flash 'twas done ;  
Why cherish more the fond desire,  
When all her hopes are gone ?

All scatter'd now, confus'd they lie,  
In death upset, defil'd ;  
And fruitless all kind friends may try  
To cheer the mountain child.

Her highland home she left behind—  
Left all her friends in tears ;  
Nor may her footsteps longer find  
Those scenes the past endears.

With sorrow's smart her brow was pale,  
And dark her youthful day,  
For adverse breezes swell'd the sail  
That bore her far away :—

Away from mountains wreath'd in snow,  
From flowers and greenwood rare ;  
Away from streams' meand'ring flow,  
And vales beyond compare.

And as she left the rugged strand,  
With heart to nature true,  
She gaz'd upon her mountain land,  
And wept a long adieu.

---

#### THAT HEART IS HARD AND FEELINGLESS.

THAT heart is hard and feelingless,  
That loves not virtue's comely dress ;  
That gives no throb at beauty's shrine,—  
And feels no spark of love divine :—  
But harder still the heart that could  
Delight in base ingratitude.

That soul is full of thick'ning gloom,  
In which compassion finds no room ;—  
To kind and good who makes return,  
With impious laugh and cruel scorn ;—  
Who will no sympathy bestow,  
Upon the wretched sons of woe :—

Who will persuade the tim'rous lass,  
To quaff the brimming, poison'd glass ;  
And lure the innocent and young  
To ruin by its syren tongue ;—  
Who gives, for pleasure's empty name,  
But sorrow-shafts of sin and shame.

For him no blissful bow'rs await,  
When once he leaves this mortal state ;  
No Paradise rewards his care,  
But endless woe and dread despair ;—  
To him it ne'er a joy can be,  
That many there are worse than he.

Nor will the number there, though great,  
E'er mitigate his endless fate :  
His doom is fix'd by heav'n's decree,  
And holds throughout eternity.  
How careful then should mortals be,  
To shun the paths of misery !

With ardent mind, O practise good,  
Though with thee be no multitude ;  
For better far to enter heav'n alone,  
Than be eternally undone,  
By entering hell in company  
With them that work iniquity.

RAMBLING REMINISCENCES IN UPPER  
STRATHEARN.

A few short hours will come and go,  
A few more tides will ebb and flow ;  
The sun must rise and set again ;  
The moon will wax but cannot wane,  
Before you leave our scenes of pride,  
And homeward willing footsteps guide.

When days are past and weeks have flown,  
With mind at ease you muse alone,  
Let fancy's wings fond thoughts convey  
From fertile fields and banks of Tay,  
To lofty hills and dark green woods,  
To torrents, lakes, and foaming floods.

Then think of Crampich hill—your guide—  
The steep ascent—the strife of pride ;  
The walk by Lednick's rolling stream—  
The tir'd return—then change the theme :  
Forget the toil—the hail—the wind,  
Leave all but pleasing scenes behind.

I need not now repeat the tale  
Of Roman hosts and battle wail,  
Of hard fought fields and headlong flight,  
The march by day—surprise by night,  
How ancient foemen fought and died :  
They sleep in peace by Ruchil side.

Think still on varied scenes, and grand,  
The fairest in our mountain land,  
Dunira woods and bosky dens,  
With mountain streams and op'ning glens,—  
Where winding Earn, with murmur hoarse,  
'Through rock and mead rolls on perforce.

To fond remembrance oft recall  
The lonely isle—the robber's hall—  
The legend wild our sires have told,  
Of smooth MacNab and Neish the old.  
The hall in ruins now bestrewn,  
The isle all tenantless and lone.

The thunder crash—the drenching show'r—  
The safe retreat in Islet bow'r,—  
The tempest past, the show'r once o'er,  
The effort made to reach the shore.  
St. Fillan's Inn—remember still—  
The blazing fire—and what you will.

Romantic scenes of beauty rare,  
May next your recollection share ;—  
The pleasant walk—the rugged strand—  
With scenes sublime on ev'ry hand :  
Your mind, I know, will never tire,  
To think again of Ochertyre.

Its pleasing walks and graceful seat,  
 Its shady bow'rs and bay retreat,  
 Its wooded knoll, the vortex wild,  
 Of nature's grandeur rudely pil'd :  
 The tow'ring rock—the waterfall—  
 The mountain gorge—its rocky wall.

Then pause a while, and next survey  
 The fields of home, the banks of Tay ;  
 And con each legend weird and old,  
 Of proud MacBeth, and Wallace bold :—  
 Nor care to tell you most admire  
 The fields of home, or Ochtertyre.

---

DUNSLEISH,

NEAR ABERUCHIL CASTLE, PERTHSHIRE.

DUNSLEISH so fair, its head uprears,  
 And waves its crest on high ;  
 Meet spot for beauty's falling tears,  
 Or poet's searching eye.

Those stately pines, like dark green plume,  
 Adorn its lofty crest ;  
 While birch and oak, with blae and broom,  
 Draw nurture from its breast.



Its sloping sides with copsewood bound,  
With heath and thistle fair,  
O'erlook the valley round and round,  
'Mid scenes sublime and rare.

The silver Earn flows gently near,  
And laves its flow'ry base ;  
Altavuisg to the west we hear,  
Ere lost in dreamy maze.

Its waters sparkling o'er the sand,  
So clear and limpid seem,  
Like water born in fairy land,  
Or seen in poet's dream.

And they their mazy channel find,  
When summer breezes blow,  
Away unseen and unconfined,  
To join the floods below.

What grand and glorious scenes appear  
Around this hill of pride !  
When thunder-clouds their crests uprear,  
Like ocean's seething tide.

When forth the lightning speeds—from out  
The heav'n's ethereal forge,  
And rends the welkin with its shout,  
Adown the mountain gorge :

When to its giant force must yield  
The rocks of hardest mould ;  
And forests wide—the valley's shield,  
Relax their ancient hold :

When peak and crag give back again,  
In echoes long and loud,  
The voice of heav'n's own battle train,  
The thunders of the cloud.

Then laughs Dunsleish amid the storm,  
Admires the lightnings play ;  
Gives back again the levin form,  
The thunder's rolling bray.

It calmly scans the foaming tide,  
That rolls with murmur hoarse,  
Adown the mountain's rugged side,  
The torrents headlong course.

The earthquake's tremour gently moves  
His slowly nodding crest ;  
And sun and show'r his look improves ;—  
The calm he feels is blest.

Dunsleish ! thy brow would well befit  
A hermits lonely mood ;  
And here would find him comfort meet,  
The man of solitude.

But here no hermit's cell we find—  
No man of habits loath,  
Of throbbing heart and wayward mind,  
By love-born hopes undone.

More charming far the bow'r we see  
Uprear'd for lady fair ;  
For here the child of nature free,  
May breathe the balmy air.

And from this moss-built bow'r behold  
Lov'd nature's comely face,  
And lineaments of fairer mould  
Than artist e'er could trace.

These mountain scenes may well compare  
With regions far renown'd :  
They're fairer far than hills of Yair,  
With sovereign beauty crown'd.

In summer sun or autumn shade,  
These scenes enchain the mind ;  
And fertile mead and peaceful glade,  
On ev'ry side we find.

In winter snow, or vernal show'r,  
Dunsleish, I'll think of thee,  
And seek again thy moss-built bow'r,  
With eager step and free.

## THE WHITE ROSE.

THE white, white rose, that lovely tree,  
Imparts a rich perfume ;  
O, but its flowers are fair to see,  
In full and fragrant bloom.

How sweet to find within its core  
One pearly drop of dew,  
Diffusing life through every pore,  
With graceful form and hue.

How sweet to see its petals spread  
To greet the morning sun ;  
And homage pay with bending head,  
When vesper hours come on,

How rich the odour, rare the balm  
It sheds on every side !  
When storms are hush'd, and winds are calm,  
At morn and eventide.

It loves the sunshine and the shower,  
When rainbows gleam on high ;  
It drinks at twilight's shady hour.  
The tear-drops of the sky.

It loves to see the sun display  
His royal robes of light,  
And kiss the dew-drops all away  
From out its bosom bright.

When Cupid decks his flaming dart  
With flow'rs of spotless hue,  
That wound or heal the love sick heart,  
As love is false or true:—

The fair white rose, in blooming pride,  
A gentle balm imparts,  
A sentiment that e'er must guide  
The joy of loving hearts.

The full white flow'r enshrines the thought  
Of love supreme o'er all ;  
Though from its fairy folds inwrought,  
A holy tear-drop fall.

It speaks of pure and constant love,  
Of ardent hope and faith ;  
And cheers with peace and joy above  
The faithful unto death.

And though its stem be guarded round,  
With sharp outstanding thorn,  
It may not pierce or deeply wound,  
The hand which toil hath worn.

The lip of love may press it well,  
Nor feel but joy the while ;  
And beauty's loving bosom swell  
Beneath its artless smile.

But false and cruel hands shall feel  
Its piercing shafts strike home,  
With pain they would but can't conceal  
However wide they roam.

But precious flower, thou gem of pride,  
Like thee we quickly fade ;  
In age we would our wrinkles hide,  
And ape the coyest maid.

The white, white rose, that lovely tree  
Imparts a rich perfume ;  
O but its flowers are fair to see,  
In full and fragrant bloom !

---

YOU ASK ME, LOVE, TO THINK OF THEE.

You ask me, love, to think of thee,  
When sunbeams kiss the blushing sky ;  
When ruby stars delight to see  
Their haughty queen look proud on high.

In ev'ry phase of thought and mood,  
With all my heart, and soul, and mind;  
I think of thee, my love, for good,  
As best and fairest of thy kind.

When morn appears in robes of light,  
To chase the darkness far away ;  
When all the stars of silent night,  
Have hail'd the dawn of op'ning day ;

And when the sun, in rich array,  
Upon his journey hast'ning goes,  
I think of thee, my love, and pray  
My God to mitigate thy woes.

I think of thee when noon is near,  
And weary toil demands thy care,  
When far away from friends held dear,  
And childhood's scenes so fair.

I think of thee at day's decline,  
At evening's shady, peaceful close ;  
And pray that God to thee and thine  
Vouchsafe a soft and sweet repose.

FRANCE,  
UNDER LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,  
*as President of the Republic: A dream of the Empire.*  
*Written September, 1852. A FRAGMENT.*

Two weary years have pass'd away,  
Since good King Louis died ;  
He died despoil'd of sword and sway,  
Of all but regal pride.

But France for long his presence sought,  
With much of grateful joy ;  
Though, when he curb'd the march of thought,  
She mutter'd loud, "destroy."

Ah ! much she loved at heart to see  
His proud and gallant mien ;  
And long obeyed, most loyally,  
Himself and graceful queen.

She hailed with thrilling frantic joy,  
Their pledge of hopeful love ;  
And much she wish'd the princely boy  
Would like his father prove.

For long she watch'd his earnest gaze,  
His bearing stern and high,  
And then she thought in dread amaze,  
That such a flower might die.



But no, she dashed her tears aside,  
And thus disowned awhile,  
The thought that marr'd her cherished pride,  
That might her hopes beguile.

She gave her fancy wing, nor stay'd  
To think of present ill ;  
Her dreams of future glory made  
Her calm and joyous still.

But cruel fate with sudden yell,  
Her vengeful dart set free ;  
And soon the flooding tear-drops fell,  
Duc d'Orleans, for thee.

Oh France ! what harder fate could e'er,  
To thee and thine befall ?  
In bitter grief 'tis thine to bear,  
Thy darling's sudden call !

And greater trials yet may come,  
To cloud thy gallant brow ;  
For shame and grief shall seek thy home,  
And leave thee worse than now :

When liberty, thy bosom friend,  
Will by and by be gone ;  
And anarchy its powers blend  
To overturn the throne.

Despotic power may hold a while,  
 Its hated, galling sway;  
 And weary hearts may seem to smile,  
 When ill at ease are they.

But just as pent up floods appal,  
 When barriers burst and yield;  
 So passion rides rough-shod o'er all,  
 When peoples take the field.

We oft have seen, in open fight,  
 The kingly power o'erthrown;  
 And crush'd beneath a nation's might,  
 The fragments of the throne.

And France is still of changeeful mood,  
 Still fond of glory's dream;  
 And though her King desir'd her good,  
 She lost her love for him.

We saw him rest in peace at eve,  
 The best of Bourbon kings;—  
 The morn—who could the tale believe?  
 In flight his safety brings.

How greatly overjoy'd was she,  
 To see her skill outgrow  
 Her monarch's power and grammare—  
 She would have laid him low.

He, seeing all was lost for him,  
Arose and fled in haste ;  
Nor would he longer mar her dream,  
Nor precious moments waste.

The royal, exil'd, aged pair,  
A noble roof-tree found,  
On British soil, where none may dare  
Disturb its peace profound.

Beyond the reach or fear of foes,  
They spend life's eventide,  
And find in Claremont's calm repose  
What haughty France denied.

But gallant France her fury spent,  
Against her household gods ;  
And freedom-mad her steps she bent,  
To raze their lov'd abodes

That from their ruins she might rear  
A noble, peaceful home ;  
Where despot hope, and tyrant fear,  
Could never, never come.

And how she wrought her stern decree,  
The past may well disclose ;  
Her breast still heaves, a troubled sea,  
With all her cherish'd woes.

Her boasted freedom fretful still,  
 She knows nor peace nor rest ;  
 And vainly tries her wounds to heal,  
 With sceptic creed unblest.

True freedom loves to honour all  
 The wise, the great, and good ;  
 Obedient still at duty's call ;  
 To none unkind, or rude.

Fast friend of order, law, and truth,  
 Her joy the people's weal ;  
 She wears the bloom of fadeless youth ;  
 And justice wears her steel.

In love and war she stoops to none ;  
 Her glorious deeds abound ;—  
 Firm, just, and great, she rears her throne ;  
 And peace prevails around.

All evil thoughts, and evil men,  
 Her holy presence flee ;—  
 And by her side the tongue and pen,  
 Are fearless, truthful, free.

The French are free, voluptuous, gay ;—  
 And the republic gives  
 Full promise of success—they pay  
 The tax by which it lives.

Napoleon's cautious tight'ning hand,  
Now holds the reins of state ;—  
The people's will gave him command,  
And France is now elate.

He knows his power—believes in fate—  
His counsel shares with none ;  
The nation's will, that made him great,  
May help him to a throne.

For France must turn another page,  
And read her future there,  
Ere peaceful thoughts can well engage  
Her feelings, or her care.

For no republic e'er shall stand  
In blithesome France at all ;  
She must have nobles in her land,—  
An Empire at her call.

---

### THE JOY OF THE SPHERES.

Now the sere leaves are falling, and mighty the sky,  
With its glories, is calling all joyous on high :—  
With gladness rejoicing o'er autumn's bright days ;  
And the notes of its voicing, the ages shall raise.

---

●  
Now on hill tops and valley, on dale and on plain,  
All the joybeams shall rally and chant the refrain  
"Thou Almighty Creator, Preserver and Guide,  
On Thee, would we wait all—in Thy praises abide."

The shade of the mountain lingers long on the plain ;  
The rill and the fountain court the moon in her wane ;  
And the stars, as they float on the ocean of space,  
By their motion denote the proud march of their race.

Their faces are beaming with a pure mellow light,—  
A light that is streaming o'er the stillness of night,  
Their song hath ascended to the God of the sky,  
Their motion hath tended to adore the most high.

The rill and the fountain, and the stars in their pride,—  
The heath-covered mountain, and the shadows that  
glide  
O'er the fast waning moon, but rejoice in their mirth  
O'er the God-given boon of the star-cherish'd earth.

And the dawning of morn shall all nature convene,  
When the sun shall return to enliven the scene ;—  
And his glory shall bring from the throne light on high,  
From the court of the King, whose dominions the sky.

Then the woodlands shall sing, and the mountains  
rejoice,  
In the light of His rising, at the sound of his voice ;  
And the valleys shall glow with the light of his pride :—  
And his beams that o'erflow the proud star-light shall  
hide.

He marches for ever through the blue rolling sky,  
He weary shall never, for he never may die :—  
But he points far away to the regions above,  
And his light is a ray from the fountain of love.

Then roll on thou fair sun in thy burning career !  
Let the stars and the moon, each rejoice in its sphere,  
May they ever combine on their union and mirth,  
And their homage entwine with the star-cherish'd earth.

While their notes of rejoicing still echo afar,  
Though creation's loud voicing whose creatures they  
are,  
May their song and their story be ever in praise  
Of the King in His glory—the Ancient of days.

---

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POETICAL  
ALBUM.

SWEET maid, who owns this craving book,  
Thy modest mien and winning look,  
Thy pleasing form of comely grace,  
Must e'er endear thy smiling face,—  
Nor least of all thy charms we find,  
A gen'rous heart, and polish'd mind.

Ah ! who could now unmov'd behold  
Thy comely form of sprightly mould ;  
Nor feel the bright but passing gleam,  
Which lovers feel, and poets dream :—  
The gentle, all-pervading flame,  
That modest maidens blush to name ?

Sweet maid, let virtue, peace, and truth,  
Thine actions guide—adorn thy youth ;  
With frugal hand thy substance tend,  
So shall thy days in plenty end ;—  
With helpless poor thy bounty share,  
And God shall bless thy pious care.

With kind and upright heart, be thine  
In paths of rectitude to shine ;  
When love entwines its peaceful band  
Within thy heart, around thy hand—  
Thy neighbours rising, bless thy name,  
And write it large on rolls of fame.



CANST THOU FORGIVE THE TOW'RING  
PRIDE?


CANST thou forgive the tow'ring pride,  
Of one who loves thee well ;  
Whose tender fancies fondly glide,  
Around the wooded dell,

Where oft, thy willing footsteps stray'd,  
In search of flow'ret gems ;  
Where oft thy sparkling eyes have play'd,  
On nature's diadems ?

Thy gentler nature bids thee wait  
Till comes the voice of fame :—  
Thou wouldst not love, thou wouldst not hate,—  
A youth without a name.

But should he rise upon the tide,  
Of honour's fickle stream,  
"Twere then no lack of proper pride,  
To love and honour him.

And if his name were widely known,  
And by the world approv'd,  
Ah! then, 't were nice for him alone,  
To be thy best belov'd.



But you, as matters are just now,  
 Prefer to watch and wait ;—  
 Nor pledge thy love, in word or vow,  
 To one, nor rich, nor great.

Thou wouldst forget the wayward youth,  
 Whose thoughts are still on thee  
 Whose faithful heart repeats the truth,  
 You in his eyes might see.

His cherish'd thoughts have sought to find  
 Their counterpart in thee,  
 And with thy love, his strength of mind,  
 Would still advancing be.

Forget him then—transfer thy love  
 To one of nobler birth ;  
 And by thy heart and hand reprove  
 The man of meaner worth.

And as thy choice shall fall on one  
 In higher walks of life,  
 Make sure thy bliss be ne'er undone  
 By care a jealous strife.

Forget him then—nor e'er recall  
 The love he beareth thee ;  
 Be his the loss—be his the pull  
 Of silent misery.

Alas ! in aimless love, alone,  
No human tongue can tell,  
The pangs his bleeding heart hath known ;  
The griefs he knoweth well.

Forgive his faults—forget his woes,  
Nor seek his love to share ;  
Forget his silent bosom throes—  
Forget his dark despair.

Though poverty, with dragon wing,  
Hath flapp'd him in the face,  
He firmly holds, there ne'er can spring  
From poverty disgrace.

Though poor, he still may tempt success,  
And climb his upward way,  
Nor forfeit life nor happiness,  
For riches of a day.

And should he, sometime, lay his hand  
On fortune's haughty mane,  
Wilt thou his overtures withstand,  
Disdainful still remain ?

I know he'll strive to rise above  
What now he feels, and finds ;  
And he will learn to scorn the love  
Of mawkish, haughty minds.

Forget him then—from heart and mind  
His lineaments expel,  
And let him all his comfort find  
In that one word—Farewell.

---

## LINES SUGGESTED AT ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

On the 9th September, 1866, while standing by the ruined chancel of the old church of Balquhidder, Perthshire, and looking at the grave of Rob Roy Macgregor, a lady examining the stone placed over the grave of young Rob Roy, who was executed at Edinburgh in 1753, expressed herself in terms similar to those used in the following lines. The stone is a plain slab with the figure of a two-handed sword, and no other emblem, rudely sculptured on it.

“ THAT stone so mark'd with sculpture rude,  
Would surely tell, if tell it could,  
Of deeds of faith, and love, and pray'r,  
For see,—the cross is sculptur'd there ?

An angel form, that cross above,  
Meet emblem is of God's great love,  
And beckons men on wings of faith,  
In Christ to triumph over death ?

Whose relics here entomb'd remain ?  
What deeds were his ? Pray sir, explain !  
Some sainted form plac'd doubtless there,  
In chancel old, 'mid tears and pray'r ?

That sculptur'd stone, sweet lady, bears  
The emblem rude of sins and cares ;  
That cross, your pious loves reveres,  
A sword-guard bath'd in blood and tears.

Two-handed sword that emblem is,  
There trace the blade—the pommel this !  
No angel form can here be seen,  
But record rude of death and sin.

Beneath that stone, the ashes lie  
Of one his country doom'd to die !  
For daring deeds of love and hate,  
God grant repentance came though late.

Sweet lady, there, no sainted clay  
Awaits in hope the judgement day,  
To God's good grace his soul we leave,  
And hope what we can scarce believe—

O'er deeds of hate and ancient feud,  
Though trac'd on stone, in sculpture rude,  
We draw oblivion's veil ; and praise  
Our God, for brighter, better days.

---

## SONG.

The Queen at Invercannie, opening the Aberdeen Water Works,  
October, 1866.

IN eighteen sixty-six,  
As we hæ heard them say,  
The Queen did kindly fix  
A Deeside gala-day.  
O' a' our hearts the pride,  
The people's darling Queen :  
O how she loves Dee side !  
God save our ain dear Queen.

That autumn day at noon,  
Her hieland palace near,  
Our Queen cam' blithely doon,  
Ilk' neebor hame to cheer.  
O' a' our hearts the pride, &c.,

She cam' na doon to meet  
Her nobles, frank and free ;  
Nor foreign prince to greet,  
By banks o' bonnie Dee.  
O' a' our hearts the pride, &c.,

But burghers leal, wha came,  
Frae ancient Aberdeen,  
At Invercannie claim,  
The blessing o' our Queen.  
O' a' our hearts the pride, &c.,

The rich and poor,—the fair,  
The widow'd heart and lane.—  
The sons o' toil and care  
A priceless boon obtain.

O' a' our hearts the pride, &c.

They get for ilka hame,  
Sweet water, pure and clear ;  
And Britain's royal dame  
I's fain their hearts to cheer.

O' a' our hearts the pride, &c.

To time and promise true,  
The people's darling Queen,  
Cam' there to give and do  
Kind deeds to Aberdeen.

O' a' our hearts the pride, &c.,

Her royal hand set free  
A healthfu' ceaseless tide,  
O' water pure from Dee,  
Sae deftly turn'd aside.

O' a' our hearts the pride, &c.,

Wi' fitting words and few,  
O' comfort, joy and cheer,  
She bade them all adieu,  
But left a blessing here.

O' a' our hearts the pride, .  
The people's darling Queen :—  
O how she loves Dee side !  
God save our ain dear Queen.

## L I N E S

*Written for the Glen-Isla Sabbath School Children's  
Annual Picnic, held at the Den and Castle of Airlie,  
31st July, 1867.*

FROM Kirkton, Kilrie, and Folda,  
From glens of Glenisla we come ;  
Gaily, wi' pibroch and banner,  
In peace and in gladness we come,

Old Fortar in ruins look'd grim,  
At sight of our peaceful array ;  
Its echoes repeated our cheer  
When leaving for Airlie to-day.

The Isla, our Isla murmur'd  
Fu' sweetly its gladsome God-speed  
The breeze from our mountains approv'd ;  
Our flow'rets their fragrance decreed.

Our march has been gleeful and gay ;  
Our hearts are cheery and light ;—  
And Airlie—old Airlie, shall now  
Give back our glad notes with delight.

In beauty reposing, each tow'r  
Re-echoes the shout of our call,  
Our errand is peaceful : nor now  
Need we fear that arrow-slit wall !



No bold feudal chieftain, defied,  
May head or command our array,—  
Invited and joyous we come,  
Our pastor—he leads us to day.\*

To Airlie, Lord Airlie, we join  
In grateful and hearty regard ;  
To him—his Lady and darlings,  
May heaven their loved friendship reward.

May their banner float proudly,  
'With blazon of virtue and truth ;  
And we in Glen-Isla rejoice—  
In their joy in age as in youth.

\* The Rev. James Fleming, A.M., now minister of Kettins.

NOTE.—The Earl of Argyle, in 1640, traversed the county of Perth with more than five thousand men, entered Angus or Forfarshire, and burnt the castle of Airlie, from which he proceeded to Fortar and demolished it after an occupancy of some months—the Earl of Airlie being then with King Charles. This gave rise to the popular ballad,

#### THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

It fell on a day, a bonnie summer day,  
When the corn was brearin' fairly,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
Atween Argyle and Airlie.

Argyle he has taen five thousand o' his men,  
Five thousand o' his men and mairly,  
And he's awa by yon green shaw  
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

The lady look'd o'er the high Castle wa ;  
And oh ! but she sighed sairly,  
When she saw Argyle and a' his men  
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

" Come doon to me," says proud Argyle,  
" Come doon and kiss me fairly,  
Or I swear by the sword I haud in my hand  
I winna leave a stannin' stane in Airlie."

" I'll no come doon, ye fause Argyle,  
Until that ye speak mair fairly,  
Tho' ye swear by the sword ye haud in your hand  
Ye winna leave a stannin' stane in Airlie."

" Had my Gudeman been at his hame,  
As he's awa' wi' Charlie,  
There's no a Campbell in a' Argyle  
Daur hae trod on the bonnie green o' Airlie.

" It's I hae born eleven bonnie sons,  
The twelfth ane has ne'er seen his daddie,  
Tho' I should hae borne as mony mony mair,  
They would a' been the servants o' Charlie.

" But sin we can haud oot nae mair,  
My hand I offer fairly ;  
Oh ! lead me doon to yonder glen,  
That I mayna see the burnin' o' Airlie.

He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
But he's no taen her fairly,  
For he's led her up to the hie hill tap  
For to see the burnin' o' Airlie.

Clouds o' smoke and flames sae hie  
Sune left the wa's but barely ;  
And she laid her doon on that hill to dee,  
When she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

## L I N E S

*Written on visiting the ruined Cell or Church of Saint Columba, called "Keil-Colum-Keil," Southend, Kintyre, 17th August, 1869.*

THE tradition of the country says that Columba M'Phelim M'Fergus, commonly called Saint Columba, a man of royal descent and of unquenchable Christian zeal, left Ireland in a small wicker boat covered with hides, and with his twelve companions first touched Scottish soil by landing on the Southend of Kintyre, at what is now called Keil Cove; and that on a slightly elevated rock close to the shore, he stood and preached Christ to the crowds that gathered to hear him. The people of Southend point out the footprints on the rock as those left by the Saint while thus employed, and the deeply cut date indicates the year to have been 564. Here a cell or church (twelve feet by twenty-four), was erected, and called Columba's cell. In after times it gave place to a more imposing structure dedicated to the Saint. The devout inhabitants of Southend still cherish and revere the hallowed memories of this sacred spot, and close beside it they have sepulchred their dead for twelve hundred years. It is now a rude rural necropolis; the ever-changing sea sounding out the dirge of its mouldering dead, till the dead arise, "and there shall be no more sea."

COME, passer by, and view this spot  
To Christian hearts most dear,  
Where famed Columba landed first,  
And proved his faith sincere !

He left his country—courtly kin—  
His claims of birth behind ;  
And in his frail and tiny bark,  
With men of kindred mind,

---

Sought out his rock-bound, rugged coast,  
With heart brimful of love,  
Came safe to land beside our path,  
Within this shelt'ring cove.

See here upon the height, the spot  
On which Columba pray'd ;  
And on the rock, the lasting mark  
His saintly footsteps made !

The people came in gath'ring crowds  
To hear his earnest voice—  
He preached to them the Christ of God :  
His soul's desire and choice.

He urged them all to look within,  
To feel their guilt and woe ;  
To come to Christ with willing hearts,  
His grace and love to know.

That coming near in hope and faith  
Their sins would be forgiven :  
In Jesus, faithful unto death,  
They'd live and reign in heaven.

Full thirteen hundred years have fled  
Since here he preached the word ;  
Since weary thousands here have found  
The Saviour—Christ the Lord.

And there below, in peaceful hope,  
Their mould'ring relics lie—  
A solemn lesson come and read ;  
Come, trav'ller, learn to die !

O, let Columba's holy zeal  
Thy soul to duty move,  
Nor heed the world, nor worldly praise,  
If God and Christ approve.

---

## L I N E S

*Written on being recommended to publish my Poems  
anonymously.*

KIND friends, who wish me all success  
On life's rough weary way—  
They think the censors of the press  
Would spare a nameless lay !

'Tis dangerous, they hold, to dare,  
With colours nail'd aloft,  
The perils of that sea of care,  
Where fame is shipwreck'd oft.

Anonymous to write, or sing,  
Might suit me long ago ;  
But now I'll brave what fate may bring,  
Nor hide from friend or foe.

I would not dip my pen in gall,  
Nor curse the dastard crew  
Who would shut out my soul from all  
That hope holds out to view.

I love the truth, though clad it be  
In garb unkind, severe ;  
And seek that light, pure, fearless, free,  
Which wise and good revere.

I may not, cannot, dare not shrink  
From all my name implies ;  
And writing as I feel and think,  
I cannot wear disguise.

My heart in good, or ill, repeats  
Its tale of love, or woe ;  
And fearlessly invites—entreats—  
Without pretence or show.

I would not bend the knee to Baal,  
Nor yet at Mammon's shrine,  
Though thousands looking on would hail  
The dastard deed divine.

I may not, cannot yield—for truth  
Demands my ev'ry thought ;  
Her kindly hand, in age and youth,  
Hath all my goodness wrought.

Ignoble thoughts, ignoble men,  
And passions vile I spurn ;  
The shelt'ring gourd of nameless pen  
The breath of fame will burn,

I trace no line a march to steal  
On coy fastidious fame ;  
I write the thoughts I live and feel,—  
All else were false, or tame.

Anonymous forsooth ! the few  
That know my words and ways,  
Would soon the shelt'ring gourd undo,  
As critic worms my lays.

I could not shelter me a day  
Beneath the frail device,—  
My name, and what I am and say,  
Would ooze out in a trice.



# HYMN TO JESUS.

*Music by Walter Harvey, Esq.*

*Adagio.*

Thee, God most high, Thou al - ways near;  
Thou, Bro - ther low - ly, Sa - viour dear;  
Thee, migh - ty Lord, we praise and bless:  
Our Pro - phet, Priest, and King con - fess.  
Thee, ho - ly, just, and true, we sing:  
Thee, full of love, Al - migh - ty King!  
In ev' - ry clime, to ev' - ry race,  
The foun - tain Thou of faith and grace

[For words see page 221.]



# MALAVEEN.

*Music by A. Smith, Esq.*

The win - ter clouds with mur - ky  
sweep hold land and sea . . in thrall.  
Though win - ter storms con - vulse the  
deep, And wield their sway o'er all: . .  
Though heart and home the smart be -  
tray Of an - guish deep and keen:  
Though for - tune brings no cheer - ing  
ray, My own dear Ma - la - veen.

[For words see page 360.]







3 6105 009 697 215

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES  
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY  
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004  
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

--	--

